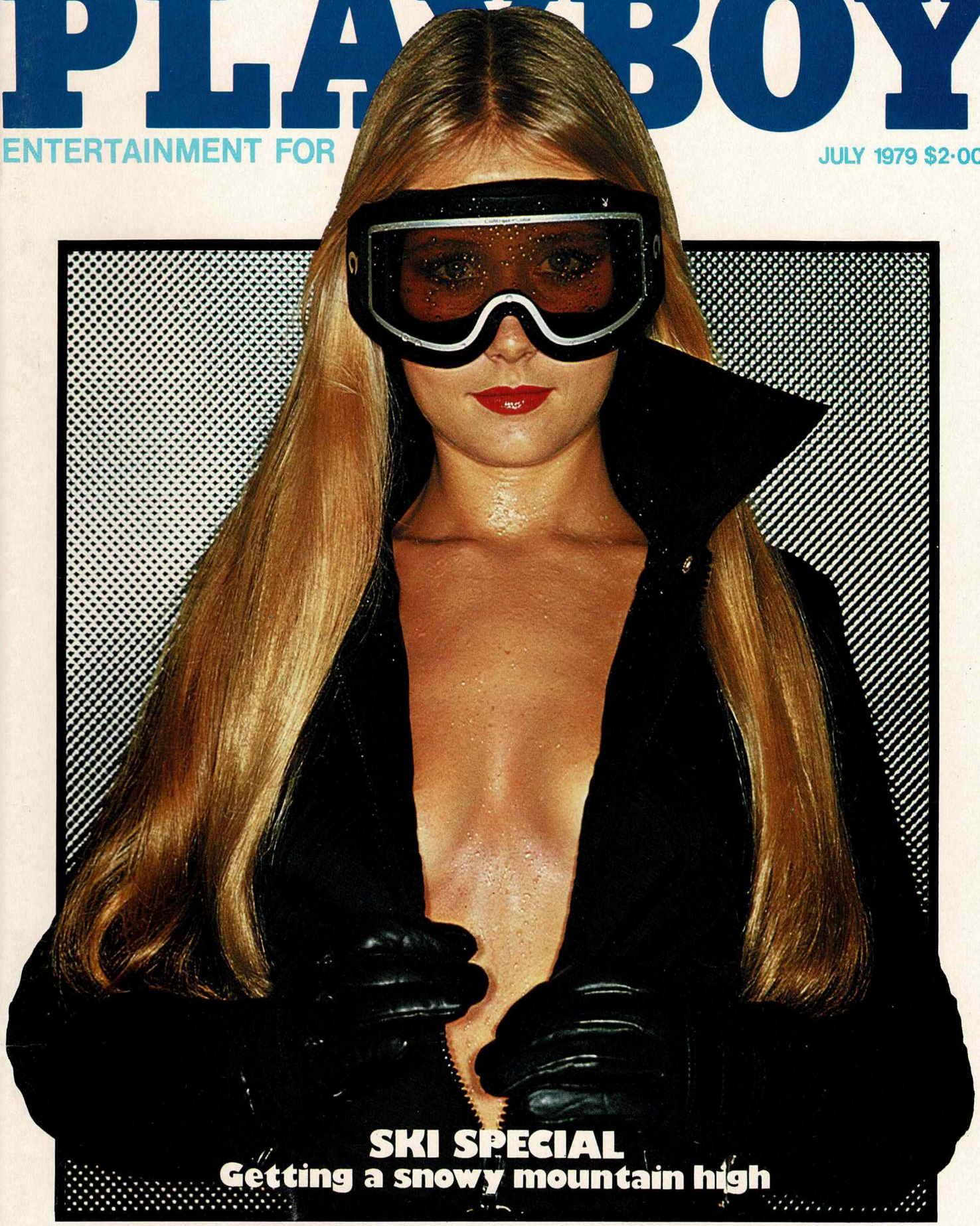
AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

JULY 1979 $2·00*



SKI SPECIAL
Getting a snowy mountain high

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Don Dunstan analyses past and future

007's gorgeous new film beauties

Prince Charles' Perth girl kisses and tells

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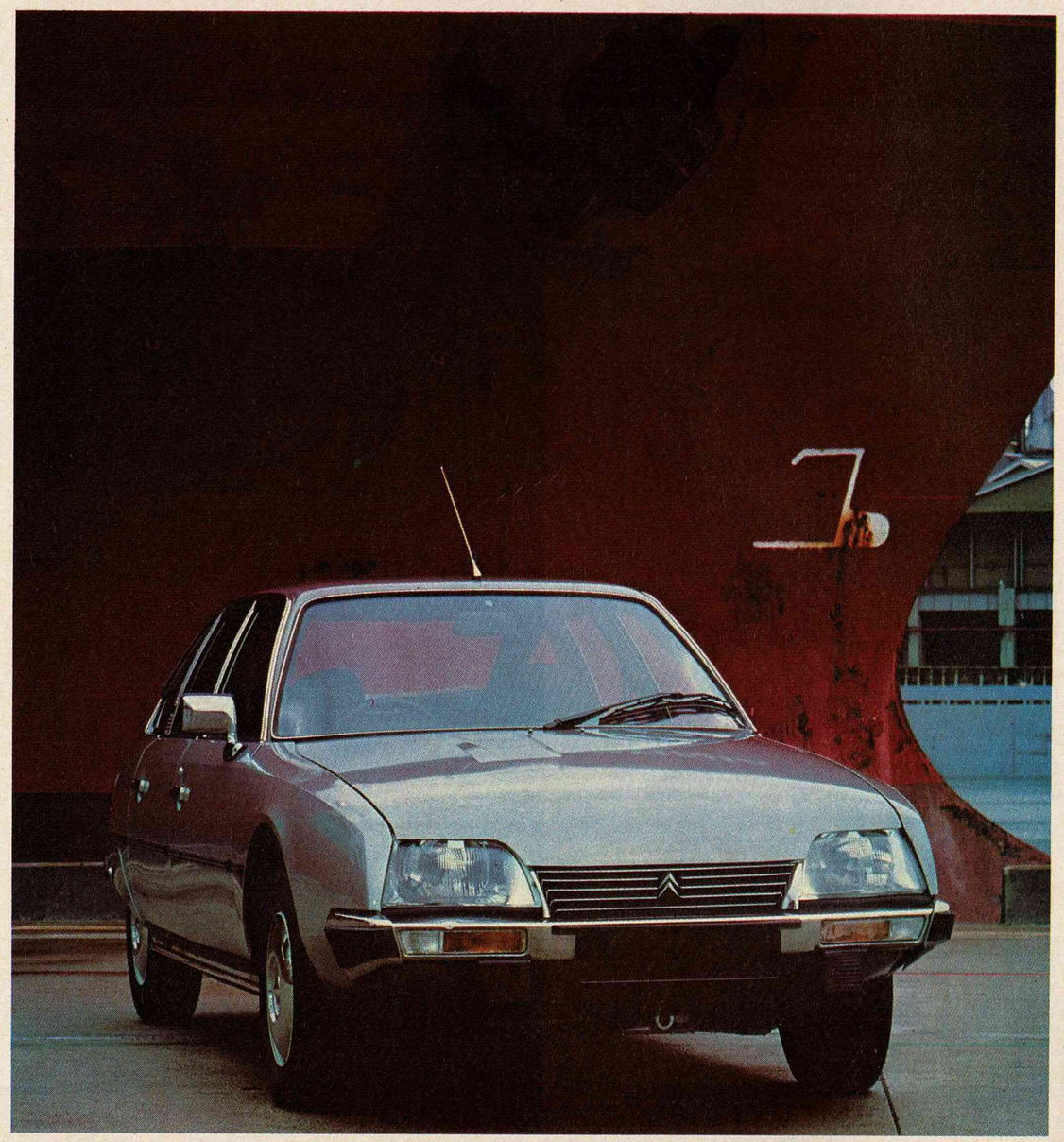

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PLAYBILL

Most Australians regard Melbourne as a pretty fuddy-duddy place, and Sydneysiders in particular are prone to make cracks such as: "I know it's nicely laid out, but when did it die?" Well, we are here to tell you that the city on the Yarra is really a lively place. As evidence, we present this month Sex in Melbourne, the first in a series in which we will test the sexual temperature of our major cities. **Rennie Ellis,** a lively character himself, wrote and photographed the feature and **Paul Winter** did the illustration. See if our survey changes your opinion.

Our *Interview* this month features **Don Dunstan,** the former South Australian Premier and golden boy of politics. Before Don went off to winter in Italy, special writer **Mark Day,** himself a witness to the rising of the Don in Adelaide, sat for two days in the leafy Dunstan garden and got some illuminating reactions from the politician, snazzy dresser, author, actor, wit and raconteur who had premature retirement forced on him by ill-health. Still, we suspect that Mr Dunstan will not be off the scene for very long.

Apart from Mr Dunstan, over the years dozens of well-known and influential people have graced the pages of PLAYBOY. **Paul Getty,** then known as the world's richest man, once was listed on the masthead as Finance Editor. Justice **William O. Douglas** of the US Supreme Court was a regular contributor of articles on the law and individual rights. Now, in the tradition of Douglas, Australian PLAYBOY is proud to publish *In Search of Dana,* a delightfully waspish fiction work which was submitted in the normal way for consideration. Only later did we realise that the author is, in fact, a member of the Australian judiciary, **James Robinson.**

Equally waspish is **John Singleton's** record of a day (he said it seemed more like a year) in the Press Gallery in Canberra. Mr Singleton, advertising whizkid, entrepreneur and sometime TV host, ran a somewhat jaundiced eye over our elected representatives in the National Parliament, and we get the distinct impression he was unimpressed by their performance. **Jack Larkin's** circus-style illustration could also be taken as some sort of commentary on the proceedings.

With the ski season now open for business, we feature this month an eight-page snow special on gear and fashions, photographed by **Maurie Wilmott, Ken Middleton** and **Keith Arnold.** After reading this, at least when you take a header into the snow you will be attired correctly.

Also on the sports front, we present an interesting analysis by West Indian cricket authority **Tony Cozier** on the riots which were an unwelcome feature of the World Series Cricket Australians' tour of the Windies. Mr Cozier insists that his people don't really dislike Australians – after all, they riot for anyone. It's just that there are a few political problems, a lot of fiery rum and equally fiery sunshine which all add up to a volatile mixture. Providing a service above and beyond the call of duty, **Max (Tangles) Walker** dodged bottles and other UFOs to take the pictures.

And there's more. We have **Derril Farrar's** survey of our stand-up comics and how they keep standing up; **Russell Deiley** takes a tongue-in-cheek look at executive perks (and wishes he got some); **Phil Jarratt** continues his series on Living in the '80s; and **Andrew Greeley** provides an eye-opening story on the cardinal sins involved in The Making of a Pope. Not forgetting our pictorials – lovely Australian Playmate Lynne Larner, photographed by **Colin Stead** and **Dominique Longheon;** our Night Driver fantasy, with camerawork by **Peter McLean;** and a comprehensive look at James Bond's latest lovelies in the film Moonraker. It's all yours to enjoy.

SINGLETON

LARKIN

WINTER

ELLIS

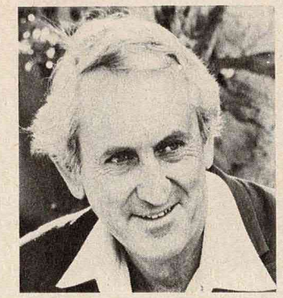
WALKER

COZIER

MIDDLETON

ARNOLD

LONGHEON



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The AH 572 High-Fidelity Stereo Pre-Amplifier is an ultra-low distortion (0.008%) two-channel unit featuring high-accuracy step detent controls, illuminated function readouts and touch switches with LED indicators for smooth, silent, sophisticated programming. It also includes adjustable phono input levels and a tape selector that provides five separate tape modes.

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The 210 watts RMS per channel high-performance AH 578 High-Fidelity Stereo Power Amplifier completes the Philips Hi-Fi Laboratories range. It comprises high-accuracy step detent controls, touch switches with LED indicators and illuminated power meters and protection indicators. Also incorporated in the AH 578 are a sub-sonic filter, thermal and overload protection, and provision for connecting two pairs of loudspeaker systems.

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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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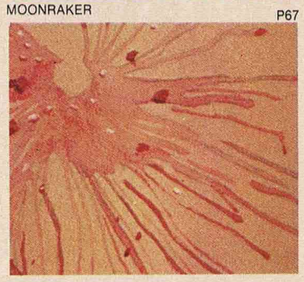

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

One of the more attractive visitors we have had in our office recently is Victoria Brown from Chicago, a top marathon runner and jogging and fitness enthusiast. Ms Brown is working on a piece for US Playboy about female joggers and their erotic relationship to the sport. She might even be appearing in the feature herself — which seems like a fine idea. Victoria is not only a top runner but also an airline stewardess and a dancing instructor and just how she fitted in the time to check out the jogging scene Down Under is beyond us. But we are glad she did. Frankly, we didn't really believe at first that she was a runner, so we photographed her in action just to prove it. Look further to the right.

New Zealander Robert Guest, pop singer and Kiwiland's Entertainer of the Year, was on his way to Toronto, in Canada, for a CBS television special when he called in at Chicago's Playboy Club for some rest and relaxation. And the lovely lass who sold him his club key was none other than Maggie Flynn, an Australian working there.

Until she ran up to Prince Charles in the surf at WA's North Cottesloe beach and kissed him, the lissom and leggy Jane Priest was just another Perth model, albeit a very attractive one. But the incident saw the story — and Jane's photograph — splashed around the world in newspapers and magazines. Now Jane tells, exclusively to Playboy, her side of the story — how the incident was "set up", her reactions and how the publicity has affected her. Turn to Page 82 for our very revealing *Mini Interview* with her.

The year Scotch Whisky came out of The Dark Ages.

Perhaps the most noteworthy time in the long history of Scotch Whisky was in the 1890's.

For then, one of London's most distinguished wine merchants, Justerini & Brooks, had an inspired idea.

It was this: To use their one hundred and forty years of experience and skill blending wine for noble tastes, to blend a Scotch Whisky to please the palates of the most discerning and aristocratic of their clientele.

The resulting blend of over 50 different whiskies was, and still is, an inspiration for lovers of fine Scotch Whisky everywhere.

J & B Rare Scotch Whisky.

To the eye it is discernibly lighter in colour.

To the taste a blend that draws the best from all its components, whilst imparting a delicacy, lightness and finesse of its own.

A blend so rare in its qualities it is insisted on and enjoyed by Scotch Whisky connoisseurs in 156 countries throughout the world.

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky. See the light.

9546

The economist's guide to luxury smoking.

du Maurier 25's.

CC155/78 DM17

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SCRAWL OF THE WILD

Guys with weak memories might be able to find a use for the new Sire-Sine crayons which introduce precision to ramming. Sheepish sires are fitted with a special harness containing crayons which leave their mark on the ewe when mating begins. The color is weatherproof, but washes out in the normal commercial scouring process, after saving farmers the trouble of trying to guess how busy each ram has been and with which ewes.

The possibilities are mind-boggling. This could be the ultimate art form.

MAYOR OR STALLION?

The crusty old Mayor of Rockhampton, Rex Pilbeam, has been clearing the air as he starts his 10th consecutive term as city father of the Australian cattle capital. Mayor Pilbeam, who once found himself on the wrong side of a paramor's gun, told PLAYBOY on the eve of the election that it was a shocking lie that he was anti-woman. Says the man who once commanded national headlines when he sacked a woman who refused to resign after she married: "I think the most wonderful person in the world is a woman. But God made them to have children, to stay at home and nurture and love their children. He didn't make them to have no children and to go to work and run round in cars."

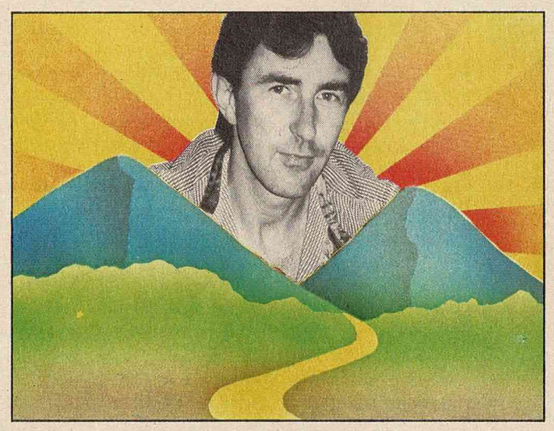
It is all part of the Pilbeam crusade to force enough of the 1.4 million married women in the Australian workforce to give up their jobs in favor of the nation's half a million unemployed. By his yardstick, too many women are working from greed rather than need.

An admirer of things feminine, the 71-year-old mayor the locals call Sexy Rexy may be. A sympathiser with the cause of Women's Lib he ain't. Try these Pilbeam pearls: "I don't like women whose balls jangle when they run across the hard ground." "The worst kind of animal is a hen who thinks she's a rooster and crows." "I don't like women who drink heavily, smoke heavily and are promiscuous."

To prove his point about who is boss in the animal kingdom, Mayor Pilbeam recently canvassed central Queensland beef producers for the cash to erect two larger-than-life fibreglass bulls at the northern and southern entrances of his city. When one of the bulls lost his symbols of bullhood in the dead of night, Mayor Pilbeam was furious. Rumor has it the Rockhampton hens were crowing that night.

TEEN SCENE

As a marketing whiz with English food giants in his early twenties, Philip Mason flooded Britain with strawberry-flavored instant porridge for Quaker Oats and urged London green-



grocers to switch to Birds Eye frozen vegies. "Not food," they said.

Now 34, after nine years in this country, he is still wrapping things up in attractive packages. But instead of peas and porridge, it is the "alternative" lifestyles of Australians between 14 and 25.

Mason's company, Soundtracks Publishing, publishes *Tracks* (surfing, written in surfese), *Rag Times* (cheap chic, written in glitter), *RAM* (rock 'n' roll, written in showbiz punkese), *Detours* (Qantastic travel, written in escapese) and now *Australian Gourmet* (food, written in eating). All on newsprint, they are not glossy, but they are slick. They plunge the reader into a total environment, a lifestyle that paints the inside of your head with a whole style of living, looking, loving and expressing yourself – written in the lingo of surf rats or punk rockers or spunky ladies.

And at the eye of the storm of this young, restless, street-wise, fad-swept journalism sits a serene, soft-spoken, handsome English public school product in string-tied trousers.

"Making money as such is a very easy activity," says Mason. "If you have some commonsense and some talent and some guts and determination, you can make money. I think a far harder activity is to enjoy yourself and still enjoy a reasonable lifestyle. That's what we've been trying to do – to indulge ourselves in areas that we actually enjoy. All our publications are in areas that we actually like." But his priorities are clear: if any one of the company's magazines were to lose money two years running, he would fold it.

All of Mason's magazines are sensual, sometimes ecstatic. *Tracks,* for instance, calls itself "the next best thing to being inside" – a wave, presumably. "With Tracks there is a whole lifestyle attached," he says. "It singles us out from the other surfing magazines, which are just a bound-up collection of pretty pictures. Surfing has been one of the factors in preventing Australia from becoming a very violent society. If the lads who are spending 12 hours a day out on their surfboards weren't

Now with regular use...
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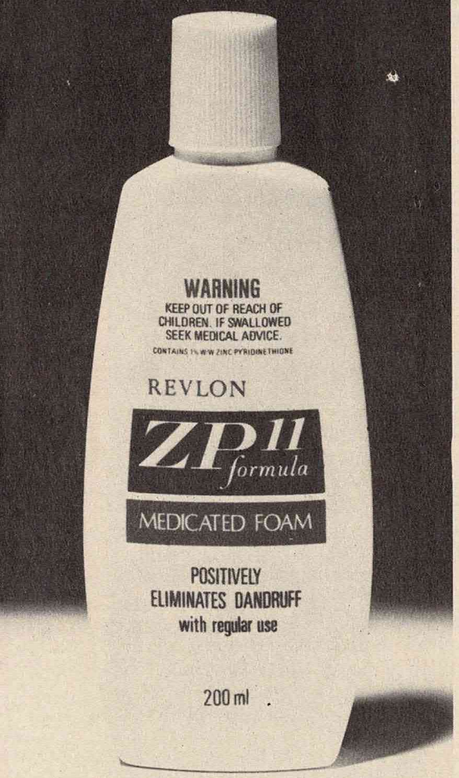
Overcome Dandruff



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doing that, they'd probably be beating up old ladies on the street. We're trying to embody a whole rock and roll lifestyle and a whole surfing lifestyle. We talk a language which our readers can relate to. Their language becomes our language. The mistake a lot of youth-type publications have made is to talk down to their readers."

Mason is not much involved in the editorial side of his publications, although he did edit *Rag Times* for the first few issues. "I take the view that that's what an editor is about," he says. "We sit down to discuss every issue, but basically the editor controls what goes into the magazine, and is encouraged to do so. I think we would fall apart as a company if that wasn't so."

The man loves his medium. He has a private collection of thousands of magazines from all over. "Magazines are very much things you feel and sense and want to have around you," he says. "I'm not the only nut in the world who has a large magazine collection at home. A lot of people do collect magazines. After all, they are an art form."

IN THE FAMILY

"Female health farm, new to WA, requires incestors . . . " *The West Australian.* Presumably only close relatives need apply.

POST HASTE

A memo to the members of an aboriginal advancement organisation who, inspired by our March *Interview,* sent us a bulky package marked: "Mr Marlon Brando, 54 Park Street, Sydney 2000. Please forward urgently." We did just that.

STITCHES IN TIME

After a 12-hour operation involving delicate microsurgery, a medical team in France has claimed the first successful reattachment of a penis and testicles. There have been a number of successful penis regraftings around the world but this is believed to be the first such operation including the testicles.

The professor in charge of the French team said the patient had regained the normal functions of the genitals, including urination and erection, but was sterile. The operation was carried out on a 21-year-old mental patient who had castrated himself.

OUR CUP RUNNETH OVER

Our item on the minimiser bra *(After Hours,* May) seems to have opened up a veritable D cup of mammary manipulation. Our latest report reveals that a New Jersey company in the US is marketing what it describes as "the very first bra to have its own built-in nipple." The Nipple Bra, which the manufacturers claim offers a look "so provocative no one would believe you're actually wearing a bra", is machine washable and costs about $20.

FLIP-ANT DEMOCRACY

Tasmania is a little different, we know, but we were still somewhat bemused to read the Hobart *Mercury's* account of an election of office-bearers on the Clarence Council, on Hobart's eastern shore. We quote without further comment:

"Crs A. C. Sproule and V. F. Peters tied for the position of treasurer. Cr Sproule was elected, with an allowance of $1000, after a coin was tossed."

WRITER'S CRAMP

William A. (Bill) Gold, of Manuka, ACT, is maintaining his claim to fame, documented in the *Guinness Book of Records,* of being the world's least successful author. After 18 years at the typewriter, producing more than 3,000,000 words, he has had none of his eight books and seven novels accepted for publication. In 1974, however, he did get 50 cents for a piece he did for a Canberra newspaper.

Mr Gold, nothing if not a trier, recently submitted to us his eighth novel, *One Best Seller,* a satire on the publishing business. He also enclosed a selection of rejection letters from other publishers to whom he had already sent the work for perusal. And, wonder of wonders, a letter from *Money* magazine in the US confirming that Mr Gold's story was of such interest that *Money* had used an item in one of its columns and was sending Mr Gold a cheque for $25, which is still pretty niggardly pay for 18 years' work.

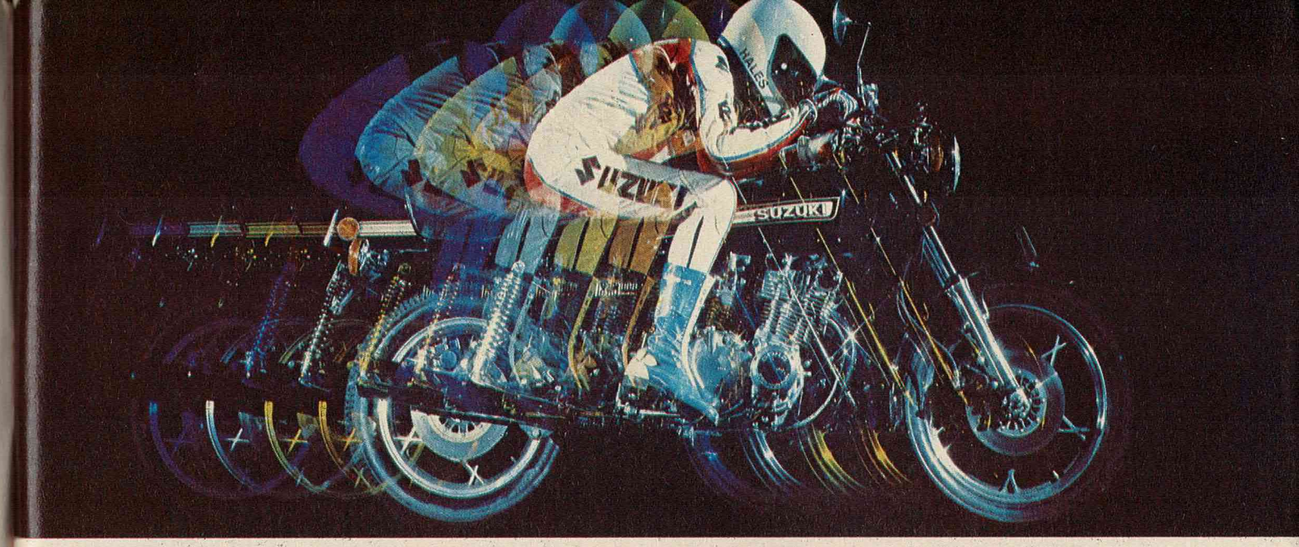
We gave Mr Gold's latest novel and the rejection letters careful consideration and we were so impressed by the letters we added one of our own.

OIL ALONE

As if working in a country that bans movies, alcohol and PLAYBOY weren't hardship enough, an ad seeking three employees for a construction firm in Saudi Arabia stipulated: "Preference will be given to individuals speaking fluent English, possessing a strong personality, experience in negotiations and willing to accept celibacy."

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

In our Southern Exposures pictorial (PLAYBOY, May) we inadvertently transposed the captions for the photographs taken by Peter Carrette and Walter Glover. Our apologies to both. But we wouldn't mind betting *you* didn't pick it up, either.



THE GS SUZUKIS. CATCH THEM, IF YOU CAN.

If you're looking for a bike so that people will stop you and tell you how "groovy" it looks, then there are plenty to choose from.

However, if you're looking for a bike that people can't stop you on (mainly because of its superior handling and performance) then there's only one range to choose from.

The GS Suzuki roadbikes.

GS1000.

When the GS1000 (illustrated above) was first tested, one statement kept appearing in print again and again.

It's the best.

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Two wheels:

"With careful development of 'establishment' technology, Suzuki have built the world's finest motorcycle. This bike is head and shoulders above any other one-litre bike in handling and steering."

GS850.

With its "GS" handling and suspension, a 22 litre fuel tank plus a very comfortable, soft, low seat, the GS850 has everything it takes to be an excellent tourer.

But what makes it the "ultimate" tourer is its shaft-drive. Because now there's no more chain adjustment, which eliminates most of your bike maintenance on long trips.

GS750.

In 1977, the GS750 won the coveted "Two Wheels Bike Of The Year" award. And in the magazine's own words, here's why it won:

"The best all-rounder, offering punchy sports performance and sub-13 second/400m times. The best handling ever from a mass-produced Japanese bike."

GS550.

Our middle of the range model definitely does not have middle of the road performance, as Revs discovered in their road test.

"Obviously, we expected the 550 to go well, it is a performance bike. But we were surprised when it stretched itself out of the 550 category and started treading the toes of a few 750s."

GS425.

Some of our Agents use the GS425 as a "rental" bike, which says a lot for its reliability.

However, according to Revs, being reliable doesn't mean that it's dull.

"The more we rode it, the more we liked it, finishing up with the opinion that it's the best of the urban-oriented 400s."

Here's where you can catch them.

At your nearest Suzuki Agent, naturally.

SUZUKI

And you can find out where he's located by phoning the Suzuki Distributor in your state.

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A little dab'll do your dandruff.

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KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN
IF SWALLOWED SEEK MEDICAL ADVICE
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NET 190g

All the time it's on your hair, the Zinc Pyridinethione in Brylcreem Blue controls your dandruff. Use it every day and it'll give you healthy, dandruff free hair.

Brylcreem Blue As long as it's on, it works.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS: DEAR PLAYBOY,
BOX 4088, GPO,
SYDNEY 2001

AUSTRALIAN MAIDS

Although I enjoyed your first issues very much I feel I must register my disappointment at the centrefolds in the second and third editions. Let's face it – Karen Pini (February) was great and Candy Loving in your second issue was certainly fair enough, as she was America's 25th anniversary Playmate.

But in April Australian PLAYBOY there should have been an Australian Playmate. There are plenty of American magazines around but no other Aussie ones, so how about it, PLAYBOY? Australian girls for Australian PLAYBOY. As for the rest of the magazine, it's just great – keep up the good work.

C.J. Sexton
Charters Towers, Queensland

I must add my congratulations to the many you have received already. Karen Pini was a marvellous choice for the first Australian Playmate. But why did you stop there? The misses Loving and McConnell are very stunning ladies, but surely Australian PLAYBOY should be concentrating on Australian Playmates. Come on, PLAYBOY, get with it – get Australian made.

Keith Thomas
Laverton, Victoria

I must say that I am thrilled with the standard of Australian PLAYBOY. All the centrefolds are excellent and very well produced. Your features are superb, particularly the ones on beer (February), Blonde on Blonde (March) and Debra Jo (April). But there is one suggestion I would like to make – you ought to have more Australian girls.

J.M. Cox
Christies Beach, SA

Congratulations! Your magazine is superb. With its in-depth interviews and informative articles it has provided entertainment of the highest standard. However, I do have one complaint. I noticed your April centrefold, Denise McConnell, wasn't an Australian. Although Denise has a beautiful body, I believe (and I think many readers will agree with me) that Australian girls should be presented as the centrefold Playmates, since it is an Australian PLAYBOY.

Finally, I think most readers will agree that, of your centrefolds, the beautiful Karen Pini was the most popular. One reason for this, I feel, is that Miss Pini is a celebrity. May I then ask (plead) that you try to present us with other beautiful Australian celebrities, such as television personalities, movie stars and beauty contest winners as your centrefolds?

J.S. Smith
Victoria

The idea of Australian PLAYBOY is most satisfying to Australians. The material in the first three issues was of a high standard and a delight to read. Your first interview with Ian Chappell was first class, probably the finest I have read, and your articles are good and make interesting reading.

But the magazine is Australian, and I feel very strongly about this. The second and third issues had American centrefolds and the second issue an American interview, although I will concede it was interesting to read and, as usual, well compiled.

Australia has a high reputation for producing some superb examples of the female forms, so please dig deep and let's keep this PLAYBOY Australian.

Allan Hall
Plympton, SA.

Messages received and over to you again, gentlemen. Our May, June and July issues all have beautiful Australian Playmates and we look forward to your reactions to them. And rest assured – our presentation of the loveliest locals will continue with even more enthusiasm in future editions.

ON THE MARK

Your article "Go for Broke to Beat Inflation", by Michael Southern (PLAYBOY, April), was well-written, well-timed and very sound in its advice. The

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concept as outlined is one which we have been advocating to clients of our life insurance and superannuation brokerage since the abolition of the tax deductability of life insurance premiums.

Robert G. Craven
Barry C. Williams
Crows Nest, NSW

GAMBLING ANON

Since you obviously derive considerable pride from presenting a progressive point of view, I was amazed at your ill-informed comments on the treatment of gambling addiction in your May *Playboy Adviser.*

It is anachronistic and high-handed to condemn addicts to years of misery on the road to "rock bottom". And to talk of an addict's need to "purge" himself, as if he had committed some heinous crime against the rest of us so-called "respectable" people, smacks of a self-righteousness I find surprising coming from you.

The treatment of addictions is enhanced by early identification of the problem and early referral for treatment. Since addiction will, no doubt, continue to be referred to in Australian PLAYBOY, you would do well to acquaint yourselves with the latest trends in the treatment of addicts rather than to perpetuate the myth that drug addicts and alcoholics must hit rock bottom first before treatment of their cases can be successful.

E.J. Wykman
Mosman, NSW

The point we were making, with particular reference to gambling, was that most addicts won't seek or accept help until they hit the bottom of the slide. "Early identification of the problem and early referral for treatment" is difficult if the patient won't go to anyone for assistance.

CONGRATULATIONS

Greetings and thank you for many hours of enjoyable reading – and looking. Keep up the great work. It is so good to have a magazine for men. Sure beats the hell out of having to ask for Vogue at the local newsagency.

Brian James
Ashgrove, Queensland

PLAYBOY is supposed to be a men's magazine but I, and probably many other women, enjoy it as well. I am an attractive woman and I love to look at other beau .es of the same sex. I especially liked Deborah Leigh from your May issue.

Vanessa Wilkinson
West Chermside, Queensland

Fantastic! You should have published Australian PLAYBOY 10 years ago. I missed the first issue but I won't miss any more. Keep your cameras clicking and presses rolling.

Bob Ritchie
Caversham, WA

EYES HAVE IT

In your first issue, one young lady attracted my attention more than any other I have seen in any magazine. She

was your cover girl, Rosemary Paul. What a gorgeous figure and beautiful bright eyes set in a perfect face. When may I see Rosemary grace your magazine once more?

L. Regis
Rosebery, NSW

How about right now, Mr Regis? Herewith Rosemary again, complete with bright eyes, perfect face and, of course, the gorgeous figure.

EARLY BIRD

After reading your May issue, I think that Deborah Leigh should be Playmate of the Year.

A. Shanco
West End, Queensland

Your vote has been recorded, Mr Shanco, but in all fairness we have to wait until the end of the year.

BOUND UP

As we have now had several issues of Australian PLAYBOY, I presume that, like your American counterpart, you will eventually make available for purchase binders in which the magazines can be kept.

I look forward to your early advice before my copies start getting rabbit ear corners.

Greg Gadd
Toongabbie, NSW

We are negotiating on the subject of binders at the moment, Mr Gadd. Keep reading for an early announcement.

TOP TEAM

Congratulations on being such an entertaining magazine. I liked particularly your March cover girl, Anna Marika. Would it be possible to obtain Bunny swizzle sticks like the one Anna was holding?

On another subject, now that you have chosen your All-Star Australian Rules team (PLAYBOY May), how about the "ultimate" cricket team? My side at the moment would be Kepler Wessels, Gordon Greenidge, David Hookes, Graham Yallop, Viv Richards, Greg Chappell, Rod Marsh, Andy Roberts, Dennis Lillee, Jeff Thomson and Garth Le Roux. If the wicket demanded a spinner, then I would replace one of the fast bowlers with Jim Higgs or Ray Bright.

And if I were to choose the top Australian Rules team, I would name the Collingwood side straight out as the best of them all – a bias of which I happen to be proud!

M. Stokes
Beaumaris, Victoria

Sorry, Mr Stokes. The swizzle sticks are exclusive to the PLAYBOY *Clubs around the world, and the closest at the moment is in Manila. At last count there were 19* PLAYBOY *clubs, with others soon to open in Costa Rica and Hawaii. As to the cricket team, we would welcome any more suggestions from the thousands of cricket buffs among our readers.*

DIVORCE TIPS

Thanks for the information about divorce (PLAYBOY, March). I am 20, have been separated for 12 months and am heading for a divorce very soon. At least now I have a rough idea of what to expect – and it doesn't sound too bad at all.

Craig Wright
Lakemba, NSW

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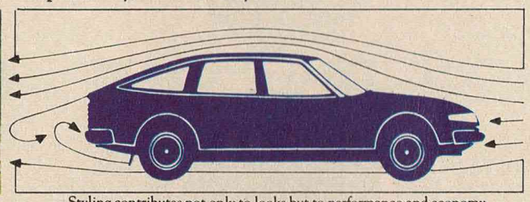
The body shape slips through the air to add significantly, not only to handling in cross winds, but in contributing to overall performance and importantly, to economy.



Styling contributes not only to looks but to performance and economy.

The total result is so good that "Wheels" magazine after their first drive, were moved to write that "The Rover soon showed that it had an excellent high speed ride, that the anti-dive anti-squat geometry does indeed keep the car on an even keel at all times, and that the roadholding is extremely tenacious and that the handling is first class."

So you can see that our hurry to change the car was total because these days who wants to hurry by engine alone?

And if you are in a hurry to find out more about the new Rover 3500 V8, write to Russell Turnham, Rover Cars, P.O. Box 346, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022, for a free Rover 3500 V8 information kit.

CAR OF THE YEAR 1977

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

My man and I are planning a party to celebrate his elevation to executive ranks. His bosses – including the chairman – will be there and we plan to serve champagne as the main drink. The trouble is, neither of us knows much about wine and the top brass of my husband's firm are all buffs. Without going to enormous expense, which bubbly should we serve, and in what sort of glasses? I've heard that saucer-type champagne goblets are infra dig. – E.G.W., NSW.

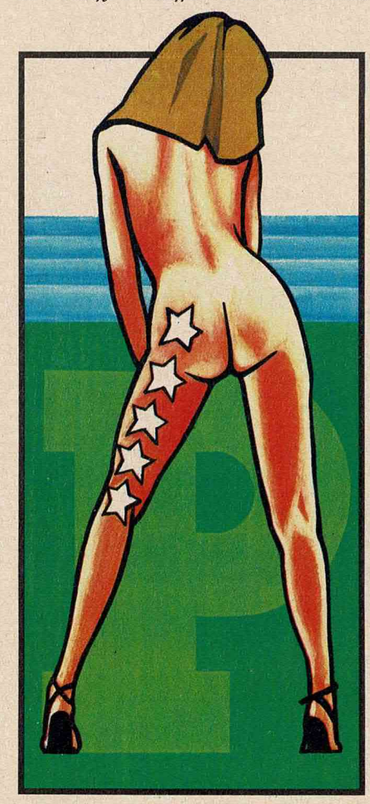
Infra dig they are, dear. But that's not the reason to avoid them. The fact is that the bubbles – perhaps the most precious property of champagne – dissipate at an appalling rate in those shallow excrescences. Champagne should be drunk from a flute – not the musical kind, but a long-stemmed, clear glass, pinched slightly in the middle to resemble a woman's waist. The depth is irrelevant, but the glass should be much taller than it is wide. In this way the effervescence will last longer, giving everyone a more enjoyable drink. As to the brand of champagne, it's really up to your pocket. But probably the best value – for an occasion that's meant to impress – is French non-vintage. With Gallic reservation, these masters of the bubbly art reserve the very best of their wines under a vintage (which means year of harvest and initial fermentation) designation. So 1969 Pol Roger will be both delicious and expensive. The non-vintage champagnes, which may be blends of various vintages, are nearly as good and a great deal cheaper. There are 37 brands available in Australia, and this random selection – at prices ranging not much above the local product – will give you a choice: Moët et Chandon, Piper Heidsieck, Louis Roederer, Krug, Mumm, Joseph Perrier, Pommery, Bollinger. Good luck – and salut!

I have an undescended testicle which, until now, has caused me little concern. But recently I was told not only that my condition might lead to sterility but also that an undescended testicle can become cancerous. What should I do? Is it possible to have the testicle moved to where it belongs and, if so, is having it done a simple operation? – T.N., NSW.

Much depends on your age but we assume that, as a reader of PLAYBOY, *you have passed the age of puberty. If this be the case and one of your testicles is still riding high in the groin, those well-meaning friends of yours could be right. The chances are the testicle will never produce sperm. They are also close to the mark when they say there is a risk of the undescended testicle becoming cancerous. The chances of a cancer developing in an undescended testicle are 800 times greater than malignancy in a normal testis. One testicle functioning normally will keep you fertile, but for your own peace of mind we urge you strongly to consult a urologist.*

All right, men, the game's up. Come clean. I'm talking about those stars set inside the "P" of the PLAYBOY masthead. I know we are not supposed to notice, but I, as an enthusiastic reader of first the American and now the Oz PLAYBOY, have never been able to work out what those damned stars mean and why they don't appear on the Australian version. I have heard all sorts of rumors about them and I just want to hear the truth from the editor's mouth. – R.E., NSW.

We think you infer too much. If you are insinuating that the stars are a quaint rating of the Playmate's pulchritude and/or her athletic prowess, you are helping to perpetuate a scurrilous lie. The simple, bland truth of the matter is that the stars are used to identify the different domestic and international editions of American PLAYBOY. *Thus far Australian* PLAYBOY *is starless because we publish only one edition. The stars could well rise on our cover as we spread our wings.*



I'm only 25 but I am rapidly losing my hair. Are transplants successful, are they expensive, who performs them, and how long does a full transplant take? – D.W., Victoria.

Elton John certainly thinks they're successful and he now has a full head of hair to prove it. Mind you, it cost him $5000. Yes, hair transplants can be successful. Not in every case, perhaps, but the Medical Hair Transplant Clinic, based in Brisbane, claims a 98 percent customer satisfaction result. A hair transplant is cosmetic surgery in which hair from normal areas of the head, such as the back and the sides, is moved to the thinning or bald areas, usually the front and crown. First a donor area is shaved. Then tiny circular grafts, each containing 12 to 15 hairs, are taken from the donor area and placed in incisions in the recipient area. (All this is done under local anaesthetic, administered by a doctor.) About 60 grafts are inserted during each two-hour operation and the transplant is completed over several operations. The number depends upon the degree of baldness and the profusion of the patient's donor hair. But be warned – hair transplants aren't cheap. Each operation costs about $600, and you could need up to six before the job is finally done. (You can get a small amount back from the hospital funds.) Once it's there, though, it's generally for keeps.

I am a coach captain with a tourist company and after a marriage, a divorce and countless affairs, I've hit bedrock. For the past two years I have been living with a 28-year-old woman whom I love. The problem is that no matter what we try – and we have tried everything – I can't bring her to a climax. Before we met, she had had sex twice with the same guy. She tells me that she always feels it is going to happen, but it never does. I have never had this problem with a woman before and, as much as we love one another, the frustration is starting to break up an otherwise happy relationship. – P.C., Victoria.

Scant solace it might be, but you aren't Robinson Crusoe and your lady is not the original ice woman. Despite what Masters and Johnson's latest survey suggests about women having greater sexual appetites than men, the

pursuit of the Big O still tends to be more elusive than the Big E. Time, patience and understanding remain the basic ingredients in the bedroom ecstacy recipe. We assume that the young lady who shares your heart and home has never experienced an orgasm through masturbation, manipulation or, from what you indicate in your letter, the mattress mazurka. Presuming, also, that there are no clinical problems, our resident therapist believes that her sexual release can best be triggered by masturbation. She has to learn about her own body and its responses before you enter the act. And once she has crossed the bridge of hand masturbation, she might discover that a hand-held vibratory massager will open up a new range of sensory experiences. It is advisable that her awakening should be personal. When she has gained some confidence in using the vibrator to melt the ice, then we suggest the two of you introduce the massager into your love-making sessions. Regard the vibrator as a tuning fork that sets the mutual pitch and see how easily man can resume control of the machine.

I am very keen to be trained as a croupier, as the gambling business in Australia is expanding rapidly and my feeling is that, with the right training, there is a good future. I have already been in the entertainment business and enjoy working with people. – C.W.M., Queensland.

We're sorry to have to tell you a lot of people feel the same way – the waiting list for Wrest Point's training school is long and getting longer. On that basis, the first thing you must do is write to the casino manager, Mr Ron Hurley, Wrest Point Hotel Casino, 410 Sandy Bay road, Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7005 and get your application in the queue. The schools are run whenever there is a need for staff, sometimes as often as every two months. The training will cost you $100 and you must live in Hobart for the duration. If that seems tough, don't forget you are virtually assured of a job once you complete the course – which can take from four to six weeks, depending on your ability to pick up the game of blackjack. You are taught to deal, how to handle chips and how the casino operates. Very few flunk and, after a time dealing blackjack in the casino, you will be taught (at no cost to you, of course) the other games. If you have a police record, or it is found you have worked in illegal casinos, you will not be accepted for training. If the wait is rather daunting, take heart. The company which controls Wrest Point hopes to open two casinos in the Northern Territory within the next few years.

A healthy young chap, I am moving into a college soon and the move will mean a lot more privacy than I have been used to in the past. For the first time in my life I will be able to do what I like behind my own, locked bedroom door. I see this as a tremendous opportunity to live it up for a few years with a few of the co-ed college inmates. Therein lies my problem. How am I going to keep my current girlfriend from finding out? And, presuming I am lucky, how am I going to prevent my college bedmates from finding out about my girlfriend, who is planning to visit me? I know I want to have my cake and eat it, but is there an answer to my anticipated predicament? – P.V., Victoria.

Unless you are a Cool Hand Luke in dealing out your sexual favors, your love nest of cards will tumble faster than you can zip up. In fact, if you are planning on celebrating your new freedom with a succession of one-night stands, you'd be far wiser to patronise the nearest bordello. While the introduction of co-habitation in Australian colleges might have been greeted with a flush of brief encounters, subsequent surveys indicate that many students have graduated from the ships-that-pass-in-the-night syndrome. And the longer, more meaningful relationships that are developing among the boys and girls bring added emotional and social responsibilities. You give no hint of the depth of your feeling for the girl you are going to leave behind, but unless you adopt a mature approach to your concept of college freedom you are going to be a flop in the classroom and the boudoir.

I am going to Wrest Point Hotel Casino in a couple of months to play blackjack. By that time I will have mastered a method of counting the cards. However, there are several points about the way they play the game there that worry me, so perhaps you could help. First, how often do they shuffle the deck? Second, they reserve the right to order the player to double his bet. How often do they do this and how much, in your opinion, would it damage a player's chances? Finally, a player must decide whether to count an ace as 1 or 11. Must he do this before drawing more cards, or can he change the value as he pleases? If you have any other tips which you think I should know, I would be glad to hear them. Wish me luck. – J.C., SA.

First off, blackjack at Wrest Point is played with four packs shuffled together and dealt from a shoe – unlike places in Nevada, where the dealer uses a single pack all the time. If you can count cards with four or five hands being played and starting with more than 200 cards in the shoe, you're a better man than me, Gunga Din. This goes part of the way to answering your first question. The whole shoe is shuffled each time the dealer gets to the cut card, either a specially-marked card or one with a corner cut off. When the dealer shuffles, the entire fresh pack is offered to one of the players, who inserts the cut card wherever he chooses. Second, in no casino where blackjack is played does the house order *the player to double his bet. The house offers a player the* option *to double his bet when the player holds a total of nine, 10 or 11 after the second card. In answer to your final query, the player may decide at any time whether to nominate the ace as 1 or 11. Thus an ace and a 6 is called a "soft" 17, while cards such as a 9, 7 and an ace are called a "hard" 17 because there is no option about the value of the ace. The best advice we can give is to stay cool and spend a couple of hours watching before you play and to read the article in May* PLAYBOY.

I am an amateur photographer. Recently I have been asked by friends to photograph weddings. After reading an ad in an international photographic magazine, I have decided to send my exposed film to the US for processing. My problem is that I don't know what I will have to pay in customs duty and sales tax. If I decide to start a small, part-time photographic business I would like to continue to send my

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orders to the US for processing. Can you tell me the score? – C.W., NSW.

The customs and taxation people do not differentiate between amateur and professional photographers. They take the same bite of the cherry whether you are taking pictures for fun or cash. You will be required to pay customs duty at a rate of 35 percent of the total value of the package you receive back from the US. And total means precisely what it says. Duty is assessed on the cost of the film, the cost of processing, the cost of materials used in the process, the processor's profit, the cost of freight and your charges to friends or clients. The scale of sales tax is more complicated. The base rate of sales tax is 27½ percent of 40 percent of the charge to the customer, but for precise information in your case you should consult an officer in the sales tax section of the taxation office. We also alert you to the dangers of trusting exposed film to the mails. It can be damaged or ruined by exposure to heat, moisture or X-Ray screening techniques used to detect toxic or lethal substances.

Your reviewer has hooked me with his rave on the latest Van Morrison album, *Wavelength*. I had heard the odd Morrison song on the party round, but I had never really sat down and tuned in until you persuaded me to buy *Wavelength*. Now I am a convert. Can you tell me how many Morrison albums are on the market and if he has ever toured Australia? – R.R., Sydney.

Sadly, Morrison has never visited our shores and, even more sadly, there is scant chance of the man Rolling Stone *calls the last of the genuine rock and rollers making the Pacific pilgrimage, although there has often been talk of a tour of Australia and Japan. From the time he split with his original Belfast group,* Them, *to go solo Stateside in 1967, Morrison has been more of a music recluse than Dylan. Morrison and* Them *produced four albums and as a solo artist the former Belfast bovver boy has put his name to 11 albums; and all but one, the composite* Domino, *are still available. Morrison has sung with a legion of musicians, but the same group – Peter Bardens, a* Them *survivor, on keyboard, Bobby Tench, guitar, Mickey Seet, bass, Peter van Hooke, drums, and Herbie Armstrong, guitar – has backed him on his last two albums,* Period of Transition *and* Wavelength.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to the* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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COU 025

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

QUAINT CUSTOMS

It's good to see Australian PLAYBOY in print now; so perhaps I can tell you a story about two copies of US PLAYBOY and Australian Customs. A few years ago I came home on a Qantas jet from London and arrived at Sydney's Kingsford Smith Airport at 11pm.

As we filed through Customs a woman in front of me was asked to show the contents of her overnight bag. She was a middle-aged American schoolteacher, in Australia to have a look around, and she had in her hand a paperback. The Customs man took the paperback and asked her if there were any four-letter words in it. She didn't understand what he was saying, so I leaned over and said: "Come on, this book is titled *The Wild Flowers of Australia*." They let her through. Then I had to lay out the contents of my travelling bag and there were two copies of PLAYBOY which I was keeping, for I was shown in them in thick tartan shirts in shots taken around Ruthean Castle in North Wales. The Customs man went on about how some copies of PLAYBOY were banned in Australia and how he would have to keep these. And I thought: Oh, I'm back home, all right – back home in No-No Land after being away for years. But I said: "Over my dead body, mate. I'm keeping these. I happen to be in them – with clothes on, too."

Gunnar Larsen
Cooktown, Queensland

MORE SAY

Bob Howard, in his article "Up the Workers" (PLAYBOY, May), states correctly that the Australian Democrats decide what they believe by popular vote – a concept he rejects as a "democratic disease" because he does not believe in egalitarianism. He believes that those with money, earned through work, should be entitled to make all the decisions by means of the free market.

It is precisely because of his obsession with the virtues of the free market economy (which most Democrats recognise) that he misses the point about what a party like the Australian Democrats is on about. Most Democrats are fed up with existing political parties because important political decisions are usually made outside the Parliament by the people with money. In this respect the Workers Party would not have been any different.

In contrast the Australian Democrats believe there are more important things in life than money, and that the ordinary people should have more say in how much tax they should pay and how their taxes should be spent.

In other areas of the party's policies there is much of the libertarian thinking Howard espouses – for instance that people should be as free as possible to do their own thing with the absolute minimum of government interference. Like the Workers Party, the Democrats took a caning politically when their candidates espoused controversial policies such as repealing legislation relating to the so-called victimless crimes (prostitution, vagrancy). Yet the Wran Government in NSW has implemented this policy.

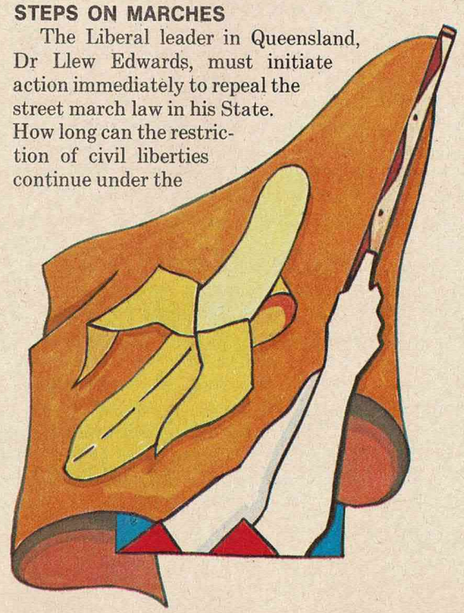
This might encourage more of our candidates to speak out on the party's controversial policies.

Howard also criticises the Democrats as a party of compromise, rather than one of ideology. In fact the Democrats try to incorporate in their principles the better features of the existing ideologies – the equality of opportunities and compassion from the Socialists and freedom of the individual from the Capitalists. However, in the process a new kind of ideology is forming, one in which social welfare policies are devised which avoid bureaucratic government interference and economic policies which avoid the excesses of exploitation and environmental damage which the Capitalists would otherwise cause.

Don Benjamin
Ryde, NSW

STEPS ON MARCHES

The Liberal leader in Queensland, Dr Llew Edwards, must initiate action immediately to repeal the street march law in his State. How long can the restriction of civil liberties continue under the autocratic rule of the premier, Mr Bjelke-Petersen?



Surely it is now time to submerge completely those dark currents of intolerance and extremism which still exist in the Deep North.

Andrew John Edson
Pearce, ACT

CLOTHES AND THE MAN

I hope PLAYBOY is going to keep us in touch with the latest men's fashions, a subject on which both my wife and I have some thoughts. My wife, for instance, thinks the sexiest and best bedwear for a man is a nightshirt. And if men in the north want to wear kilts or sarongs, why shouldn't they?

We live in an economic climate of equality, so why should the women have all the nice things in life? After all, they've pinched our trousers, so why can't we do likewise?

J.C.
Ulverstone, Tasmania

Fashion is always in our thoughts and on our pages, J.C., and in keeping with the season we have a ski-wear special in this issue. It's hardly the setting for a kilt, sarong or nightshirt but, as you say, if we want to wear these garments, why shouldn't we?

PROBLEM OF SIZE

Many men would like to have a bigger penis. My problem is that mine is too big. It caused my marriage to break up and, even before I married, I had a lot of trouble with girls.

I could chat them up all right but, when it came to bedding them, one look at my member was more than enough. I have had only one girl who could accommodate me without pain and she has unfortunately left the State.

So all you men who want to be bigger, forget about it. Just spare a thought for me when next you think you are hard done by.

R.W.
Annerley, Queensland

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialogue between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to Playboy Forum, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PORN IN DENMARK

COPENHAGEN — A study conducted at the University of Copenhagen has found that sex crimes except rape have declined substantially since 1967, when Denmark legalised pornography. While rape has increased slightly in recent years, child molestation is down 56 percent, indecent exposure down 58 percent and voyeurism down 80 percent. The study noted that the demand for porn has declined greatly among Danes since it became legal and that it is now mainly an export item.

ODD BENEFITS

PERTH — The first major survey of Australians who have had vasectomies shows that women are very pleased with the results. Dr J. H. Leavesley, a post-graduate student at Murdoch University in Perth, questioned 50 couples and found 43 percent of wives said their general health had improved and 2.5 percent of the men said their health was better as a result of the operation. "It seems he has the operation and she feels better," the doctor commented.

CONSUMER FRAUD?

SPARKS, NEVADA — A 19-year-old man who paid $15 for a half-hour massage has complained to police that he was swindled — all he got was sex. He told officers that he had sought the massage for a back ailment on the advice of his chiropractor, paid his money at a local parlor and took the masseuse up on her generous offer to have intercourse on a water bed. That over with, he asked for his massage and was told: "Sorry, your time's up."

FAMILY HONOR

LAMIA, GREECE — A 47-year-old Greek woman has been freed after 29 years of captivity enforced by her family as punishment for a sexual affair she had as a teenager. Police said the woman was held in a dungeon-like basement under terrible conditions, even though her parents, who had ordered her confinement, had died two years previously. Her brother and two sisters face illegal detention charges.

COUGH, COUGH

SYDNEY — Australia's largest city now has a smog crisis second only to that of Los Angeles and experts say the photochemical pollution problem is getting worse. A recent report by the State Pollution Control Commission showed that Sydney's ozone levels are higher than the recommended limits one-third of the time. The director of the commission, Mr Eric Coffey, said Sydney now had a critical smog problem and drastic corrective action was needed.

GAY WHO?

TORONTO – A Canadian anti-homosexual crusader whose first name is Bob is angry with the American manufacturer of the widely publicised Gay Bob doll. He complains that the doll represents the misuse of a respectable name and is harming the reputations of everyone named Bob, especially among children.

PROTECTION FROM ATTACK

LONDON — A member of the House of Commons wants Britain's criminal law amended to protect men against "lustful, oversexed and physically strong women." In a letter to the British Home Secretary, Labour Party member John Lee urged consideration of his proposal because "it is not beyond the bounds of credibility that a woman can commit rape".

OUCH!

ROSEBURG, OREGON — Sheriff's officers have charged a 16-year-old boy with burglary and attempted rape of a 66-year-old woman who proved to be more than a match for her attacker. Awakened from sleep at 4 am, the woman grabbed her assailant by the genitals and dragged him outdoors to the street, where her screams attracted neighbors. The suspect broke free, but was arrested soon after.

POOCH HOOCH

GREAT WESTERN, VICTORIA — There were some dog-sized hangovers after a semi-trailer loaded with bottled wine overturned in the heart of the State's wine-making area. Residents said half the town's dogs became "tiddly" after lapping up the spilled wine. "The dogs found it rather tasty — some were as high as kites," one said.

LOCK-UP FOUL-UP

VIENNA — A young Austrian was left locked in a police cell for 18 days after being arrested following a traffic accident. Police say they discovered Andreas Mihavecs, 18, in an underground cell where he was left, forgotten, after a companion was questioned and released. Mihavecs lost 18 kilos in weight and had to be taken to hospital, seriously ill, after his ordeal.

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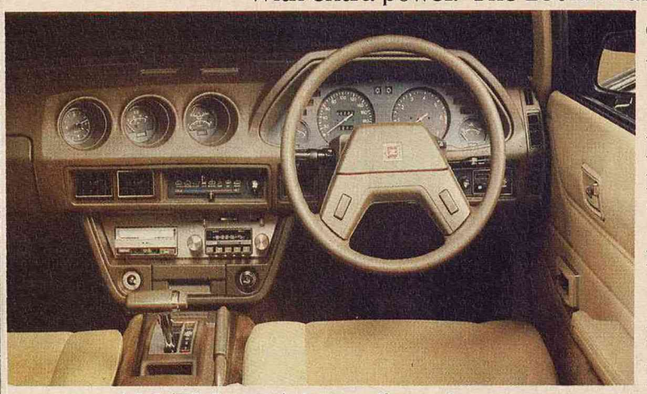

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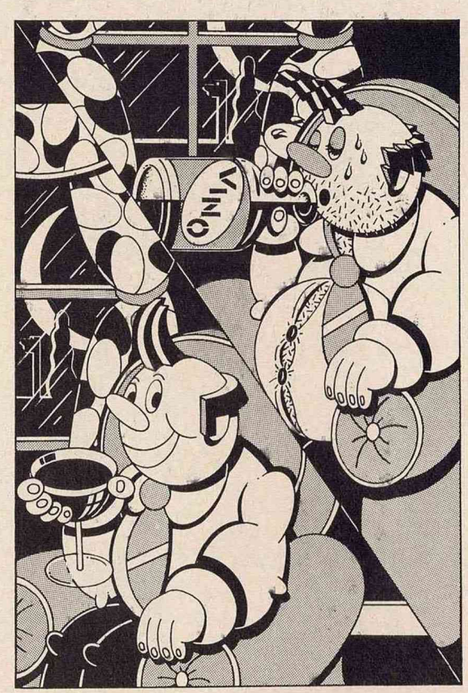
WINE

in moderation, the gift of the gods; in excess, their fiery curse



"DRINK no longer water," urged St Paul, "but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." That advice, to a colleague with a tummy-ache, was given nearly 20 centuries ago, and even then old Paul was hardly a pioneer in the pastime of wine tippling. At that stage, man had probably been drinking the fermented juice of the grape for about 8000 years, give or take a few.

Just how good it was for the stomach is a matter of conjecture. It's probable that early Neolithic man, somewhere in Babylonia or Egypt, stumbled across the secret of wine by trying to store a bunch or two of grapes in an earthenware jug. Wild yeasts on the grapes would have started a fermentation within 24 hours, introducing the element of fire into hitherto innocuous juice.

The earliest inebriates were believed to be possessed by devils – a description not inapplicable to some of those who have still not learned to treat alcohol with respect. And it's likely that their stomachs, as well as heads, suffered from the ingestion of concoctions that would have made Australia's old Fourpenny Dark look like '29 Lafite.

Amphoras of wine taken from tombs and found in buried cities confirm that the ancients weren't too particular. But as the Greeks and Romans took over, winemaking processes became relatively scientific. Certainly by St Paul's time it was hygienic and beneficial, in moderate quantities, to health.

In the intervening 2000 years we've learned a lot more about wine's therapeutic qualities. Physicians in the past couple of centuries have prescribed it for a variety of ailments, and ascribed to it the agony of gout (not true, by the way). Now, though the big money of the multi-national drug cartels tends to swamp the common-sense approach of natural medicine, wine is still recommended as a beneficial dietary supplement.

What sort of wine, and how much of it? The concensus of medical opinion indicates up to a litre a day of table wine (red, white or rosé with an average alcoholic content of 11 percent by volume). Sounds a lot? It may be in Australia, where our annual intake is about 15 litres a head. In France, where each adult drinks more than 100 litres a year, it's less eyebrow-raising.

A litre a day, apportioned between meals, is unlikely to make a healthy adult drunk. It will, however, impart a measure of humor and good fellowship, plus water, fructose, glycerine, valuable organic acids, minerals such as potassium, calcium, magnesium, sodium and iron, and a modicum of ethyl alcohol. Add to these the cholesterol-reducing polyphenols, anti-toxic tannoid compounds, body-enriching enzymes, ascorbic acid and the B group of vitamins and you've almost got a meal in every bottle.

Well, no. But you have a valuable and pleasant source of supplementary nutrition – a truly universal panacea capable of compensating for many bodily shortcomings.

In his fascinating book, *Wine Is the Best Medicine* (Souvenir Press), Dr E.A. Maury recommends wines from various areas of his native France to combat a great variety of maladies and minor illnesses.

Anaemia, for instance, can be relieved, he says, by wines from the Graves because of their high iron content. Red Burgundy, he claims, is good for cardiac problems because it is rich in potassium, which improves the heart muscle tone. There's Vouvray for constipation, Beaujolais for diarrhoea, champagne for fever, Médoc for menopause, Sancerre for obesity and Bordeaux for pregnancy. Perhaps one of our Australian surgeon/winemakers will come up with the local equivalents. I rather fancy the idea of Coonawarra claret for a cough; Hunter hermitage for herpes; Riverina riesling for rabies . . .

No wine, of course, will fix a broken leg. But a glass or two a day of something strong on calcium would probably help the bone to knit, and certainly would improve the patient's state of mind.

The temptation, though, is to over-indulge in the bounties of Bacchus. And it is in this province that the restorative powers of alcohol are often in greatest demand. Alas, they are largely ephemeral. Once you're in the grip of the grape, only abstinence can save you.

To understand a hangover, it is necessary to know something of its physiology. A reasonably healthy human can digest about three glasses of wine an hour; drink more than that, on a continuous basis, and you're on your way to insobriety. Once the alcohol has affected your system, there's no way that more of the same will sober you up.

There are, however, ways to reduce the effects of the demon. *Before* you get stuck into the turps, drink a couple of glasses of milk. Scorned by some as an old wives' tale, it actually works by "lining" the stomach, and slowing down the absorption of alcohol.

After you've imbibed, but *before* you go to bed, there are a couple more steps you can take to make tomorrow a prospect of sweetness and light. First, drink as much non-alcoholic fluid as you can – a litre of water or juice (the sugar helps) is fine. Take some antacid and one or two analgesic tablets.

Hangovers, which may be defined as classic cases of self-induced dehydration, vary in intensity from unpleasant to fatal. Sometimes sufferers in the former category may wish to transfer to the latter; either way, a hair of the dog is not the answer. The addition of alcohol to a poisoned system is unlikely to effect a cure. Time, mineral water, fresh air and fervent repentance form the only path to recovery.

– TONY REES

EXPERIENCE

when you're five miles high, there's only one club you can join

*The experience of the Australian traveller who thought he was on to a good thing with two ladies in San Francisco (*PLAYBOY, *March) continues to attract responses from readers–and we would like to hear of more experiences. Last month we told of a more successful – lucky? – trip to Manila by a Sydney electronics importer, and now we relate the story of what happened to a traveller between 'Frisco and Sydney. Signed affidavits available on request!*

YOU'VE got to get lucky sometime. And always when you least expect it. That's what I had been telling myself for years and years, but it never really happened until . . .

My mate and I were flying back from San Francisco. We'd done a week's work in the States, hustling for our company, hanging out at singles bars at night and being decidedly unlucky. The odds are against you when you hunt in pairs.

It was QF3, the flight that stops in Honolulu around midnight. You're wrecked from doing a full day's work on the US East Coast, then flying with the clock to the west, hanging around 'Frisco for good ole Qantas and then, just when you're feeling the effects of the travel and the in-flight champers, you dip your wings into Hawaii.

So we ambled up to the duty free shop to get those last-minute perfumes for wife and secretary and final filters for ourselves. And there was this sheila. Blonde, tall – about five-nine, I'd say – pretty without being super-sensational, and her name was Shirl. From Moonee Ponds. I'm not kidding!

Shirl was returning from a West Coast package tour. I can't remember what we spoke about, but as we were shuffling back into the jumbo I asked: "Where are you sitting?"

"Twenty-two B, Green Section."

"Like to come up to the lounge for a drink when we get going?"

"Love to."

"Okay, I'll try to arrange it."

And then it hit me. Old Silvertongue had chatted up a bird and he was going to get her! Ah, stop dreaming.

When the seat belt sign was turned off I made a dash for the lounge and asked the flight steward if he could do me a great favor by inviting 22-B, Green Section, up for a drink. (Hint here: never take it for granted. Qantas tries to be nice to its first-class passengers but can't always accommodate such requests. In fact, the stewards get snaky if you do it on your own. So ask very nicely.)

While I waited for Shirl from Moonee Ponds I reviewed the situation. The Mile High Club, sometimes known as the Five Mile High Club since we started flying around the upper troposphere in jumbos, is a pretty exclusive club. Most of its members are people connected with the airline industry, though I did once hear of a parson who joined. And, like most elite groups, it has its elite within the elite. For instance, a rather gauche chap I know once boasted in the boardroom – the boardroom, for God's sake – that he was flying back from who-cares-where with his wife when he got the urge. And he said to the flight steward: "Look, my wife and I want to join the club. Can you put some cushions in the toilet for us, please?" Now that bloke loses points for doing it with his wife, but is absolutely drummed out of the club for (a) doing it in the toilet, and (b) asking the flight steward to get him some cushions.

I am now at 35,000ft and Shirl has made it to the lounge. I'm drinking vintage port and she's on a Bacardi and Coke. I'm on the seat at the end of the lounge with my feet thrown up on the circular section in the middle. Shirl is a little less abandoned, and my mate is on her other side. I don't know what we're talking about, but I do know what I'm thinking about.

My friend decides to get some shut-eye, but I figure we've got about eight hours to go. Other loungers go downstairs or nod off as the kilometres fly by. The steward switches off the cabin lights and – my heart leaps – throws a rug over us. A rug! Camouflage! I hold Shirl's hand. I move our hands on to her lap. I stroke the inside of her leg, quietly moving her unbuttoned-most-of-the-way-up-the-front denim skirt apart. She nuzzles lower in her seat. I move her hand over to my lap. She unzips me.

And there we were, high over the Pacific. We kept up the foreplay for two orgasms and about 900 kilometres, and then I gently rolled her to one side, and entered her with a feeling of disbelief. A hundred kilometres or so later we went to sleep.

When we were woken for breakfast the port told me I didn't want any, but Shirl did. She said she'd go back to 22-B, Green Section. I said right-ho and thanks and she disappeared down the stairs.

I saw her again in Customs. I winked across the carousel and moved over to squeeze her backside.

"See yer," she said with a small smile. I'll never know if Shirl was really Erica Jong. But it sure as hell cured my fear of flying.

Ian 'Molly' Meldrum. Compere of Countdown. Mouth of Music.

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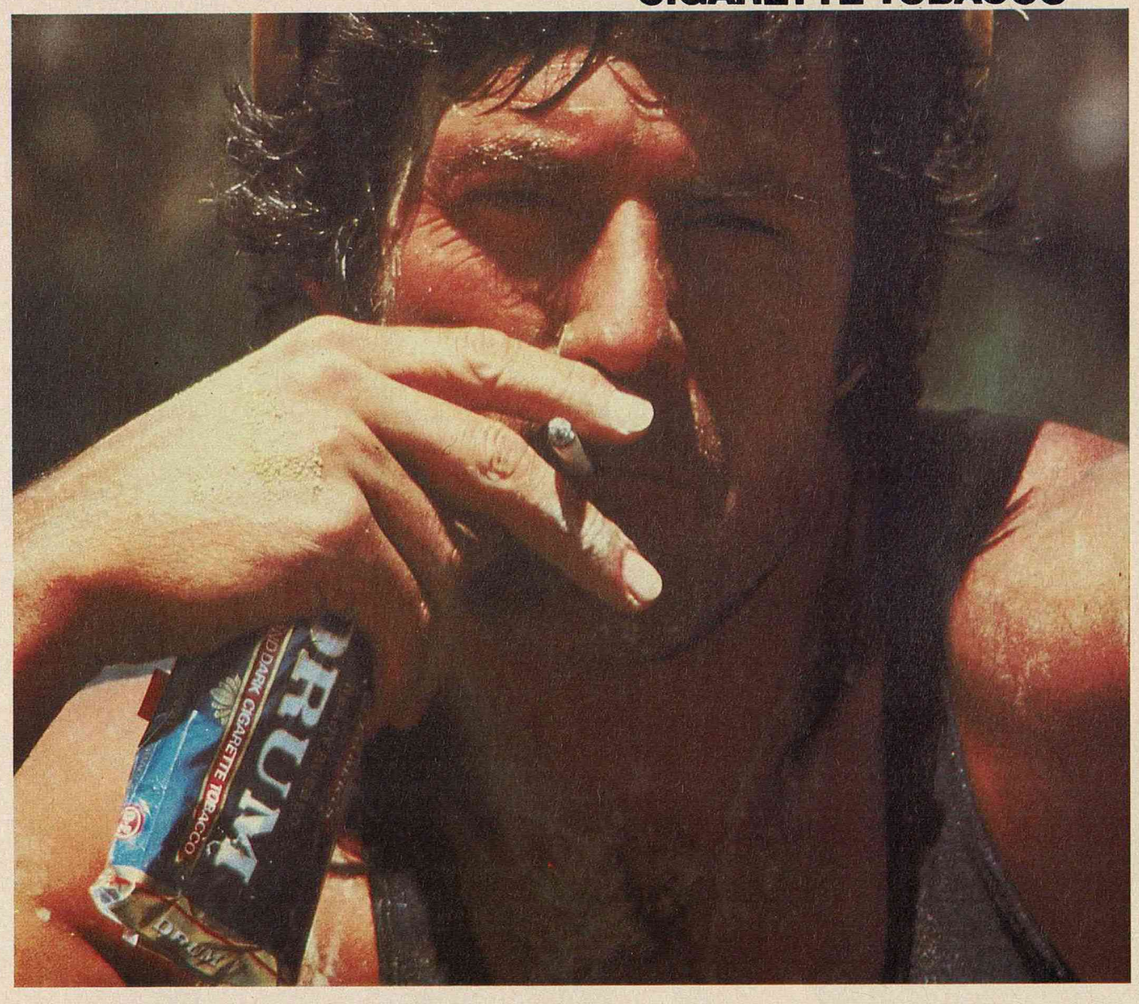
GRAND SLAM

SPORT OF THE MONTH

BONDS
GRAND SLAM

MEN SMOKE DRUM

CIGARETTE TOBACCO



Playboy Interview

Don Dunstan

visionary, statesman, lawyer, actor and poignant victim of the power game

CONJECTURE over whether Don Dunstan would ever consent to being drafted into the Canberra white house was finally stilled five months ago when the seemingly indefatigable Premier of South Australia took his last political bow. It was one of the most poignant moments in 23 years of television history. For the Dunstanophiles, it was the passing of their age of Aquarius. Saddened by the forlorn picture of a man – stamped in the nation's eye as the assured, eloquent, consummately caring politician – stooped and wearied by the onset of sudden illness, even his enemies declared a political amnesty to pay him tribute.

There was Australia's only genuine flower power politician wilted at an age when he should have been in full bloom. The nation felt robbed. Not only for the loss of a reformist statesman, but robbed of the one man so many regarded as the only political journeyman who could forge the ALP into an alternative government.

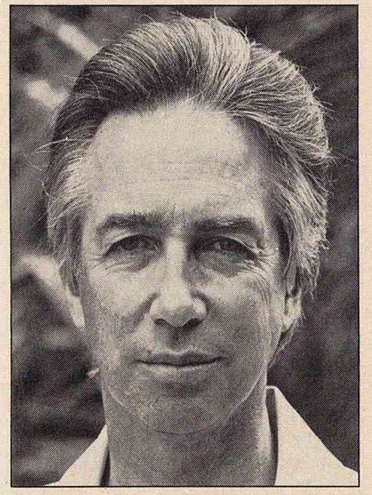
It mattered not that Dunstan had repeatedly denied he was interested in tossing his hat into the federal arena. The game was the thing. Dunstan was the Teddy Kennedy of Australian politics. The more he protested his indifference to the call of Canberra, the more Neville Wran and Bob Hawke were touted as the saviors of the Labor Party, the wider grew the belief that Dunstan would mount his white charger when the time was ripe.

In the wash-up of the Dunstan retirement, it became obvious that throughout all the public supposition and the commentators' ifs and buts, Dunstan had been sincere in his reaffirmations that his political ambition was confined by the boundaries of his own State. Clyde Cameron, that crusty old warhorse of the Labor machine, laid the ghost when he revealed that he had offered his safe Federal seat of Hindmarsh to Dunstan in 1975. The offer was rejected. If Dunstan had ever been going to run, that was the time. But in hindsight, 1975 was a critical year in the private affairs of Don Dunstan. Had the divorce from his first wife, Gretel, not been so recent, and had his growing relationship with the lady who was to become his second wife, Adele Koh, been formalised, maybe Dunstan might have taken up Cameron's offer.

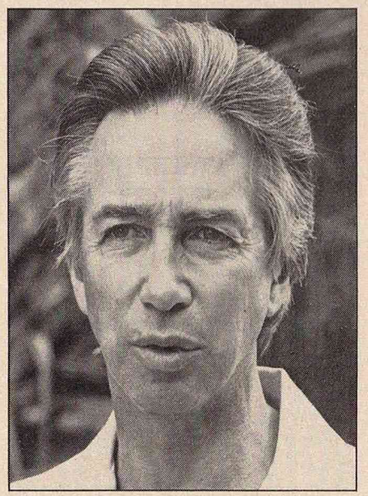
Dunstan and Adele were married in 1977. Death ended the marriage a year later. Fate, then, rather than expediency or opportunism, will be the historian's yardstick in measuring the life of Donald Allan Dunstan, the man, the lawyer, the actor, the reformer and the politician.

In any contemporary appraisal of Dunstan, one has to look at him in a South Australian context. His influence spread beyond the barriers of the Murray, the mallee and the desert, but, in essence, he was the eye of the Labor hurricane that swept Westminster parliamentary record-holder Sir Thomas Playford off the dusty Adelaide mantelpiece. The year was 1965, and 32 years of Playford and Liberal Country League rule gave the zealous young Attorney-General in Frank Walsh's first-in-a-generation Labor Government a limitless canvas for reform. "We shall lead South Australia into the 20th century" was his theme. It was the kind of jingle that won votes and, put into practice, an equal measure of controversy.

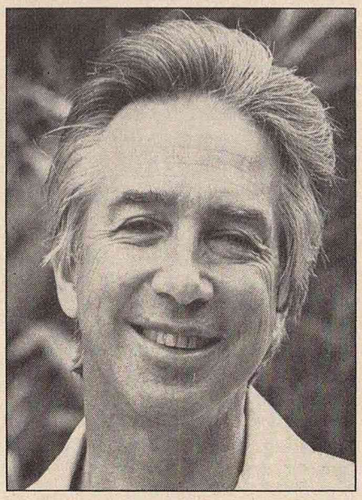
What controversy! Unaccustomed to the opposition benches, the deeply entrenched conservative elements cast round for a whipping boy and settled on Dunstan as the perfect target. They called him a Melanesian bastard. By doing so they referred directly to his birth in Fiji and indirectly placed the cuckold's horns on his father and one-time patriarch of the established family concern of South Australian merchants. It was a slur that neither



"I had signs of difficulty and strain for some two years, I was aware that I was overworking and there were times when I just could not cope as well as I had with situations of strain."



"Being with Adele meant that I felt that I had finally found a mode of existence where happiness was possible, and the loss of that through her death was a tremendous blow."



"I would have thought thay my sexual preference was fairly obvious. But I don't propose to produce letters from all the ladies who have paid tribute to me on that particular subject."

Dunstan nor his father has forgiven. Having a bet each way, those same conservative elements saw his Fabian-based social principles as treacherous to the Dunstan family name and vilified him as a traitor to his class.

When he espoused the Aboriginal cause they called him a nigger-lover; when he promoted legislation to decriminalise homosexual acts between consenting adults they called him poofter; sponsorship of more liberal censorship laws earned him acclaim outside South Australia and contempt from the blue-rinse daughters of the squattocracy. His repeal of the State's restrictive licensing laws drew him into a front-line confrontation with the Bible Belt.

For two and a bit years, traditional South Australian reserve checked the Dunstan reform program. The voters banished him to the opposition benches in the 1968 election—a year after he had assumed the premiership from Frank Walsh – but two years later Dunstan was back on the South Australian throne unrepentant for the electoral lesson and as determined as ever to spread his democratic principles beyond the confines of the legislature and into all levels of his southern State's society.

"Time," as one chronicler wrote of Dunstan's style, "has shown that Dunstan is not a rabid socialiser. He is, in the context of the Federal ALP, a proponent of moderate socialism. He has learned that the theory and practice of government are apt to diverge and that this divergence can rebound on politicians." A moderate in the spectrum of the political left Dunstan might be, but his pursuit of a social order which respected the dignity of all men led him through some harrowing trials. Accustomed to the paternalistic cocoon woven by the Playford administration, there were some conservative sections of South Australian society which never came to terms with Dunstan's concept of life in the 20th century.

Headlines and dissension stalked Dunstan through issues such as his defence of the citizen's right to protest – a stand which his opponents wrongly claimed was responsible for the Vietnam Moratorium confrontation between police and demonstrators on the Adelaide streets in September, 1970. The knockers also accused him of setting up the subsequent Royal Commission as a tool for legislating on the inquiry's anticipated recommendations. The sabres rattled when he said that had he been a 20-year-old he would have refused the Vietnam draft.

The blue noses were out of joint when he supported the public sale of Philip Roth's Portnoy's Complaint *and the staging of* Oh! Calcutta. *Oblivious to the flak, Dunstan gradually persuaded the electorate to accept the most liberal set of censorship laws in the Commonwealth. Principle, too, overruled expediency when he penned that "Dear Harry" letter to Lee Kuan Yew, dissociating himself from the White Australia policy.*

A couple of years later he put his heart where his mouth was in that letter by becoming the first Australian premier to invite an Aborigine, Doug Nicholls, to take up residence in a Government House. And by doing so he did more for the dignity of the original Australians than any legislator before or since. Not that it was a token gesture. Dunstan saw in Sir Douglas all the qualities required of vice-royalty in the Australian sense, and so it proved. Until ill-health cut short his term, Sir Douglas carried out the Governor's duties with outstanding grace and humility.

The final scenes of the Dunstan premiership mocked the vitality and innovation with which Dunstan led his Government, but they could not cloud the man's flair. For atop all his strengths and weaknesses, Dunstan the politician was different. He once said that the Australian creed should be "eccentric is beautiful", and he has certainly lived by his words.

Who but Don Dunstan could have taken his place at the Premier's table in the South Australian Legislative Assembly dressed in pink shorts or a Norwood football guernsey? Only Don Dunstan could have written: "My political development has been influenced by Sophocles, Euripides, Abelard, Shakespeare, Milton, Donne, Swift, Johnson, Mill, Byron, Marx, James, Keynes, Koestler, Durrell, Galbraith, Kazantazakis, Hesse, Lorenz, Winnie the Pooh and Snoopy." All that and a democratic monarchist to boot.

Dunstan's political career closed as it began – in heated controversy. Last year's sacking of Police Commissioner Harold Salisbury over the too-secret police files set the stage for an explosive finale. And neither Dunstan nor his political opponents let the headline hunters down. Several days after his emotional resignation speech, the leader of the South Australian Democrats, Robin Millhouse, was quoted as saying: "The query is whether he (Dunstan) is as sick as he appeared to be. Did he have his retirement in mind when he rushed the superannuation Bill through Parliament in November rather than letting it wait until February?" The thinly veiled allegation was that Dunstan had engineered his illness to coincide with a lift in his retirement benefits from a lump sum payout of $140,700 and an annual pension of $11,511 to a $191,800 handshake and $15,691 yearly.

Two months later and a few days after Dunstan had flown to Italy to enrol in an Italian course at Perugia University, another storm broke linking the former premier with a claim on public monies. Before he left, it was revealed, Dunstan had filed a claim for $25,000 in workers' compensation. Amid the ensuing furore, the claim was withdrawn.

Providing his health is restored, Dunstan will return to Australia later this year not as a politician but, probably, as a television star. There has long been a frustrated theatrical streak in Don Dunstan and it came as no surprise when the Little Aussie Battler, Ernie Sigley, claimed that he had signed Dashing Donny to host a television chat show.

To interview Dunstan before he left on his overseas trip, PLAYBOY *chose a journalist who covered the years which saw the emergence of Dunstan as a South Australian leader.* ***Mark Day*** *was political writer for* The News *in Adelaide from 1966-1968 – years which saw Dunstan as a reformist Attorney-General making a bid for power when the affable but bumbling Frank Walsh retired nine months before the 1968 elections. Dunstan lost that election by a few votes.*

"The interview was conducted over two days at Dunstan's leafy pool-side at the back of his modern house in suburban Norwood," said Day. "Dunstan was nervous at first and the strain of his illness was clearly apparent. As we went on he relaxed and it was almost possible, by the end of the interview, that Dunstan was enjoying his retirement."

> *His pursuit of a social order which respected the dignity of all men led him through some harrowing trials.*

PLAYBOY: Can we start with the events that led up to your shock retirement?

DUNSTAN: Well, first of all, I had had signs of difficulty and strain for some two years. I was aware that I was overworking and there were times when I wasn't coping as well as I had with situations of strain, and I endeavored to alter my regimen. I

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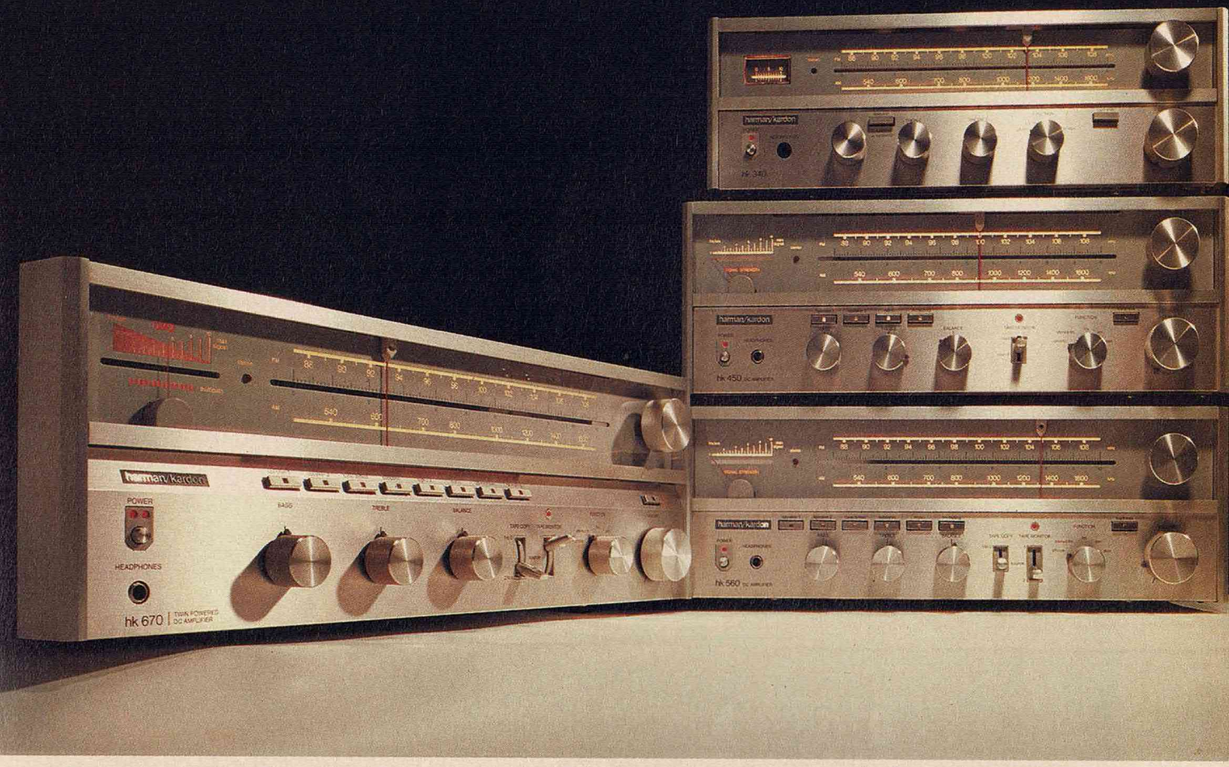

The ear knows how to deal with gross distortion. It simply stops listening. But what happens when the distortion is so subtle that it is barely perceived? Usually this kind of distortion is accepted by the ear as part of the musical information. It's not until you've listened for a while that you start to sense something isn't quite right, that there's something between you and the music. To some, it's like listening through closed curtains; for others, it's an uneasy, fatigued feeling. What happens, in effect, is that your ears and brain try to listen **through** the distortion and end up working too hard to hear all of the music.

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consulted my physician and he said: "Look, you have to have specific times off and you must reduce your workload to light." I endeavored to do that, but during the past year it became extremely difficult to accomplish with the dismissal of the Police Commissioner; during that period it was just impossible to do. Immediately after the more public fusses of that particular period, we discovered that my wife had terminal cancer. She came overseas with me but I was naturally constantly worried about her. She had some treatment in New York and I came on to Australia at her insistence, but kept in touch with her daily. Then she came home and I had to nurse her for the whole period. She was fighting desperately; I knew from the doctors that the fight was hopeless. She never believed it was and so we had a constant procession of people giving her alternative treatment of one kind or another – non-orthodox treatment. It was not possible for me to get any rest or relief from that and then, of course, her death was a tremendous blow to me.

PLAYBOY: It must have been an enormous emotional shock.

DUNSTAN: It was. I'd had a tough period during the time when my first marriage broke up, and that happened over quite some years, until finally the situation was such that I couldn't live at home any more and continue to exist. And then the loneliness and unpleasantness of living in a pokey little flat in Kent Town for quite some time was a strain.

PLAYBOY: Did it make you plunge deeper into your work in an attempt to forget?

DUNSTAN: Yes, to some extent it did. But then, being with Adele meant that I felt that I had finally found a mode of existence where happiness was possible, and the loss of that, through her death, was a tremendous blow.

PLAYBOY: How did the doctors define your illness? What is it called in medical terms?

DUNSTAN: Well, they say various things. First, that I am seriously exhausted and that the exhaustion over a period has resulted in serious hypertension and a nervous reaction to strain which increases that hypertensiveness, at times quite dangerously. And they consider that that is permanent ... well, they expect it to reduce after a period of rest, absence from stress, but they expect me to require medication for at least the next six months. They say that I won't be able to return to situations of stress, therefore I can't go back to the bar and I can't go back to politics, but I may in future be able to write articles, do the occasional TV thing, sit on a board or two where I can choose my own times and say, all right, I won't do that if I find there is a stressful situation.

PLAYBOY: What about a Bench?

DUNSTAN: Oh, no. That in itself produces stress, but at any rate I would never want to go on a Bench. It has never been my ambition, it is not my thing. And I have been out of the law too long. I virtually ceased any effective association with the law when I was re-elected Premier in 1970. Law is a very jealous mistress, I haven't read a law report for nearly 10 years. To try to get back to the law at this stage is just not on. I suppose I could go back, if I were physically able, to acting as counsel in specifically limited areas. I do propose to write. I find writing, while at times agony, is still a relaxation.

PLAYBOY: One other thing has been mentioned publicly as a possible future for you. The quote that comes to mind was: "He would make an ideal Governor-General."

DUNSTAN: I don't see myself in an office of that kind. I am really not given to formal occasions and the inevitable humbug that has to occur within an office of that kind.

"I won't be able to return to situations of stress; therefore I can't go back to the bar and I can't go back to politics."

PLAYBOY: Your – can I use the word contempt? – for vice-regal stations is well known.

DUNSTAN: I don't have a contempt for vice-regal stations. I think there has to be somebody in the position of Head of State. Rather them than me; I wouldn't like to do it. I have had little regard for those people who seem to enjoy the trappings and nonsense that occasionally go with that office, but I have always wanted the office of head of State to be an effective one. I have managed to persuade governors in South Australia to give up a lot of nonsense with which the office used to be surrounded.

PLAYBOY: Can you be a little more specific than that?

DUNSTAN: Yes. I have been involved in seeing to it that the ceremonial functions were reduced. For instance, there is no levee any more in South Australia. The Governor used to stand on a dais in a ballroom at Government House. They were lined up before he entered – the gentlemen, mark you, with right of private entree. These were ministers, judges, the members of the consular corps and heads of churches. So he'd turn round and shake hands with them, and then the Premier and the Chief Justice would have to flank him while all other gentlemen of Adelaide, who had signed the book or who wanted to tender their card, filed through. They had their names called out and shook his hand and went out.

PLAYBOY: Sir Mark Oliphant was probably your most outstanding appointment to the office.

DUNSTAN: Yes, in one way ...

PLAYBOY: And yet he didn't give up all the pomp that you wanted him to.

DUNSTAN: No. I discussed it with him and he said he thought that he would make a change in due course, but he was much affected by his private secretary. One of Sir Mark's failings was that people who sucked up to him a bit could kid him. He asked, against the advice of his previous private secretary and experts in the public service, for one of the aides who was there from the time of the previous governor to be made his private secretary.

PLAYBOY: That was Richard (Dickie) Henderson?

DUNSTAN: Yes, Henderson. Henderson proved quite inadequate as a private secretary. He allowed Sir Mark to make a whole series of mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DUNSTAN: Well, saying things that were factually wrong, publicly, by not checking up with government departments as to particular situations. And I had to go to see Sir Mark on a number of occasions and say: "Look, I am sorry, but what you've said is quite wrong. The ministers in the government departments are in uproar because you have said this publicly". And he would say: "Well, I'll have to correct it". And I would say: "Well, I would be very grateful if you would." But Henderson used to let him do those things. And Henderson used to influence him in the most extraordinary ways.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that you encouraged Sir Mark to speak out on various issues?

DUNSTAN: Oh yes, I did, I did. I believed that the office of Governor shouldn't be a mere cipher and I did encourage him. It was unfortunate that there were occasions when his speaking out was on a mistaken basis and had to be corrected.

PLAYBOY: How would you sum up his term? Do you feel that it was successful with some blemishes?

DUNSTAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Or wouldn't you have done it again?

DUNSTAN: Oh, I probably would have

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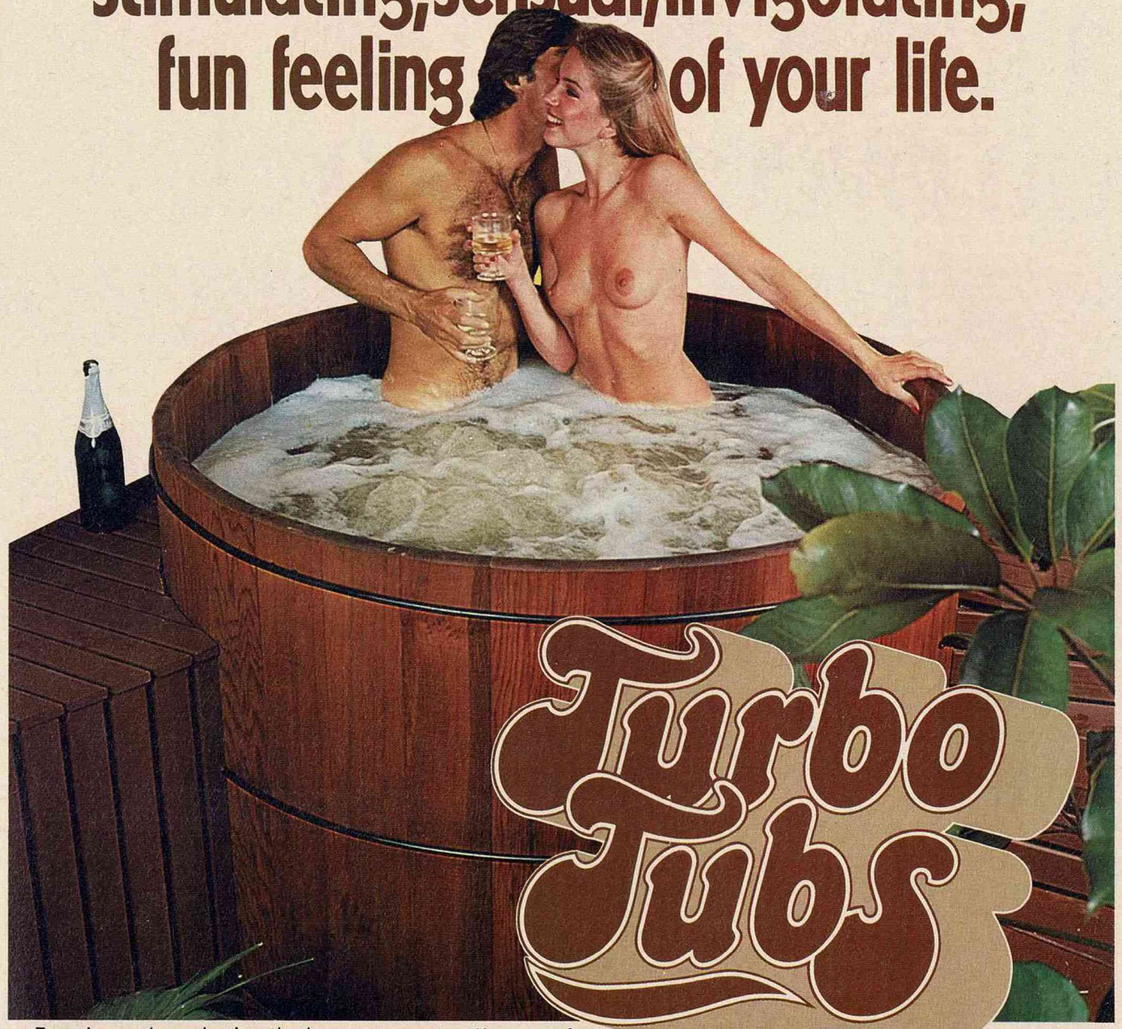

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done it again, yes. Overall, he became a much loved and regarded Governor of South Australia. He made a great mark in the office and I believe that that was important. But it was unfortunate that he felt it necessary on occasions to make speeches, particularly after he had retired!

PLAYBOY: You are referring to the sacking of Police Commissioner Salisbury. What was your feeling to Sir Mark's public intervention in that?

DUNSTAN: I was angry. I thought it most improper and I told him so. I wrote to him in detail. He wrote a letter back and said: "Well, I expected to get a blast, but I didn't think it would be quite as bad as this."

PLAYBOY: Sir Mark's successor was also a controversial appointment.

DUNSTAN: Yes, it was. But I don't think that's a bad thing. Doug Nicholls was an outstanding Australian. The State had made a commitment to there being no racial discrimination and recognising prominent Australians by having in the office somebody who had given great service to the public, and I felt that it was a very, very good appointment. Doug Nicholls, before the tragic illness which meant that he couldn't continue in the office, had endeared himself to South Australians very widely.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that there's a need for the position to continue?

DUNSTAN: Somebody has to do the job of Head of State, however we appoint him. The Labor Party's now talking about our becoming a republic. In that case the Head of State would have to be elected. I am not certain that's going to produce a better result than their appointment by governments. But somebody has to be there to see that the executive does not exceed its authority. There is a great deal of power in an executive to issue proclamations, make regulations, do various executive acts for which it is authorised. The governor's job is to see that the executive acts within its authority. For the most part he doesn't have to query what the executive does, but that's because he is there. If he wasn't then the degree to which there could be an excess of authority by an executive is quite marked. There has been, of course, a great controversy about whether the Labor Government in Canberra properly exercised executive authority in saying that the raising of some $2000 million in special overseas borrowing was within the temporary authority of the executive.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of that?

DUNSTAN: I would not have thought it was within their authority. I would have thought it should have gone to the Loan Council.

PLAYBOY: Did you express that opinion?

DUNSTAN: No, I can't be absolutely certain that I did.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying it should have gone to the Loan Council because, as Premier, you would have been represented on the council and able to state your opinion?

DUNSTAN: I was a member of the Loan Council, yes. I would have thought that the loan was not within temporary authority but it is a question of law and, as you well know, lawyers can differ.

PLAYBOY: You have touched on an area that I was going to get to later. First let me ask: does the Governor of South Australia have the same reserve powers that Sir John Kerr believed he had and exercised?

DUNSTAN: Yes. The reserve powers of the Crown in South Australia are effectively the same as those in the Commonwealth. I don't believe, however, that the Governor-General should have acted in the way he did. I think it was completely against Constitutional convention and practice. It would be utterly inconceivable that the Queen would do that in relation to the British Government and he shouldn't have done more than the Queen would normally have done.

"The quality of life in South Australia has changed markedly. It is now a good place to live."

PLAYBOY: You never, in your spats with Sir Mark, had the feeling that there might be a race to the telephone to get in touch with Buckingham Palace?

DUNSTAN: No, there weren't spats. Relations between Sir Mark and me while he was in office were good. They really deteriorated at the time of the Salisbury episode. But Sir Mark and I still correspond. I got a letter from him only the other day saying, "I am going to be in Adelaide shortly. Can we get together?" And I won't be able to see him because I will be overseas before he arrives.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the pressures of the office. For instance, Sir Thomas Playford was Premier for 27 years.

DUNSTAN: Sir Thomas Playford had an administration very much smaller than ours and he created very little new in administration. He relied heavily on the public service and on ministers simply to continue the nuts and bolts of administration. He did practically nothing in the way of legal or social reform or in the institution of new services for the public. He concentrated on the area of industrial development, in which he did a lot of work personally, but otherwise very little happened. Parliament met much less often and legislated about a third as much as we have every year. So there were nothing like the strains of office. When I took over as Premier in 1967 I had to be Premier, Treasurer, Minister for Housing, do the industrial development work and be Attorney-General as well.

PLAYBOY: You say you had to. Why did you have to do that?

DUNSTAN: I had to remain Attorney-General because I was the only lawyer in the Government, the only lawyer in the party at that time, and I could not let any opinion go out of the Attorney-General's office without reading it.

PLAYBOY: In those days you spoke often and at length about the dream South Australia; a kind of haven for the arts, cottage industries and . . .

DUNSTAN: Not so much cottage industries. I think cottage industries was one of Steele Hall's phrases.

PLAYBOY: Has it worked?

DUNSTAN: Oh yes, the quality of life in South Australia has changed markedly. It is now a good place to live. A tremendous number of people have come here to live simply because of the change that has taken place. It now has a degree of tolerance, of participation, of intellectual achievement and cultural achievement which was simply not there at all before.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about that?

DUNSTAN: I am proud of it. My only regret, my major regret, is that I couldn't complete the work I had set out to do, because there was a further stage that I wanted to move to in government. But I may be able to help in what I do outside government.

PLAYBOY: Can we go chronologically? How did you see Adelaide and South Australia in, say, 1953, when you entered Parliament, 1965, when you were about to become Premier for the first time, and in 1975? Take those three dates and then perhaps project to the next decade.

DUNSTAN: Well, in 1953, when I was elected to Parliament, the place was restrictive, establishment-ridden, wowserish, undemocratic, prejudiced and intolerant.

PLAYBOY: Was there anything good about it?

DUNSTAN: Yes, there were good working people. South Australia before the Butler and Playford eras had had a history of radicalism and social experiment, and that climate was still here among many people, but they were overlaid by the then Adelaide reac-

tionaries. In spite of the fact that Adelaide had had no adequate planning laws during the whole period of the Playford Government, it still hadn't really gone bad on us as a city. It was conceivably manageable if we could establish a democratic base upon which to work. So the potential was here for South Australia to be a very different place. It was no more than a potential but I believed we could effectively bring in reforms and that we would be able to beat the gerrymander, hopeless at times as that looked.

PLAYBOY: The gerrymander gave the value of two votes for every one to the country against the city, didn't it?

DUNSTAN: It was rather more than two votes. Originally it had been two country seats to every city seat. But only a third of the people of the State lived in the country areas. So Enfield had more than 40,000 people in it and Newcastle, when I was elected in 1953, had, I think, 5000 to elect one Member of Parliament. In 1953 I had 21,000 people in my seat. Playford increased that with a re-gerrymander in 1954 to 23,000 people. His district was only two miles away. It couldn't be said that it needed great representation because of the terrible distances involved; you could drive across it in half an hour. But it had only 7000 people to elect him to Parliament, and so they got three times the say, more than three times the say of anybody in my seat.

PLAYBOY: Still, let's face it, you made out pretty well.

DUNSTAN: But we weren't in government, were we? So while I could introduce bills, they mostly didn't get passed. Until we beat the gerrymander in 1965. In 1965 I believed that we could rally, then grasp the opportunity and achieve a great deal. And we put a tremendous amount of legislation through from '65 to '68.

PLAYBOY: Too much?

DUNSTAN: It was probably too much for us to maintain the country support which we needed. We lost Murray and that cost us the government. There were a number of factors in Murray which cost us that seat.

PLAYBOY: What were those factors?

DUNSTAN: One was that Murray has a high proportion of nonconformists in church matters – Methodists, Baptists and others and a very high proportion of the old-style Lutherans, the fundamentalist Lutherans, the descendants of those who came here in the 1840s. And they resented some of the changes which had been made, including our introduction of lotteries, for instance, and the changes in the licensing laws.

PLAYBOY: Ten o'clock closing?

DUNSTAN: Yes. In spite of the fact that Lutherans drink liquor and don't condemn it, they don't like other people to enjoy themselves about it. At least that group didn't. And I also created a difficulty for myself a bit unwittingly with the Lutheran pastors in the area. I had introduced a bill as Attorney-General to abolish capital punishment – one of many bills to abolish capital punishment which I introduced – and we didn't in fact abolish it until well after 1970. I was written to by a Lutheran pastor from the Murray area. He informed me that he was praying for my mortal soul because I had flown in the face of holy writ, denied the injunctions of the Lord which commanded us to impose capital punishment, and then he cited various texts from the Old Testament ending, of course, with the classic text from Leviticus: "He who shall cause a blemish in another, so shall it be done to him again. If he shall kill another, so shall it be done to him, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, claw for claw" and so on. And I, thinking I was very clever, wrote back to him and said that I was grateful for his concern for me, but I was very surprised to find that in this day and age he took literally every one of the texts of Leviticus, but since apparently he did, I assumed that he was, of course, bearded and circumcised. I went down the whole list that his brother having died leaving a wife childless he provided the seed, that he be subject to ritual purification from time to time, that he didn't eat bacon or hare or crayfish or anything of this kind.

"In spite of the fact that Lutherans drink liquor and don't condemn it, they don't like other people to enjoy themselves."

PLAYBOY: You ripped him apart?

DUNSTAN: I ripped him apart. And I didn't get a reply. However, it apparently stung, and it was chalked up against me. I was preached against from nearly every Lutheran pulpit in that district at election time. They cited things like lotteries and allowing Aborigines to drink – that was even worse than the other changes in the licensing act. Terrible thing to allow Aborigines to drink. And if a Dunstan government were elected then it would be Sodom and Gomorrah and we'd have casinos and debauchery. We lost that district by 47 votes and it cost us the government.

PLAYBOY: What lesson did you learn from that?

DUNSTAN: That I had to be careful to pace reform so that we were satisfied that we were keeping sufficient consensus with us; that reforms should be discussed publicly, if they were going to make any great changes, before we finally took the step. And since 1970, I think we have kept it that way.

PLAYBOY: Back to Adelaide and its quality of life. When you first spoke of the future and something to aim for, did you find that people laughed at you or did they understand what you were talking about?

DUNSTAN: I think that people needed to be educated over a period to get them out of what is really an Anglo-Saxon syndrome – what you haven't known previously, you fear. Just to give you an example: the Norwood Club is an old institution which always has had a wide cross-section of people in it. I can remember, after my first efforts at dress reform in South Australia, a pukka old guy there making some derogatory remark. I said: "Well, I really think we ought to be dressing sensibly in this climate instead of wintering in Switzerland." He said: "Well, I always believed it was necessary to act as a gentleman" – referring, of course, to the necessity of wearing a coat and tie on every occasion. I said: "I never thought it necessary to be a fool to be a gentleman." He was so offended by that. But the other day I was in the club and there he was – in a safari suit! Then there was all that absolute nonsense when I first turned up at a cabinet meeting in shorts. In those days, people in insurance offices, the banks, the public service and most offices in town were required to wear collar, tie and jacket to work. I mean the temperature was 38 deg C; it was ridiculous. Within two years of my starting this business about giving publicity to wearing comfortable clothes in summertime, about half the men in Adelaide were wearing shorts on hot days. It changed quite rapidly and people found they could do that and not be uneasy. It's been a steady process. A lot that I've done has been to encourage people to do their own thing.

PLAYBOY: I don't think anyone would say that Adelaide is not a nice place to live, but hasn't the State got some major problems facing it over industry and the direction in which industry and the workforce will be going?

DUNSTAN: The problems aren't nearly as major as some people have represented. For instance, there was an article recently which talked of us becoming the peasant State. I can only say that if I was leader of the peasant State, they were extraordinarily well-educated, cultured, well-heeled and affluent

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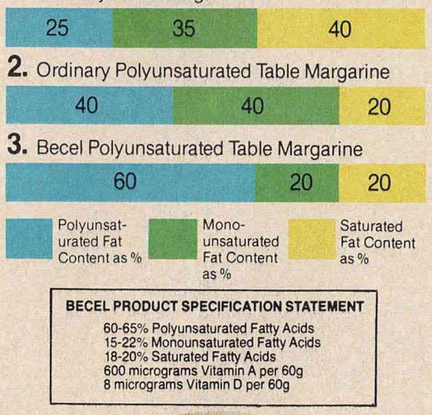

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peasants. The problem for South Australia lies in the fact that the State is fairly heavily concentrated in manufacturing industry and manufacturing industry as a proportionate employer in future inevitably will decline in the whole of Australia. That does present us with a problem. I think Australia as a whole is now faced with the fact that we will not get nearly the expected expansion in tertiary industry and in consequence we may well face a situation where we don't have a full employment base. That means that we may have to go in for job-sharing, some reductions in hours, employment of people in community projects and encouraging people into alternative lifestyle communities if they see satisfaction in areas of this kind. I was working on this problem when I had to leave office and I still believe that there is a tremendous amount of work that needs to be done. These are not problems peculiar to South Australia.

PLAYBOY: It all seems to be pointing towards more time available for leisure. But isn't it true that you have to teach people how to use that time?

DUNSTAN: Indeed you do. I think that we're probably doing more of that in South Australia than any other part of Australia. We have far higher proportions of our people involved in life enrichment courses in adult education.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example of life enrichment courses?

DUNSTAN: Everything from Chinese cooking to Japanese flower arranging. There are a lot of technical courses. People want to do printing, they go to languages, they expand their knowledge of other people, they do social science courses and we now have community colleges established through South Australia. Let me give an example of the sort of changes that have been happening here. We had a wasteland suburban area in Adelaide, the Angle Park-Mansfield Park area. A lot of the cheapest duplex units were built there, and there were very few public facilities. It was probably the most underprivileged area of Adelaide suburbia, so we held meetings with the local people when we were about to build a new school. We said to them: "What do you think should be here in the school, because we want to use the school to help the community?" The social workers and local groups managed to get the local people to come in and ask for a child-minding centre, a laundromat, all sorts of things like this, and they planned as a community exercise what is now called the Parks Community Centre. We've built this whole new school complex which involves people at every level in the community, little kids to adults, and it

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was funded by the Whitlam Government as the first project of this kind in Australia. We've had to finish it off because we got some cut-backs from the Fraser Government but it meant that people there, previously terribly isolated and deprived, are now part of a living community and can and do use their leisure time extensively. They go through a lot of courses. The adults enrolled in courses for the most part exceed the number of children at school there today.

PLAYBOY: You also have gone out of your way to make South Australia a leader in the field of the arts.

DUNSTAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And got involved yourself. Reading poetry at the zoo and . . .

DUNSTAN: Well, that just happened, in a way. I set out certainly to make South Australia a leader in the field of the arts because I believed, and do believe, that the arts are part of the essential quality of life. So I set out to make the Adelaide Festival not a fortnight's cultural binge every two years with a sort of desert in between but the culmination of what happened normally here in the community, so that artists would want to come to South Australia to be part of it. And that's the situation now.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it is a large cost to the taxpayer?

DUNSTAN: It's not a tremendous cost, no. Certainly the Government has had to fund the Festival of Arts and the private sector has, if anything, reduced its funding, but the festival hasn't been enormously costly. The State companies have been costly. But the building of the Festival Centre was not costly. We have a functional centre, one of the best in the world, for about $22 million, compared with something like $107 million for a fairly inadequately functional sculpture – the Opera House – on Sydney Harbor.

PLAYBOY: But they paid for theirs with a lottery.

DUNSTAN: Ah yes, but we paid for ours out of semi-governmental loan money and the servicing of that loan is not a heavy burden on the taxpayer. Certainly the amount we spent a head on the arts in South Australia would be marginally higher than in any other State but I think that we have very effective administration in this area.

PLAYBOY: Are there any votes to be won from the arts?

DUNSTAN: Originally there weren't, but now there are. A poll that was taken before the last State election showed that people generally put achievement in the arts as one of the highest points for our Government, and they put it on the positive side. When the Festival Centre was being built I was under constant attack that the money ought to be being spent on hospitals and schools and public facilities of any kind and that it was a frippery and I replied that this State, under our Government, had and is continuing to have the biggest increase in expediture in education and health and hospitals of any State in the Commonwealth. We are spending the money in those areas but, as Ben Gurion said in the middle of the original war for the establishment of Israel, when he was criticised for spending money to import some musical instruments from Germany: "Well, if there is to be life in Israel there must also be the roses." As soon as the Festival Centre was opened to the public, people were queued up from the centre right down North Terrace. We stopped counting at 20,000 the first day and from that moment on there was no criticism.

PLAYBOY: What about your reading poetry at the zoo?

DUNSTAN: The poetry at the zoo happened because I was sitting one night

"He used constantly to allege that I had said things that I didn't say and that made me very angry."

in my flat with Richard Meile, who is head of the Composition School here, the outstanding contemporary Australian composer and a good friend, and I was playing the Noel Coward record of Saint-Saëns. Richard said to me that he had conducted the *Carnival of the Animals* in Sydney but he'd done it with the original score, which wasn't on that record, and he thought that there were other things that ought to be done with that music. He criticised the way in which they played various bits of it and I said: "I really don't like Noel Coward's reading of the verses. I think you can get much more out of them than that. He's being very British and throwing away the lines all the time." And we said to each other, why don't we do it some time? Richard mentioned it to Len Armadio, who was on the Festival Board, and Len immediately got hold of the idea and said: Why not do it at the Adelaide Zoo and we'll do it as a Festival thing? So I said all right, it would be fun. And that's when it all started. I hadn't been on the stage for 20-odd years.

PLAYBOY: People say you were a good actor then.

DUNSTAN: Ah, yes. It was one of the constant jibes in the House. I didn't mind that. I can remember old Bruce Eastick on one occasion putting on what was very obviously an assumed turn and I said: "Well, the Honorable Member really will have to join my union, Actors' Equity; this is so obviously a performance." And several of them shouted across the House; "Well, you'd know." And I said; "Of course I would; that's why I'm saying it." But from then on I was frequently asked to do things. I've done shows with the Young Adelaide Brass Ensemble to raise money for them, for the Conservatorium Orchestra and for Music Rostrum in Sydney and when Keith Michell was coming out here – Keith's an old friend; he started in radio with me at the ABC – they asked me to introduce him at the show and then said: "Would you do something with Keith?" I said: "Well, I don't know – we both went to the same singing teacher but I haven't sung for years." He came back and said: "We'll do A Couple of Swells." I said: "Well, you might know it, I don't." I had to rehearse this damn thing with him. But it was fun.

PLAYBOY: While we are talking about contemporaries, let's look at political contemporaries. Would you comment on the one man a lot of people believed could bring an end to the Dunstan era – Steele Hall?

DUNSTAN: Steele Hall is a curious character. He showed real abilities to grasp the potential of office while he was Premier. As Leader of the Opposition he hadn't done very well. Even as Premier at the beginning his lack of formal education often showed up; a simple mispronunciation of words and things of this kind. He used constantly to allege that I had said things that I didn't say. And that made me very angry because I expect people to quote the words. But Hall would say something which, in fact, came from his gloss upon what I had said.

PLAYBOY: Was he a smart politician, though; a worthy opponent?

DUNSTAN: No. I don't think he was. He did some things effectively, and better than I expected him to, while he was Premier. But, as a manager of government, I think he acted foolishly.

PLAYBOY: On what basis?

DUNSTAN: In that he was unable to do the job of keeping what was a disparate party together. Hall developed factionalism and himself promoted it within the Liberal Party. It's what led to his resignation as leader of the Liberal Party.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he has a future?

DUNSTAN: No. I think the bitterness against him within the Liberal Party in South Australia is considerable; that there is no way that he has a future

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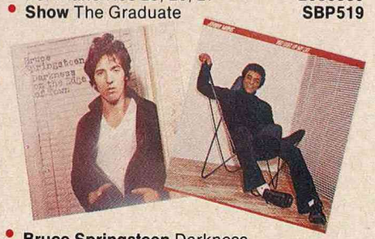

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here. And I doubt that there is going to be an opportunity for him to go back on the Liberal scene nationally.

PLAYBOY: What were your thoughts when Hall was the one Independent in the Senate, where, if he didn't vote for the Government, it lost?

DUNSTAN: Well, he voted on the right side on a number of occasions and for that I gave him public credit.

PLAYBOY: How do you think Des Corcoran will follow in your footsteps?

DUNSTAN: I think he will do a tremendous job. Des's style, of course, has always been different from mine, but we have complemented one another. He will have people in Government who have my style of activity working with him so that the same sort of combination and team will still be there. He has Hugh Hudson as his deputy and I think the Cabinet will work very well. Des regards this as a period of consolidation after 10 years of fairly frenzied reform legislation, and that's my view.

PLAYBOY: Were you running out of reforms?

DUNSTAN: No, but a lot of reforms we had to make next were, in fact, to be accomplished administratively – pieces of effective social engineering rather than passing laws and putting them on a statute book.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

DUNSTAN: The spread of effective community participation; of making use of the things that we have done; of spreading the principles of democracy right through the institutions of society, not merely having them formalised in representative institutions such as Parliament or local government. That has all yet to take place, but you can't do it simply by passing a law.

PLAYBOY: I can understand your point that you have no concern about Des Corcoran's ability to preside over that happening. But would you agree that he is not a visionary in the way you were in politics?

DUNSTAN: Sure, I think that Des has not been as concerned with the development of a coherent ideology as I have or as concerned with articulating about it. But that's simply a different style. There are some people in South Australia to whom I would appeal and Des would not, but the contrary is the case as well and it may be that he loses a few on the swings, but I should think he will pick up all the rest on the roundabouts.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel that the party may drift into that inertia situation that applied to the Liberals, both in South Australia and nationally?

DUNSTAN: I think that is unlikely. I don't think there is any way that the South Australian branch of the Labor Party is going to be other than a continuing reform organisation.

PLAYBOY: Wherever people talk politics, they talk about the future. John Bannon's name comes up regularly as a bright reformer and one, it is alleged, you were grooming.

DUNSTAN: Nobody has the right to groom anybody in the party for succession because the party quite rightly says people don't choose their successors; the party chooses them. I certainly regard John Bannon very highly. It was my influence that ensured his pre-selection for his seat, and I did a lot of heavying because I told the party I needed John Bannon in that place.

PLAYBOY: What special reason?

DUNSTAN: Because of his balance and his ability. He has a very good background in the trade union movement. He has never practised law, but he has a degree in law. He is a man with vision and ideals, he is eloquent, he is very quick-witted and can get up a brief very quickly. He is a good administrator and he doesn't have a number of my disabilities. When I was first in the caucus I got people's hackles up very considerably because I pushed too much and too hard, not taking sufficient notice of the fact that the old men had been comfortable for a long time. I wanted to ginger them up. John is a wiser and more tolerant man than I was when I first won a place in Parliament.

"Gough Whitlam has extraordinary grandeur and also failings which brought all the greatness and grandeur undone."

PLAYBOY: I am told you had some terrible scrapes with your Attorney-General, Peter Duncan, in the closing period of your term.

DUNSTAN: I don't know that I had terrible scrapes with Peter Duncan. I have been known on occasions to express myself somewhat pungently to Peter Duncan.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say that Duncan belongs to the radical side of the party where you were more the pragmatist in political terms?

DUNSTAN: I don't know about that. Peter certainly tends to associate with a group in the party which would tend to call itself left wing. I don't know that it is a very just description, but they do tend to call themselves this.

PLAYBOY: Would you have removed Duncan from his portfolio?

DUNSTAN: Well, I had planned alterations in the portfolios and I had intended to move him. I had discussed that with Des Corcoran.

PLAYBOY: So his move came as no surprise to you?

DUNSTAN: None at all. Des discussed with me what he was going to do with the ministry after I had resigned.

PLAYBOY: Can we turn now to the personalities and the politics on the national scene? You have said repeatedly that you had no intention of going Federal, but at one stage when you were Premier you said, yes, you would consider going to Canberra if you were drafted.

DUNSTAN: The only condition under which I would have done it, and I would have done it very reluctantly, was if the party as a whole had said that the situation was such that they had to have me there. If the Federal Executive and the Federal Caucus had combined to say that, I would have felt pushed, but I would have done it very unwillingly.

PLAYBOY: Did you know when you set those conditions that they were as likely as your flying to the moon?

DUNSTAN: I thought they were inherently unlikely, yes.

PLAYBOY: Is there a trap for the Labor Party in the fact that its leaders must do their apprenticeship?

DUNSTAN: Unless you know how a caucus works, unless you know instinctively the reactions about things, you are going to run into trouble. In fact a great deal of Gough Whitlam's trouble was that he ignored the modes which he needed to adopt to work that course effectively. His policy of crashing through meant that he crashed. It was his failure to establish consensus, to require loyalty to a consensus, to give that loyalty himself to a consensus, which was his major undoing.

PLAYBOY: Did you advise him?

DUNSTAN: No, I didn't. He wouldn't listen to me.

PLAYBOY: Why not? You were the most successful Labor leader in the nation.

DUNSTAN: Well, he just wouldn't. I wasn't the only one who tried to advise him. There were Labor leaders in other States as well. Gough has extraordinary grandeur and also failings which brought all the greatness and grandeur undone. He is one of the great Australians of all time. Doc Evatt was one of the great Australians, but a man of extraordinary contradictions. I am afraid that Gough is a man of extraordinary contradictions as well.

PLAYBOY: The major one being the unwillingness to listen to people or accept advice?

DUNSTAN: Or to seek consensus, or to work with people or to try to maintain consensus among the populace. There were great sectors of the populace, great interest groups who were needlessly hurt because Gough took the attitude that they didn't matter.

PLAYBOY: What about Malcolm Fraser?

DUNSTAN: I find Malcolm Fraser a very unsympathetic character. He is normally arrogant, frequently rude and brusque. He can set out to be charming if he chooses but he doesn't exercise that choice very frequently. He is, I think, the most committed idealogue that the Liberal Party has had in that office since perhaps Stanley Bruce. He has a 19th century view of little government and he is committed to this to a degree which I believe to be crazy. He has followed a policy of major reductions in public expenditure to reduce the size of his deficit. But the deficit has remained because, by reducing the stimulus that the public sector gives to the private sector, he's reduced the total of business activity, he's reduced his revenue and he's increased his own payouts. So the deficit is still as large as it ever was; it's just moved down the ladder. Most of the orthodox economists in Australia have been saying this is what's going to happen, but he just doesn't take any notice at all.

PLAYBOY: Let's now talk about the private person. It seems to me that you are a private person, and yet there's a certain contradiction with your flamboyancy and public office.

DUNSTAN: Well, I think there are only certain areas of life about which one should be allowed to be private. It amazes me at times that people seem to suggest that something's terribly private on my part, when the same sort of thing isn't said about other politicians, other people in public life, whose areas of privacy are very much larger than mine.

PLAYBOY: Over the years there have been many rumors surrounding Don Dunstan. I think the first big one was that you were a half-caste Melanesian orphan bastard. There have been rumors on everything from property ownership right through to your sexual preferences. What has been (a) your reaction to hearing these, and (b) how have you dealt with them?

DUNSTAN: Well, there have been times when I've laughed; there have been times when I've been hurt.

PLAYBOY: What kind of rumors could make you laugh?

DUNSTAN: Originally the Melanesian orphan bastard one did. And the rumor that I was under constant psychiatric treatment and able to appear publicly only after shock treatment. The old ladies and the Liberal Party branches said: "They don't let him out, you know . . ." I thought that was pretty funny. Where it really got to me was where it was used against members of my family.

PLAYBOY: Land ownership at Monato was also used.

DUNSTAN: Yes. My great-great-grandparents owned a farm in the Monato area. This had nothing to do with me. I never had any property there. The last member of my family was about my 42nd cousin, twice removed, I think, who sold it years ago. I didn't have any land in the Monato area. But they put it about everywhere that I was making vast sums out of this.

PLAYBOY: Do you accept the proposition that the private life of public figures should be under scrutiny in order to make the public feel easy that their elected leaders are – how shall we put it? – "safe"?

DUNSTAN: No, not unless there is something in the private life of the public figure which interferes with his capacity to do the job.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people's interest in public figures could keep otherwise good people away from public life?

DUNSTAN: Conceivably, yes. Not that for the most part I can really complain too much. In many cases the press has been fair to me in private situations.

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For instance, when Adele was ill I asked the press not to make any public statement because she would be very distressed by it and it would set her back quite markedly.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to Derryn Hinch, the Melbourne journalist who ignored that request?

DUNSTAN: I was furious with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you take any action?

DUNSTAN: My reaction to Mr Hinch was: if the bastard comes near me, I'll hit him. Because I know what it did to my wife. And I don't accept that kind of inhumanity from people. She was desperately upset and it set her back terribly.

PLAYBOY: Before I came to Adelaide for this interview I spoke to a lot of people, and the one question they said that I should ask was: "What is your sexual preference?" What is your reaction to that question?

DUNSTAN: I would have thought that my sexual preference was fairly obvious. But I don't propose to produce letters from all the ladies who might have paid tributes to me on that particular subject.

PLAYBOY: No gold medals?

DUNSTAN: Well, I won't produce them, however much I may possess them. But my simple answer is – tell them to mind their own business. I think that in public life one has to act, given the office, with reason and discretion.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying one shouldn't get caught?

DUNSTAN: It's not a question of don't get caught. I take people out and, if I appear publicly with them, then I expect to be photographed. But I don't propose to give a catalogue to Australia of the people who may have occupied my bed.

PLAYBOY: You talked earlier about the press being kind to you.

DUNSTAN: In some things. When Gretel and I decided to separate, I called in the editors of the papers and said we were going to do this. I would appreciate it if they would print it in a reasonable fashion. I didn't propose, and neither did my wife, to talk about the reasons. Suffice to say that it was a sad situation for us both, but it had happened. That was treated fairly.

PLAYBOY: I think you've answered my next question, which was: what went wrong with your first marriage?

DUNSTAN: I think the most I can say is that over the years a very significant incompatibility in temperament developed, which however hard we worked at it – and we did – was not resolvable. My former wife and I have agreed that we're not going to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: How many years were there between your divorce and your marriage to Adele?

DUNSTAN: Gretel and I separated in about 1972, I think. The divorce came through in 1974 and Adele and I were married in 1977.

PLAYBOY: What did marriage to Adele mean to you?

DUNSTAN: We found a very real compatibility in that each of us was largely self sufficient. Therefore we enjoyed one another's company but we didn't make enormous demands on one another. I wouldn't have married somebody who was going to be the little wife, or who wasn't a person in her own right. My first wife wasn't that way. I didn't expect Adele to be.

PLAYBOY: What's your personal view on the smoking of marijuana and the legalisation of the personal use of it?

DUNSTAN: Personally I would never be involved. I've never taken drugs, I'm very abstemious about alcohol, I've never smoked tobacco, I've never smoked marijuana or taken it in any form. It's just not my scene. I don't like anything that interferes with my reasoning capacity. I have friends who

"I don't propose to give a catalogue to Australia of the people who may have occupied my bed."

do use marijuana. They respect my views on it and they don't use it when I'm around. I've been to parties where I've smelt it on occasions, enough to be able to identify it. As to legalising it, this is still a question on which I have an open mind. I don't know. It's a very difficult question.

PLAYBOY: Probably the biggest single affair in your term was over Salisbury. Can you outline what led up to those events you mentioned earlier?

DUNSTAN: Well, Salisbury and I had had a perfectly satisfactory relationship during his term of office as Police Commissioner. We didn't always agree, but he had carried out many of the things that I had asked him to look at in the police area. For instance, he set up a special training course and a special squad dealing with relations between the police and Aborigines, which worked very well and was a tremendous improvement on the previous situation. The business about the Special Branch arose really when Mr Justice Hope came to see me about his Royal Commission and said that he believed the Special Branch of the State Police was, in fact, doing very much more than we were aware of. He wanted details about what it was doing and asked if I would get these for him. I said, yes, if that's the case I'd like to know about it, too. I'd been told the Special Branch was very limited in its activity and was really concerned only with background information for peace-keeping purposes.

So I sent a request over to the police for confirmation and this was answered very vaguely. I thought, this isn't good enough, and I set very detailed questions which couldn't be evaded – I used my old experience as counsellor of the law. I said I required that they be fully and specifically answered, and the answers were that there was no political surveillance in hand, that the work of the Special Branch was confined to material which would give the necessary background information against politically motivated violence – the protection of major visitors to the State; the bombing of Yugoslav travel agencies, that sort of thing. The relationship with ASIO was on the normal police basis of need-to-know information when it was requested. Salisbury did say that there were some 10,000 references on file. I thought that was a bit excessive in the circumstances, so I inquired about that. He said these records went back a long way, and there were cross references, and they referred not only to particular people but also to persons present at particular events, such as witnesses in accident cases, so that explained the extent of the references.

I said I could understand that. Were there any people on file who were not under investigation? He said: "Well, yes there are, but they're people for the most part who are there either because they were present at particular events, and therefore their names are mentioned, or people who need protection, and therefore we need background information on them because they could be the targets of political violence." And I said: "Oh well, that's reasonable enough, too." And I accepted all that. But then Peter Ward carried on and questions were raised in the House.

PLAYBOY: This was Peter Ward, your former assistant, then writing for *The Australian?*

DUNSTAN: That's right. And he said there were 10,000 names of people in political files, and dossiers were kept on them and whatnot, which is not right, actually.

PLAYBOY: How would Ward believe that to be so?

DUNSTAN: Peter got the 10,000 figure from being present at some of the discussions that had taken place when the report came in from the Police Commissioner.

PLAYBOY: When he was on your staff?

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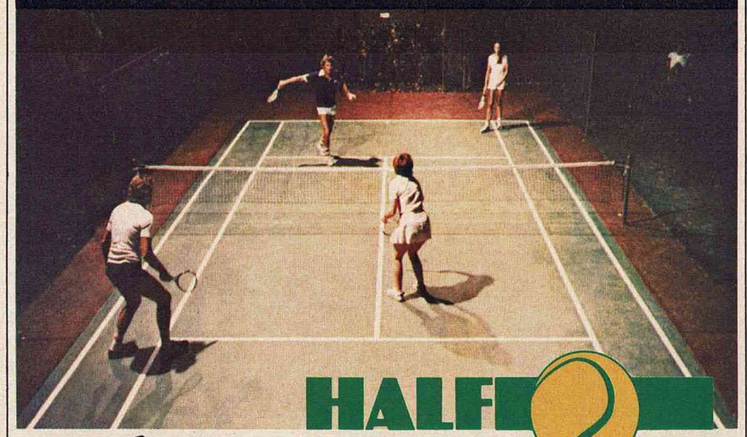

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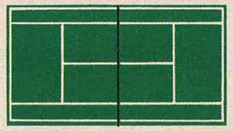

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DUNSTAN: Yes, when he was on my staff.
PLAYBOY: Did you consider that action ethical?
DUNSTAN: No, I didn't. He was informed at that time that the information was absolutely classified and confidential. And he knew that it was improper to reveal confidential information. He later said that he thought perhaps it was improper, but he was devoted to civil liberties and therefore that overruled principles or ethics.
PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, there were questions in the House?
DUNSTAN: There were questions in the House. The Cabinet looked at this. After the 1977 election I had appointed a new Chief Secretary, Don Simmonds, and said there were various things I wanted him to do in relation to these figures. One of these things was to consider whether it wasn't a good idea to revert to what had happened originally when the Labor Government established ASIO, and that was to establish a judge as an independent authority to oversee the operations of the Special Branch. Not that I had anything specific to go on but I felt, for the sake of civil liberties, this might be wise and that he ought to look at it. Don was already engaged in that operation when the questions were raised in the House. I was then overseas in Malaysia and Des Corcoran rang me and said: "This has all blown up. We thought it was a good idea to appoint a judge and we're going to appoint Michael White to have a look at just what is going on in this area." I said I thought it was a good idea. White was duly appointed and gave me his report just before Christmas, 1977. I had a look at it and my hair nearly fell out, but I put it away.
PLAYBOY: Why?
DUNSTAN: Because it was very lurid. It showed, quite clearly, that the Special Branch had been engaged for years in specific political surveillance of the most innocent people. That all Labor politicians had been under their notice, but very few on the other side of politics. That there was an inherent bias in what they were doing – they had cast their net very widely and had kept under surveillance all members of the Council of Civil Liberties.
PLAYBOY: Did Judge White say what they were looking for?
DUNSTAN: He said that they had recorded scandalous, irrelevant and, at times, improper and untrue information about particular individuals he knew personally. They recorded it and passed it on automatically to ASIO. There was a daily courier service – not on a "need-to-know" basis, but a daily courier service to ASIO with all this information.
PLAYBOY: Is that the time you dis-

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covered that you were on the files?

DUNSTAN: Oh no, I'd always thought that I probably was because I had been interviewed by ASIO in the 1950s about my association with the Communist Party. So I thought it was probable that there was something there about me.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever ask to see your own file?

DUNSTAN: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DUNSTAN: Because I thought it improper. I didn't believe that there should be any political interference.

PLAYBOY: Surely there must have been a temptation?

DUNSTAN: Well, no. If I had had the right to look at my file, I couldn't have denied that right to anybody else. There were genuine security matters on file. The judge reported that it would not be proper to open the files to the public. This was quite clearly not in accordance with what the Police Commissioner had told us. And the judge pointed specifically to the Government having been misled on a series of occasions and cited the minutes. So I read through the report in detail. I read through the minutes, then I called the Cabinet together, told them what had happened, said this was an impossible situation and that I should demand an explanation of Salisbury. If he could not give me an explanation, then we would have to take action. They all agreed. So I called him in and said I was utterly appalled by the report. I couldn't understand how he could have given me the minutes he had when the situation was as reported by Judge White, but I didn't want him to answer me then. He said: "Oh, I hope you don't think I've lied to you." I said: "Look, I'm not making any judgments now. Here's the report. This is what the judge says. Now, in light of what you have told me, would you please go away, look at the report and come back in two days and give me your explanation?" So he did that, came back to see me, and I saw him with his Minister, the Chief Secretary, and first of all he said that the whole thing was no more than a political gimmick aimed at me by Robin Millhouse.

I said: "Commissioner, I'm not concerned about Mr Millhouse's motives or actions. The fact is that on this report I have deceived Parliament and the public through having been misled by you. Now the Parliament and the public are entitled to know the truth. In any situation where this had happened through a minister, he would be required to resign. In this particular case the Minister is not directly responsible because you are an independent statutory authority. You are responsible, you are in the same position as a minister in this. Now we are going to have to publish this report." He begged us not to do it. He said that it would be dynamite and that it would be a terrible blow to the police force. But I said: "The public are entitled to know the truth. They've been the misled. I'll leave the Cabinet to decide, but my own view is that I have to publish this report. And when that happens, not only the police force's credibility, but yours, will be assailed." The Commissioner then alleged that Judge White was wrong. He attacked Judge White personally and I said I couldn't accept that for a moment. Judge White was a most balanced, reputable, able judge and had the highest respect throughout the community.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect that from the Police Commissioner?

DUNSTAN: No. He then said that he really had kept at arm's length from the section and that he thought that they had to play their cards very close to the chest so it was not proper for him to inquire. I said: "Well, it was your duty to inquire and you were told it was your duty to inquire and what's more you kept every other senior officer away from that branch. You took personal responsibility for it, you attended the conferences with ASIO and you were told that it was your duty to get the answers for us and to respond. It was, therefore, nobody but you who had the responsibility for those answers and if you did not appraise yourself of the truth, then that was a very grave lack of duty which we cannot accept." So he then said that security matters were such that his duty was in fact to the Crown and the Law, the Queen and the Law, and not to any elected government, and that our elected government didn't have the right – or something like that.

"One of my ambitions is to have a little piece of Queensland rain forest where I can go for a few months of the year."

PLAYBOY: Was his fate sealed already, or did that seal it?

DUNSTAN: No, that sealed it. I said: "Commissioner, we are the Queen's advisers in this State." And he said: "Well, it's my duty to the Commonwealth." I said: "Your duty to the Commonwealth is what we tell you your duty to the Commonwealth may be. Your duty is to the State of South Australia and the Executive Council of this State. And these answers have not been satisfactory." I then reported to Cabinet and the unanimous decision was that we had no alternative but to dismiss him, that I should ask for his resignation and that, if he did not resign, he would be dismissed. He said he would not give his resignation; he would fight it. I said: "Fight it if you wish, but may I remind you there's a letter you acknowledged when you were appointed which pointed to the fact that the Crown has the absolute right to dismiss you at any time. And if you do not give your resignation – which I urge you to give, because I believe it would be in the best interests of you and the police force – you'll be dismissed." He said he thought it was very unfair and I said: "I regret it. I'm very sorry about it because in other matters our relationship was fine, but this is so serious that we cannot maintain you as Police Commissioner because the position would not be left with any credibility."

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the uproar that followed?

DUNSTAN: Yes, I was. Because, outside South Australia, for the most part, the newspapers in Australia said there was nothing else Dunstan could do.

PLAYBOY: So much for the State. What about your future?

DUNSTAN: One of my ambitions is to have a little piece of Queensland rain forest where I can go for a few months of the year to grow the tropical fruits and plants which I can't grow here. I like to grow things and I like to extend the possibilities of what one can do with food in this country.

PLAYBOY: Do you have your eye on a particular spot?

DUNSTAN: Yes, I have. It's set in acres of virgin rainforest which I was able to contract to buy economically with the small amount of cash I have.

PLAYBOY: What do you propose to do there? Build a tree house or perhaps a little hut?

DUNSTAN: Eventually I'll build something. It's likely that I'll use a caravan for years until I can afford to build. In the meantime, I'll plant it with the trees and things that I want.

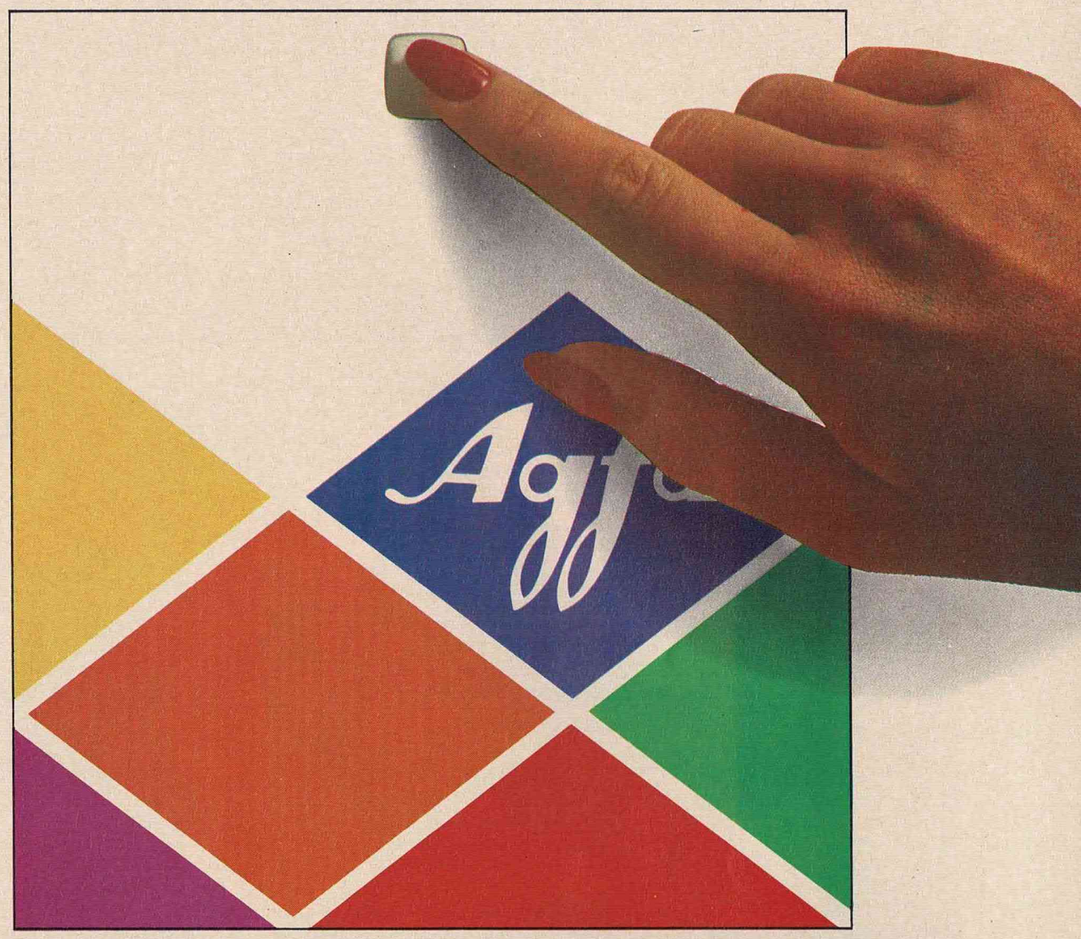
PLAYBOY: You mentioned that one of the things you might like to do is a television show. Anything specific?

DUNSTAN: I am discussing the possibility of doing a national series.

PLAYBOY: So what you've been saying to a relatively small audience in South Australia for these past 20 years you'll have a chance to say nationally?

DUNSTAN: That may be so. I hope so.

SWITCH



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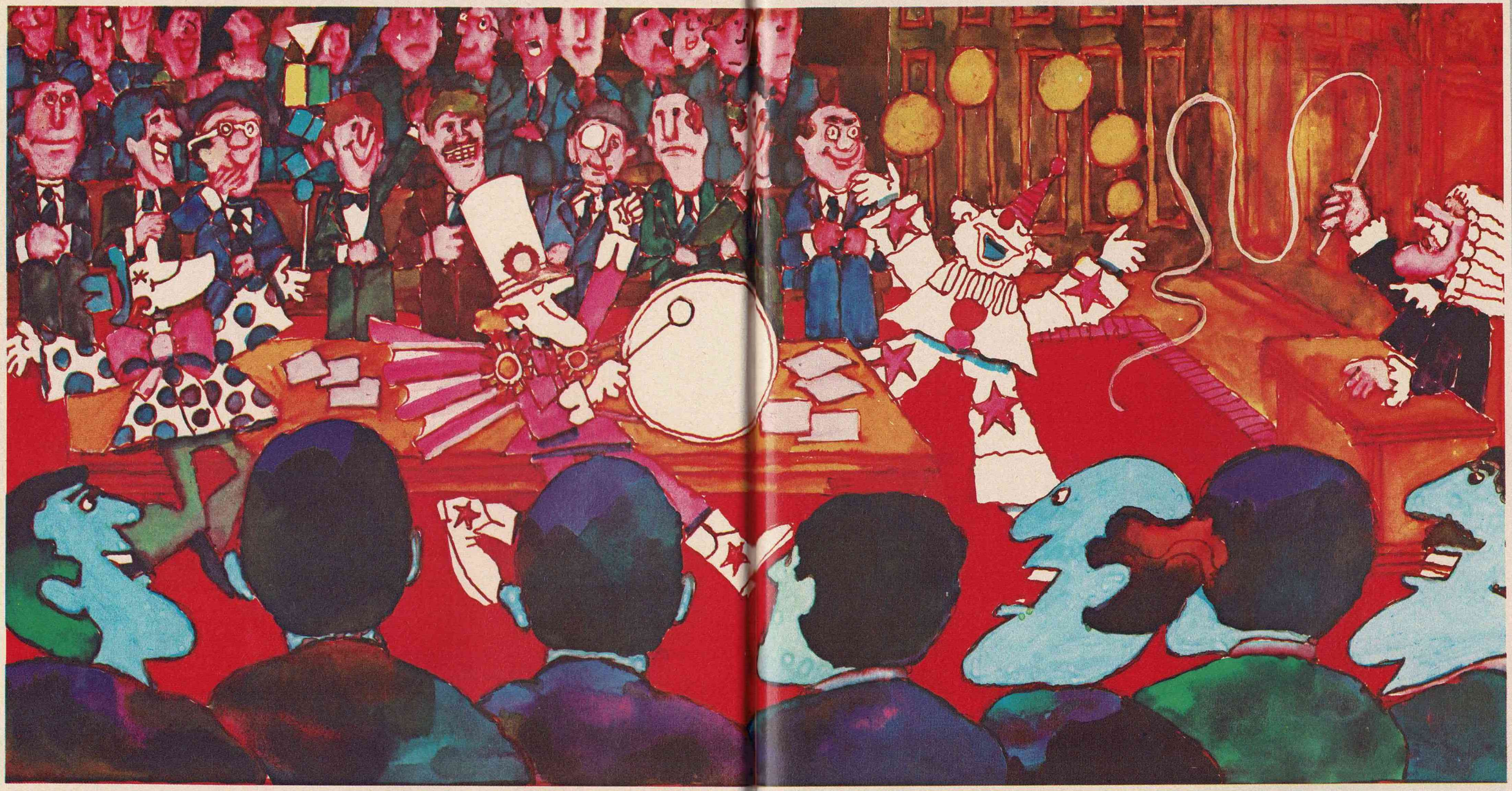


Illustration by Jack Larkin

Is there an MP in the House?

a scathing look at our national parliament

article
by John Singleton

I SHOULD have known what it was going to be like as soon as I lobbed in the joint.

It's Wednesday night about 9.30 and it's freezing cold and there aren't any cabs (which is always the way in the nation's capital), and when a cab finally does arrive after about 15 frigid minutes the cab driver won't give me a lift because he wants to go to the other side of the town on the lake.

Not being one to be easily aroused ever again or any more, I smile and wait 20 minutes for the next cab, which takes me to Noah's Lakeside, which is a terrific motel but also the wrong one as I am booked into some other Noah's. Anyway, one thing leads to another and I eventually get to the right Noah's, which looks very much like the accommodation spin-off of the Hole in the Wall.

I have a room on a corner where the lights shine all night and the blackout blinds don't work, and there is a black and white TV in the corner and even the Amco Cup doesn't come on until 11pm and then only the second half. You can imagine without a great deal of effort the intellect of anyone who would go out every three years and tell buckets of lies and kiss a million crying babies to get to live here permanently. It can't be the place. It must be the thrills of Parliament you think, but wait.

First thing in the morning I order tea and get coffee, and I order a cab which doesn't arrive and, forgetting the details, I make it to *The Bulletin* office to meet Australia's leading authority on politics and one of the world's leading authorities on chain smoking, one of Australia's very, very few worthwhile legends, Alan Reid. And Alan orders me some tea which also arrives as coffee and briefs me in his office. Well, it's not exactly an office. There is one room about the size of an average suburban loungeroom and in it are Peter Harvey and the Channel Nine crew and all their equipment, and the staff from the *Women's Weekly* as well as *60 Minutes* and *The Bulletin*. It is sort of like 20 people battling among one hundred years of accumulated files to find somewhere to sit. Anyway, Alan continues to brief me and the great moment arrives for revelation to come to me. The bell goes and Peter Harvey takes me up to the Press Gallery, which sits over the top of the bodies of the great minds which control the destiny of our nation and our lives.

Some guy walks in carrying a gold wand and then in comes who else but the mediocre man himself, Sir Billy Snedden, all done up in a wig and black university gown and

even frilly lace bits sticking out of his cuffs. He looks pretty serious about the whole thing and he sits in this big wooden throne, and there are two guys trying to dress like him but not quite as flash who sit in front of him, and everyone who is anyone is there.

Looking down on the right you've got Malcolm Fraser and his gang. They all look very well groomed and healthy and very navy blue with pin stripes, and on the left are the challengers.

On the Labor side, Billy Hayden looks very much like a Liberal backbencher trying to make it in with Malcolm, and the rest look decidedly more human than the Liberals. Sort of a few more beers and a bit more knocking around and looking a whole lot more friendly and down to earth and all those sorts of things.

Anyway, the great day starts.

Sir Billy says a prayer real serious, just like at a funeral, and everyone stands up and looks real serious just like at a funeral which it finishes up being, but not as much fun, which we will quickly get to.

Anyway, after the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, not to mention the Queen, have all been paid their respects, it's time for everyone to get up and say what a really top bloke the former Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr Bhutto, is, or was, at least, until recently hanged by the neck until he is no longer available for comment.

Our Prime Minister reads his spontaneous thoughts off a sheet with very big type on it. Bill Hayden says it all again, but his notes are handwritten at least. Maybe he even thought it all up himself. And then Leslie Johnson, the famous Labor Member for Hughes, jumps up and says how proud he is that he has led a delegation to Pakistan and spent "almost an hour" with Mr Bhutto himself and in person (prior to the hanging), and that Mr Bhutto has reassured him personally about the faith he has in the future of Australia, which shows you what it must be like in Pakistan.

And then the irrepressible Liberal publicity machine from Tassie, Mr Michael Hodgman, gets up and says his Bhutto press release for the next morning's Hobart *Mercury* and Launceston *Examiner,* and then famous Quiz Kid Barry Jones gets up and tells everyone how much he knows about these political associations, even down to a quote by someone famous whom I have naturally never heard of, and political commentator Mungo MacCallum is quick to mention that he has got the quote wrong in any event, about which I haven't got a clue and which I can now add to the list.

Then, naturally, everyone stands, which probably doesn't help Mr Bhutto all that much, and now it's on with the absolute highlight of the day: Question Time, when people from both gangs stand up and our Speaker (which is really a funny title for referee), Sir Billy Snedden, seems to take it in turns for the Labor gang to ask embarrassing questions of the Liberal-CP gang. Then the Liberal guys ask themselves questions which have a knack of being available for answer at length and even in prepared form. Now, remember, this part of the day is only 45 minutes long and everyone has told me this is *the* bit, *the highlight,* and this is roughly how it goes this day: Malcolm gets asked if he has made a speech to the filthy multi-national mining companies and told them that if we tried to pretend that oil prices aren't going up all over the world that we're pretty stupid, and Malcolm lets it be known that this is pretty accurate.

Andrew Peacock is asked if it's true that the Soviet Union is building up its fleet in the Indian Ocean, and Andrew says that it is correct and natural because there is a fair bit going on in the Indian Ocean, and then he quotes some figures about Yank boats, too, and he looks about the most unworried man in the world.

Then a curly one: Tony Street gets asked why Woolies have broken some guidelines and given the storemen and packers some extra brass.

And Tony Street says he will, or may, or something, get the Prices Justification Tribunal to report on whether this can have any effect or maybe set up an inquiry, and fascinating it really is.

Billy McMahon asks how come, when he was Prime Minister, conciliation and arbitration were supposed to be separated, and who is screwing it up and why isn't he Prime Minister or at least Treasurer again, anyway? And someone says he will look into it.

Labor's Dr Richard Klugman gets up and heaps a whole lot of garbage cans over medical funds and finance companies, especially ones being run by directors like the ones at ASL.

And the good referee, Sir Billy, says that he can't ask that because everyone knows the directors he is referring to and that the question must be put on notice.

And Billy Hayden says, well, if that's the case the other mob can never ask questions about unions because everyone knows who runs them, too, which seems like a bloody good point to me. And I fair dinkum saw it with my own eyes that Billy thinks it all up for himself, no prompting, no notes from anyone. Right off the cuff. Good on you, Billy Hayden.

In any event, Klugman asks exactly the same question with a few words missing and no one answers it. Which all goes to prove you can only sling dirt on notice, not without, which might make sense to someone, but certainly not to me.

It's all pretty exciting, and the only time anyone gets happy at all is when someone brings up road tax, and Transport Minister Peter Nixon sticks it into the other gang about how Joh Bjelke-Petersen has shown how to handle the problem. We get rid of road tax. Even Malcolm, yes Malcolm Fraser, beams and looks around the room and facially sticks it to everyone from the other gang that his political mate Joh from up north has shown that Neville Wran hasn't got a clue.

And how come Wran rushes through all this emergency legislation to take away licences and destroy the trucks of self-employed truckies when he hasn't done a thing about all the strikes and chaos brought about by the unions?

Anyway, it appears that everyone is pretty pleased with themselves about Joh on the one side and decidedly displeased on the other. No one has asked any questions worth answering, and no one has given an answer worthy of a decent question. So our leader gets up and says words to the effect that that's enough of all this nonsense. And so Question Time, *the* most compelling time in the House, is now over. I know I missed a few questions but I'll put them in quietly just so you know exactly what you didn't miss.

Lionel Bowen said you shouldn't believe what you read in the papers, with which I had a mighty sympathy at the time. Hayden declared that petrol was going up and this meant petrol companies were making more money, and Wal Fife (why did the NSW Libs ever let him go?) boasted proudly about the number of PJT inquiries which, seeing Malcolm Fraser's *only* promise when he first got in was to get rid of it totally, was all very fascinating.

But after Question Time and from here on in, to be frank, it gets even less mind-bending. For a start, every politician immediately leaves the joint and so does every journalist except me, who doesn't know any better, and a young bird from one of those syndicated businesses who also sits there all day alternating, on the hour, with a young bloke – no doubt to save them from jumping over the railing; and not a bad jump it would be at that.

The Leader of the House, Ian Sinclair, says he wants to present a report on the thing both gangs agree on entirely – a new $151 million Parliament House (how anyone can set a budget – remember the Opera House – when the designs haven't even been called for is a mystery that only someone who has no concern for money could ever hope even *not* to understand). He moves that the report get printed and the ayes have it, even though not one representative says aye and no one says no.

Mr Sinclair also moves that the House have a break until May, and again the non-existent ayes have it. Personally, I was hoping that it would break immediately, but this was not to be. Because then the empty house empties even further as we move into a thing called a Grievance Debate.

On reflection, this is where the nonentities of Parliament can get up and speak for a maximum of 10 minutes (which also turns out to be a minimum of 10 minutes) on any subject that takes their fancy.

And they know that their voice is going to be broadcast live right across Australia to at least 100 people, including their mum and dad, and, even more importantly, members of their pre-selection team. It's like allowing the drop kicks to let off steam without harming anyone.

Instead of getting stuck into their own Ministers they can act all grown-up, as if they really had a role to play in the parliament.

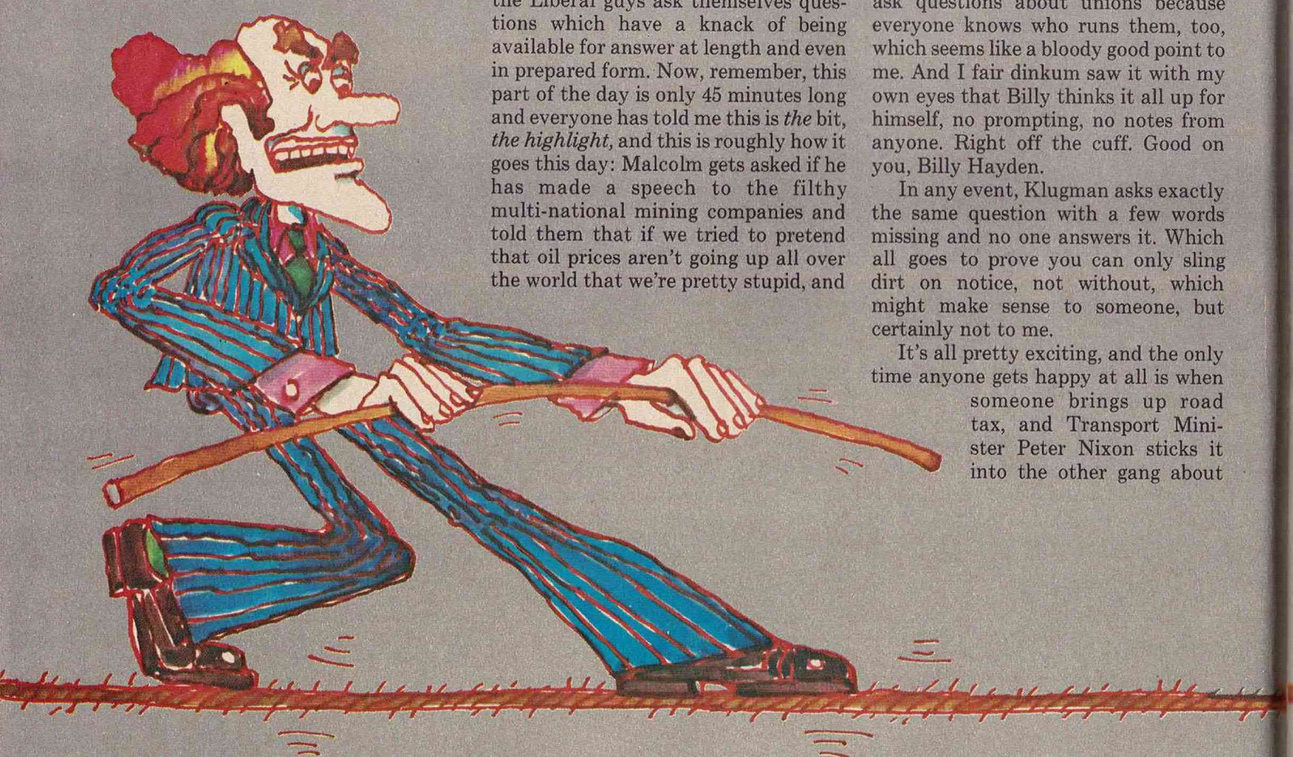
Remember, there is a State election on in Victoria so, naturally, a Labor Member gets up and says that the Victorian Government are a lot of crooks, and if the Corporate Affairs Commission looked into the way they worked they'd all be locked up. He says everyone knows you can't get a contract in Victoria unless you kick the election fund tin, and how come they've got over a million left after the last election and how come all the directors of ASL have been involved on their finance committees?

Predictably, some Liberal member gets up and says he has never heard such snide innuendo and that the Hamer Government is totally without sin, and then reads out about the schools and hospitals and unemployment and, you know, all the stuff. Which is fascinating for the nine ALP Members and six Lib/CP Members still in the House. And, obviously, all said to get reported in tomorrow's Melbourne papers, which it doesn't because someone from North Melbourne looks like missing two matches with a sore thumb.

Mercifully it is at last 12.45, and the hard-worked Members break until 2.30 for a well-earned lunch break. Peter Harvey and I lunch at The Lobby, which is a very popular restaurant for those who frequent Parliament House as it is the only restaurant within walking distance, which is just as well for The Lobby because it's not your actual triple A for service or food.

Before the service even starts to stop, Peter Harvey is called back for a press conference where Peter Nixon tells the media what he is going to tell Parliament after lunch: no more emission controls, stuff all that pollution crap, we're using too much petrol as it is. That's the drift. Great, I think, at least there'll be a good stink this afternoon.

Wrong. After lunch Lionel Bowen gets up and carries on with all the traditional stuff of A MATTER OF PUBLIC IMPORTANCE which boils down to the fact that we still haven't given Queensland back to the Aborigines. And now presenting: The Government Business. Phil Lynch starts by reading out a report on our great tourist industry. He tells us how everyone leaving Australia is going to sell the joint because we've got beaut brochures prepared, and he says it might or might not work but won't cost that



much, anyhow, and it's really up to the State governments, if you want to know the truth. But just in case anyone ever does decide to visit here, we're going to need better hotels and that, and what a great job the Select Committees have done.

Then Barry Cohen gets up from the other side and spends all his time agreeing with everything Lynch says, except that he adds a few words of wisdom of his own. Like, his mum and dad went around the world twice, and everyone thought how lucky they were now that everyone is going overseas, what with jet travel and everything. Boy, it's an exciting time in tourist history. But he can't go along with all this talk about penalty rates because he's got a mate who's got a motel at Gosford or somewhere (because he doesn't want to name him), and he's actually seen his books and penalty rates are a drop in the bucket, and that's what the boss of Travelodge said, too, which proves it conclusively once and for all.

No one brought up the fact that penalty rates don't cost you anything if there aren't any staff to pay them to, and in the end Barry Cohen says it's good but not good enough and, just as a throwaway, explains to all and sundry that he doesn't think the Gold Coast is really as beautiful as northern Queensland or even the NSW Central Coast, which happens to be his electorate. But the Gold Coast is "elegant", which is at least the first thing I have learned so far.

Then Peter Nixon gets up and does his bit, but there is no blue because the only guy from the other side is someone I'm told is a Peter Morris by name, who is all on his own.

So when Nixon sits down Morris gets up and says that Nixon is selling out to the filthy multi-national car companies, and if we really want to conserve petrol (this is fair dinkum what he said) we should get rid of power steering, automatic transmission and car air conditioning.

Well, this is all pretty thought-provoking stuff, and then it's time for Kevin Newman, the Minister for National Development, to get up and tell us that never has a country developed so fast but, unfortunately, he reads a fair bit faster than our national development, so that I can't hear a thing he says.

The only Labor Member asks if he can slow down, and the acting deputy assistant Speaker (because well before this all the grown-up Speakers have gone) agrees, and Newman then speaks slower for about two sentences before returning to his usual pace, which would leave a race caller for dead. Then the sole Labor Member calls for a quorum because, by now, there is only him on his side and a further four or five on the other.

So the bells ring, and in about 10 minutes the House has got some people in it and they continue the conversations they've been having outside inside, and Newman starts reading faster than ever before so the Speaker asks everyone to shut up so they all leave again, and Newman finishes his speech. Labor's Paul Keating says he has never heard such nonsense, and then the Prime Minister lets it be known that everyone should be happy that Western Australia is 150 years old, and it is time for the Members to take another well-earned break.

I now adjourn with Mungo MacCallum to the Non-Members' Bar which is, amazingly, a bar for non-Members, and I then have a long series of discussions in the off-the-record department with the journos who cover Canberra day in and day out, and they let it be known to me what has already become obvious – that Parliament is really now a toy played with by politicians for their own publicity purposes.

A place to bring up scandal without fear or fact or any action possible.

A place to embarrass and defile.

A place you have to go to get the money and other bills passed which are already decided and debated in another place.

An anachronism which isn't even amusing or charming or treated with respect by its members.

And when I returned briefly to take a look at the evening performance, where an empty House saw more Bills read and adjourned, I thought of all the hundreds of school children who had been led in in groups, one after the other, that day to sit there bored and horrified by what was not going on, and I hoped that some of them might realise that there has to be a better way, so that when their time comes to have a say they will remember that edifying day.

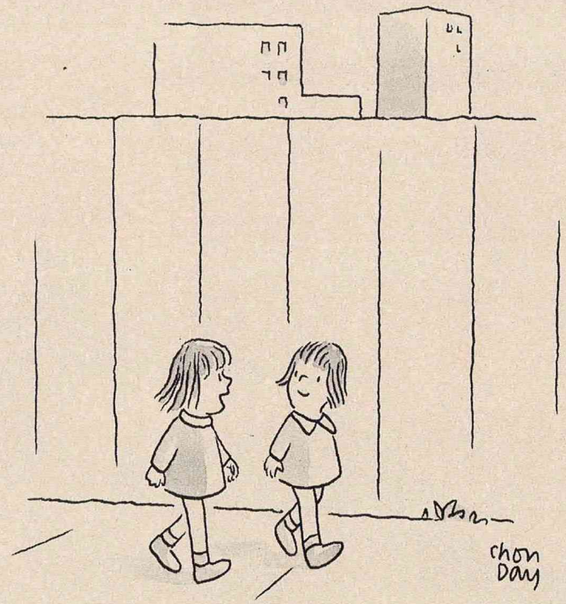
The day when they saw something from the dim, dark, distant past clog and clutter the present, and a future that Parliament just isn't structured to comprehend, but only to stifle and obstruct.

And, off the record, later when I spoke to the journos and the Members from both sides of the House I realised that almost everyone agrees but really couldn't care less because the hours are good, the perks are great, the money isn't bad and the power is irresistible.

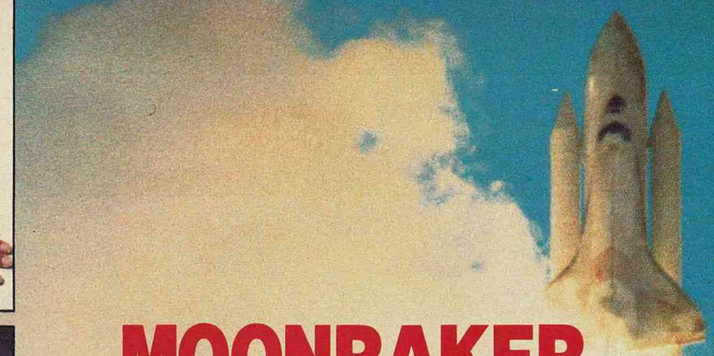
I understand the Ministers can't sit through the House every day or even more than a tiny part of it because they wouldn't have time to do any work, prepare any Bills or discuss anything in any way intelligent. I understand all that, but if that is the case I cannot understand the charade.

But at least I can understand why, after 10 years in Canberra, Mungo is mangoes.

This has been John Singleton reporting from Parliament House, Canberra, 1901. Except that it's 1979.



"I'm going to be a PLAYBOY Bunny when I grow up and out."

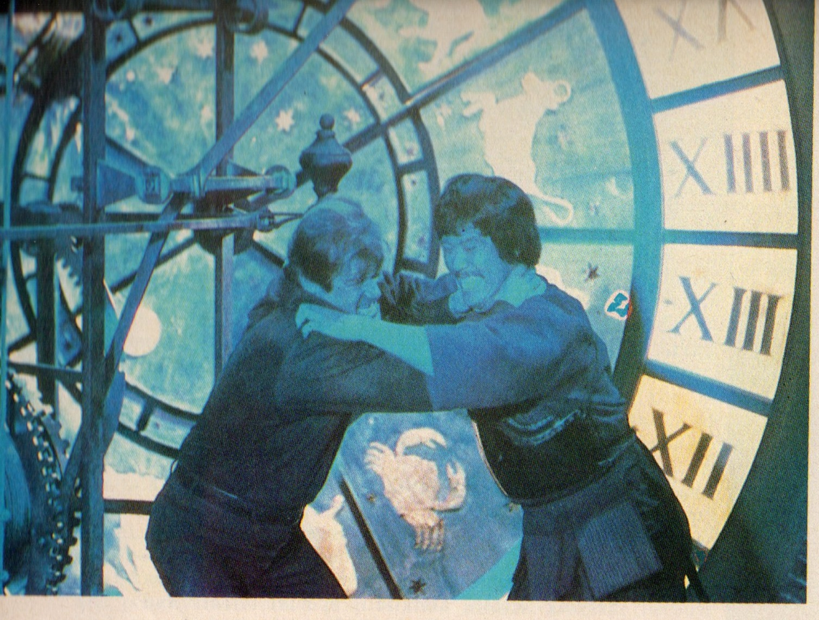


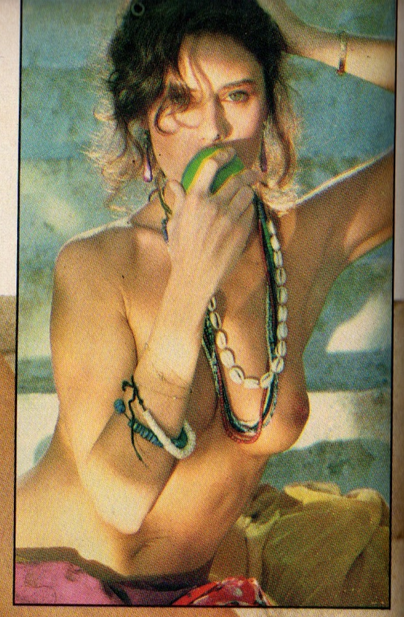
MOONRAKER

will he never tire? in his latest epic, superspy bond tackles more perils and beauties than ever

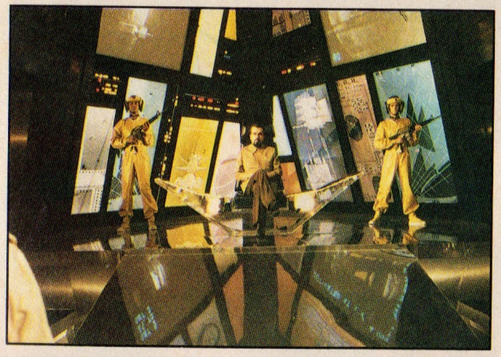
LIKE all James Bond films, *Moonraker,* the 11th epic based on the adventures of Ian Fleming's superspy, does not lack death-defying action, ambitious special effects and beautiful women. In fact *Moonraker* may have more gorgeous girls than any of the others. In addition to two female lead roles the script calls for a bevy of eight shapely misses to play Space Lovers, employees of the villain Hugo Drax (Michael Lonsdale), who plans to take them to a space station to propagate a master race after he has destroyed the world. When a space shuttle on loan to Britain from the US is mysteriously hijacked, M assigns James Bond to investigate. As 007 begins to sniff around, he is led to Drax's secret control centre in the South American jungle. Special effects, including space shuttles and ingenious gadgetry, heighten the action. Not to mention those tender bedroom interludes . . .

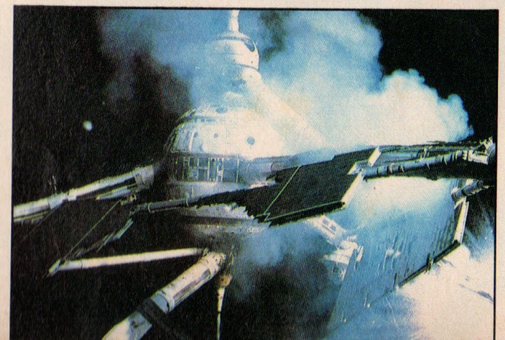
Bond films are synonymous with death-defying action and *Moonraker* is no exception. The movie opens with 007 (Roger Moore) in yet another impossible predicament – getting pushed out of an airborne jet minus a parachute by that model of orthodontonia gone haywire, Jaws (Richard Kiel). The super secret agent of course survives to perform in a less suspenseful but equally gripping moment (below) when, in style, he beds Drax's trend-setting helicopter pilot, played by lovely Corinne *(Story of O)* Cléry.





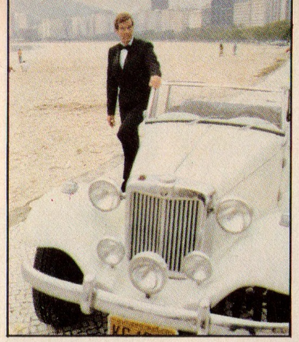
Danger lurks virtually everywhere. Bond finds himself tangling on the clock tower of a Venetian glassworks (above) with Drax's terrible henchman Chang and (below) with tantalising CIA operative Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles) trying to escape from Jaws via a cable car on Sugar Loaf Mountain, Brazil. He's interrogated by Drax but (bottom) turns the tables, as we've grown used to from Bond the master, in a space station.



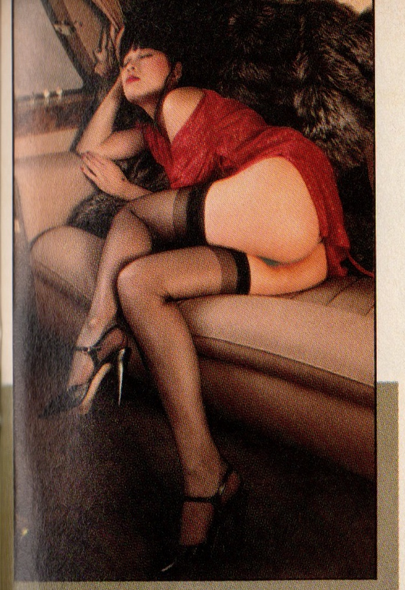


"The girls seem to get better-looking each time," Roger Moore said on location for the shooting of *Moonraker*. Certainly there were more than a few new birds to set 007's blood boiling — one an Australian model, Jannise Gunn, of Sydney (below), a 22-year-old 33-24-33 beauty. Another is French film star Corinne Cléry (left and right). It seems celluloid superstars get all the breaks. Unfair, isn't it.

Drax's shapely astrogirls in the exercise yard at the villain's estate (inset top). Among them are two stunning French girls. Catherine Serre (pictured above) is an accomplished skiier and sailing enthusiast who studied medicine before embarking on her acting career. She played the role of a prostitute in *One Two Two,* a new French film about a World War Two bordello. Chichinou Kaeppler (right) is a Parisian fashion model who has been posing for top European magazines since the age of six. Water skiing is one of her principal passions, along with riding and schussing the slopes. Anne Lomberg (left) is another distinctive Bond bird.



To keep an eye on Bond, M has a man (left) to follow him in an MP (the Brazilian replica of an MG-TD). He might have preferred watching Chinese model Christina Hui (below and right), who speaks four languages. As if she'd really have to talk.



To find Drax's underground headquarters, Bond follows Irka Bochenko (above) to the Brazilian jungle via Rio. Irka, a Polish beauty, is trilingual, has appeared in numerous television programs and attends drama school. She hopes her talents will turn her into a leading actress.

A green-eyed, red-haired Parisian beauty who was once a law student, Francoise Gayat is first seen in the film at Drax's Californian estate. Her career began after she ditched law in favor of modelling. Hard luck for the law!

Drax's space lovers soon come in for some loving attention from Bond (inset top), who gets the baddie — and his goodies. Nicaise Jean Louis (above and left), one of Drax's space technicians, is from Guadeloupe, West Indies, and she's studying dance and drama.

IN SEARCH of DANA

add an "e" for enigma and daddy's little girl turned into an amazonian feminist

fiction BY JAMES ROBINSON

THIS is the story of Dana(e) Arno and Fett Burly. It is principally the story of their apartness but, with the aid of arrows and diagrams, it will be explained how and why they were eventually conjoined. Dana(e) Arno was an enigma. It's not easy to

explain. Even the word enigma is a puzzle, and is not to be found in everyone's glossary of terms and phrases. But it can easily be tagged for reference purposes as a sound somewhere between "nigger" and "enema".

Dana(e)'s enigma was fed before her birth. Father, who preferred to be known as Nelson Wellington Raleigh II, had graciously consented to beget a son. Being enormously rich and a devotee of positive thinking, it never occurred to him that his action might produce an unordered result. Mother, having spent her energy and concentration on conception, felt the result of confinement should fall as it may. On arrival day, the gynaecologist was faced with the unenviable choice of accuracy or the wrath of NWR II. He decided there was no place for ambivalence and courageously issued a pink certificate.

NWR II was furious. He regarded the outcome as an affront to his authority, his dignity and his manhood. How could he face the barman at the East Millionaires' Club? What would he do with the 1000-hectare ranch he had purchased for his son and heir, antehumously named Dana? For 24 hours he considered contesting the child's paternity, suing his wife for negligence or simply buying Brazil. Finally, however, his penchant for the bizarre pointed to a solution.

He conjured up the given names Dana(e) Arno and registered the names without his wife's knowledge. He had the birth certificate dyed blink – midhue between blue and pink. His attorney drew up a deed of arrangement whereby NWR II gained exclusive control of the child's upbringing. Dana(e)'s mother, an unchauvinistic, non-porcine character, accepted the arrangement, involving as it did a side settlement of $2 million. For this reason we will hear no more of Mrs Nelson Wellington Raleigh II. It was not a promising start for our heroine, but perhaps it was better to bear the disgust of one's natural father in two given names than never to have been born at all.

Let's turn the dial to Fett Burly. Here was no enigma. Unfortunately, for the balance of the story, Fett's arrival on Earth was not accompanied by any pre-natal drama. Indeed, it is fair to say that normalcy was the keynote of his entire childhood. So it's back again to Dana(e).

Equipped with the blink birth certificate NWR II was able to arrange for Dana(e) to spend her early student years at Queens, an exclusive boys' school. As a specialist in pig Latin the headmaster didn't need much convincing that Dana(e) was the male half of twins. More importantly, perhaps, he was convinced the new pupil would prove as great an asset to the school as the new library and science block so generously donated by NWR II.

Life continued fairly anonymously for Dana(e) until the age of 14 when she was unfrocked, so to speak, by a disenchanted homosexual teacher. It appeared the teacher made an undisciplined grab at what he expected to be a fulsome set of genitals. The unproductive nature of the grab posed a threat to the teacher's security. Denouement for Dana(e) was as swift as it was inevitable. NWR II arrived in his private plane with blink certificate and blank cheque, but it was too late. The most the headmaster would do was register the reason for leaving in Latin to confuse the uneducated.

The incident lit a slow burning fuse in Dana(e). It wasn't the fact of being sent down. It was the reasoning. She had dared to tread the hallowed playing fields of Queens. Worse still, she had emerged victorious in all relevant student activities. In a male world Dana(e) had succeeded, yet was treated as an undesirable – a freak. Dana(e), at 14, declared war on the male community. It would be her role to demean them as they had demeaned her. Dana(e) would liberate all womankind. Her dismissal would find its place in history like Horatio saving the bridge. We can draw a blind over Dana(e)'s school days by taking up Fett Burly's story.

Fett capped a brilliant academic career by winning the Raleigh Bequest. The grant was the most generous in any field of scholastic research. Worldwide attention was attracted each time applications were called for. Its uniqueness lay not only in its liberal stipend (fixed at half the combined salaries of the West German Chancellor and the Prime Minister of New Zealand), but also in the fact that the bequest was open-ended in duration. In approving any research project the bequest trustees automatically endorsed the time period necessary to achieve the distant goal set by the successful applicant.

Although Fett was confident that his science doctorate, conferred with first class honors, would qualify him adequately as an applicant, he was concerned that his research project might appear too esoteric. Fett had specialised in entomology with particular emphasis on the evolution and decimation of indigenous insect life in the South Seas. His master's thesis, "Genitalia Malformations of the Lepidoptera Species-Trogonoptera Brookeara", had been researched in the Moluccas. It had been this voyage of discovery which inspired his application for the Raleigh Bequest. An early Spanish explorer, Juan Manuel De Costinga, had recorded in the ship's log the sighting of a colored butterfly with a 355mm wingspan which made bat-like screeches when disturbed. Unfortunately, the sighting had been made on a routine ship's watering expedition and the island had not been identified. Fett Burly proposed to scour the South Seas for this unique species of lepidoptera. Under the caption on the application form stating "Expected Duration of Research Project" he put "six months to life". The trustees for the bequest, in awarding Fett the scholarship, imposed only two conditions: if discovered, the species would bear the name of the bequest's founder and, if 15 years passed without a single sighting, the project would be written off as a wild butterfly chase.

We leave Fett fitting out his expedition at an initial outlay of some $220,000. The trustees gave approval to a wide variety of research aids ranging from a 12-metre motor yacht to 125 packets of steel butterfly pins.

Meanwhile, Dana(e) had blossomed into a statuesque beauty nearly 16 hands tall, with feet to match. Leaving school at 14 allowed Dana(e) unlimited time to develop her sporting capabilities. It was time well spent. Her sporting achievements became legendary. Indeed it was Dana(e)'s performances in golf, swimming and athletics that led to the abolition of separate championships for males and females. As one sporting journalist put it when Dana(e) smashed the male 400-metre swimming record by 13.7 seconds: "Are separate events to continue for the protection of male competitors?"

Despite opposition from the traditionalists, public opinion for open competition was too strong. One by one sporting fixtures changed to unitary events. When sex discrimination was eliminated from Davis Cup selection, Dana(e)'s prowess at tennis was fully revealed. At one time she was acknowledged as world champion in four different sports. Perhaps her greatest triumph was to be featured on the front cover of *Time* magazine as "Sport of the Year".

The extraordinary success of Dana(e) gave a much needed fillip to the Women's Liberation movement. Initially the movement had been carried along by its originality and enthusiasm. But bra-burning and polemical works by Ms authors Steinem, Millett, Friedan and Greer contributed little in staying power. What the movement lacked was a leader – not a tortured soul, not a scruffy body, but a leader by universal acclaim. Without such a Ms the movement was in danger of disintegration. Dana(e) provided a high water

"They make very good spaghetti, don't they?"

mark of acceptability, a rallying point for the unwashed supporter and the intellectual alike. Her importance lay not in the difference between a hero and a heroine, but in the uniqueness of the sporting achievements themselves. Dana(e) was receptive to her casting in the role of a modern Boadicea. Her early disgust with male jingoism had not been tempered by her dominance of international sporting fixtures. Sportsmanship did not extend to graciousness in defeat by the opposite sex. The breach with NWR II had also widened when Dana(e) dropped the name Arno by deed poll as a belated protest against her father's prejudice.

So it came to pass that Dana(e), at the age of 30, was the lioness of the ladies. She became the patron of many societies such as the 3Fs (Flight From Fluff). In addition to being Sport of the Year, Dana(e) was nominated Dominant Woman of the Century by MAM (Men Are Monstrous). All greatly flattering if liberation or alliteration is your wont. All very off-putting if you fancy your chances as a love object. Fate decreed that on Dana(e)'s 30th birthday the Raleigh Bequest had arranged a gold plate dinner to celebrate the wind-up of its longest-running scholarship. For 15 years Fett Burly had moved from island to island throughout the length and breadth of Melanesia and Polynesia. Armed with a net (drip dry) and gun (poisonous blow) Fett sought the elusive butterfly (bat-like screecher). He had failed and was bitterly disappointed that his mentor's Latinised name – Nelli Wella Raleiticus – was not hung round the neck of a Lepidoptera Rhopalocera.

However, in other ways the bequest had not been entirely wasted. It had achieved the remarkable feat of isolating a well-educated human being from all capitalist forms of pollution for a decade and a half. Fifteen years at the current rate of change is the rough equivalent of three centuries in the Middle Ages. As if this were not enough, Fett had devised uses for stainless steel butterfly pins which made acupuncture look like noughts and crosses.

NWR II, founder of the bequest, did not attend the gold plate dinner. He hated failures. He arranged for the redoubtable Dana(e) to represent the family, reasoning that disappointments deserved each other.

And so it was that Dana(e) met Fett, or, if the mood so takes you, Fett met Dana(e). Realising the guest of honor needed drawing out, Dana(e) asked Fett whether he had happened to catch the Wimbledon results. Fett, who hadn't caught anything worthwhile in 15 years, let alone the Wimbledon results, said, somewhat dejectedly: "No, I'm sorry, I'm afraid I'm a regular tabula rosa."

Such an apologia from this sad little man hit Dana(e) amidships. Although she wasn't sure how tabula rosa affected one if one were getting it regularly, the seriousness of the situation was unmistakable. The feeling it brought to mind was when, as a child, she had been hit in the stomach by a baseball bat. The batter had inadvertently faced up the wrong way. Feeling clammy, nauseous and slightly dizzy, Dana(e) leant across the table and uttered her first encouraging words to a mere mediocre male: "Don't worry, it's all right."

It was the turning point of Dana(e)'s life. Juices which had never coursed through her body took control. On the other hand, juices which had aided and abetted the achievement of impossible sporting feats dwindled to no more than a trickle.

Meanwhile, Fett, who had never considered sticking anything in anything other than pins in butterflies, was broadening his horizons. He knew, of course, all about the ground rules governing affairs between sir and madame butterfly, but he was a bit hazy about how you adapted these to the different world of people.

It was all very cataclysmic. The emotional abstinence which had marked the pursuit of their respective careers gave their coming together an impact like an old-time revival meeting. One way or another aching voids were about to be filled. Although Fett and Dana(e) were VIPs of international standard, their worldly achievements were mere dross in the presence of each other. Their public selves were skins to be sloughed off so that their inner beings could be exposed to each other unscratched by experience. Indeed their complete preoccupation with each other is embarrassing.

Sentimentality is not for this story. There is nothing left to record. A frontal bowing movement plus backward tip-toeing would be in order. As the old Chinese proverb says: "A bolt of silk, a touch of spice has little to do with fresh fried rice."

"A gynaecologist? Whatever made you decide to become a gynaecologist?"

GOOD TIMES

but you'll be battling to get them on tick

Photography by Ken Middleton

A LOT of seconds have ticked by since the days of grandpa's gold pocket watch. Now you have the choice of analogue or digital watches — some with alarm, calculator and stop-watch functions. Here is a small selection of what's available. Left to right: Seiko quartz analogue dress watch with roman numerals, $195; Citizen quartz 790 with super-thin solid gold case, $1500; Timex quartz with roman numerals, $59.95; Longines quartz analogue with date, in stainless steel, $631; Omega analogue quartz, gold plated, $425; Omega quartz LCD digital alarm, gold plated, $450; Tissot TS-X2 analogue LCD digital quartz in stainless steel, $295; Timex Chronograph, $59.95; Seiko calculator quartz with rolled gold case, $295. All watches available from jewellers and department stores. So, if you've got the money, they've got the time. Prices are approximate.

Photography by Colin Stead

Mini Interview Jane Priest

the girl who kissed prince charles on the beach finds her career is really in the swim

THERE may not have been a whole lot of heat in that split-second oceanside embrace, but Perth model Jane Priest's encounter with Prince Charles did set the world on fire – hers, if not his. Priest, 26, a leggy brunette and one of the West's top models, has been splashed across the world's front pages since she planted one on the sallow cheek of the surfing prince. She has been offered princely sums to take off her clothes and reveal what Charlie-Boy missed out on. A staunch royalist, she has said no every time for fear of embarrassing the royal family. Still, her career has taken a definite upswing since that fateful Saturday morning at North Cottesloe Beach. PLAYBOY *staff writer* ***Phil Jarratt*** *reports: "The girl who kissed the prince is no star-struck teenybopper or royal groupie. She is an elegant and striking figure who was doing quite nicely, thank you, before all this happened. In fact, Jane has more than a few regrets about the kind of publicity she's received and wanted to take this opportunity to set the record straight. She recognised that* PLAYBOY *would be more interested in the story behind the story than in cheap sensationalism. For our part, well, we wanted to know whether he'd had a shave, did his skin taste salty and was his cheek responsive. All that probing, in-depth stuff."*

PLAYBOY: How was the kiss set up?

PRIEST: I got a phone call about 10 on the Friday night from a girlfriend of mine who works in public relations. She was with a newspaper photographer and some of the royal escorts, including the equerry and a couple of bodyguards. They were having a drink, and it had been suggested that the royal people would like a picture of Charles with a bikini-clad girl somewhere around, not necessarily kissing him. My girlfriend rang me because I was the only model she could call at that time of night and expect to be at the beach at 6.30 the next morning.

PLAYBOY: Did she tell you on whose authority she was acting?

PRIEST: No. I don't think she really knew where the idea had come from. It was probably someone involved in publicity for the tour. I know Prince Charles was in agreement, anyway.

PLAYBOY: You mean he knew on Friday night that this was being set up?

PRIEST: I'm not sure he knew about it then, but he certainly knew about it on Saturday morning. When I ran up to him he said: "I knew you were going to do this."

PLAYBOY: Was the matter of payment discussed on the Friday night?

PRIEST: No.

PLAYBOY: You mean there was no payment involved?

PRIEST: No.

PLAYBOY: And yet you're a professional model and you knew all these photos were going to be taken?

PRIEST: I didn't realise just how many photos would be taken. I knew the photographer who was there when it was organised would be there, but I didn't know who else. When I arrived at the beach there were photographers everywhere. Of course the royal party had been prepared for it. In fact the whole thing was fairly cut and dried. I was introduced to the bodyguards beforehand and they stood back while the pictures were taken. It was understood that I'd just run up and be near him, but I felt a bit awkward about running up and saying hello, so I kissed him and told him it was great to have him here, it was great to meet the future king and all that sort of thing. As he ran off he said: "It's just not fair, it's just not fair . . ." Now I don't know whether he meant that it wasn't fair that he'd been photographed with a girl, or . . .

PLAYBOY: Or that he had to leave you so soon?

PRIEST: No, I don't think he meant that. I know he had to keep his hands away. That was fairly obvious.

PLAYBOY: How did he go about that?

PRIEST: Well, he didn't do it very well. He did put one arm around my shoulder. I got him as he was walking out of the water to go for a run and he may have over-balanced. But then his hands came away and he talked for only a split-second and then he kept going. He couldn't show that he was interested.

PLAYBOY: You didn't detect a glimmer?

PRIEST: No, I didn't. He was certainly very charming. Whether that's his normal manner I don't know. He smiled, he winked, he didn't pull away and he didn't flinch. Of course we'd surfed together before all this.

PLAYBOY: Oh, so you'd been there for a while then?

PRIEST: Oh yes, I'd been body surfing right next to him. It was really cold standing around on the beach so I went in the water. Then Charles came down the beach in his royal blue robe, stripped off and ran down to the water with his bodyguards. I was quite looking forward to seeing him close up. He was catching waves – he's quite a good surfer – so I started swimming around and catching waves, too. He got dumped rather badly at one stage and filled his bathers with sand. He landed on his back with his legs up in the air.

PLAYBOY: What were your impressions of the royal physique?

PRIEST: It was a whole lot better than I expected. I had this impression.

PLAYBOY: Of a pallid pom?

PRIEST: Yes, a pallid pom, which he's not. He has a lovely olive complexion and a beautiful hairy chest and very good legs. I'm a leg lady and believe me, he has very good legs. He is not under-developed.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by under-developed?

PRIEST: He has chest muscles; and he's not puny.

PLAYBOY: Filled out the royal trunks rather well, did he?

PRIEST: I didn't look at the trunks, to be quite honest. I was more interested in his face.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fan of royalty?

PRIEST: Yes, quite a fan.

PLAYBOY: This whole thing is really incredibly silly, isn't it?

PRIEST: What whole thing?

PLAYBOY: This huge fuss because you kissed Prince Charles on the cheek.

PRIEST: Yes, I think it's tremendously stupid. I was phoned by every major newspaper in London and New York, everywhere, and asked to tell my story. I had no real story to give anyone. It was a perfectly spontaneous thing. I feel quite sorry for the royal family that this sort of publicity surrounds every little incident.

PLAYBOY: So why are you telling us?

PRIEST: All the newspapers and magazines have already run the story about the girl who kissed the prince. PLAYBOY is getting my side of it, that's the difference.

PLAYBOY: You can't really blame the press for all this conjecture about you. I mean there was little else to write about the incident.

PRIEST: No, I don't blame the press, I blame myself. I should never have done the shot. I didn't have time to think it through. As a result of all the publicity I'm a heroine in some circles but I'm being laughed at in others. I think the whole thing has been a bit detrimental to the royal family and to me.

Illustration by Gordon Fitchett

A little something on the side

it's the only way to go when you're earning big bread and giving half to the tax man

article By Russell Deiley

THE SWEET little miss down the block can afford to go traipsing round the world every winter because she is a booking clerk in Qantas. And, like all airline staff, she can fly anywhere for a token 10 percent of the economy fare. If she is a sweet little wife, she can take her husband and children along for the 10 percent ride.

Many of us are treated to free lunches – often paid for on a credit card on which a company picks up the monthly tab. Brewery workers get a free litre of beer a day and can buy their grog at bargain rates. Public transport workers, police, politicians, senior public servants and members of the judiciary can travel to and from work on public trains, trams and buses on free passes.

Department store assistants buy merchandise at a discount and assembly line workers, their foremen and their chiefs in the car industry can pick up the latest $7000 model for $5995. Parking and minor traffic infringement notices issued to policemen and friends of the men in blue tend to get lost, while book reviewers seldom buy books and record reviewers rarely buy records.

Mindful of their own frailty, doctors treat one another at a fee that is adequately covered by health insurance, and nurses get free medical care and, normally, pay only basic surgical rates in the hospitals in which they soil their healing hands. Lawyers, too, are inclined to offer their brothers-in-law advice and representation at prices that bear little resemblance to their charges to the hoi polloi. On good days window cleaners see more than the butler saw, on warm days the bread delivery man might be invited in for "something cool", and not all the stories you hear about the side benefits of hacking a cab or teaching golf or tennis are groundless.

Small things, maybe, but enough to put the tinsel on a mundane job. They're the goodies that help ease the purse pain of stampeding beef prices. In these days of wage indexation, they are a confidence booster against the neighbor's automatic $30-a-week wage rise. They also give you caste, setting you apart as somebody special. Those who don't share in the giveaway bounty in coin and kind feign indifference, even righteousness, and imply that those who do receive are faintly corrupt.

But most of us would be less than honest if we insisted that we weren't just a little bit envious of the haves when we read of the riches that befall the tall poppies in the financial stratosphere of international and even Australian business. We read about the fortunes of American tearaways such as Archie McCardle, Lee Iacocca, Robert Anderson and Michel Bergerac and Australia's own Sir Reginald Reed, and we know what executive dreams and ambitions are made of.

Two years ago McCardle was the boss of Xerox. To lure him into their fold, International Harvester lent him $1.6 million at six percent interest – two percent under the then prime rate – so he could buy 60,000

shares in the company. It seems that McCardle couldn't quite manage the repayments on his $291,667 annual salary because IH agreed that if their new president attains a set of "high task" goals in his first seven years, he won't have to repay the principal.

When the genius of the car industry, Iacocca, fell from favor at Ford last year, the divorce was made much more palatable by a golden handshake of $562,500, plus a $1 million bonus. Under the terms of the settlement, the bonus was to be paid only if he did not start working for a competitor. The rider didn't worry Chrysler, which topped the bonus in cash and shares and enthroned Iacocca as its president and chief executive.

So highly does the Los Angeles-based Atlantic Richfield Company regard its chairman, Robert Anderson, that it has set him up in an LA apartment and provides him with the use of the company plane to commute to and from his home in New Mexico. Access to two other company mansions in Las Cruces in Mexico makes it just that much easier for Anderson to live on his basic salary of $356,172 a year.

As the architect of the giant International Telephone and Telegraph's continued good fortune, Michel Bergerac needed an alluring bait if he was to move. Revlon found the right recipe with a reported signing-on bonus payment of $835,000, which was almost certainly spread over several years to blunt the tax bite, and an ironclad contract guaranteeing him at least $4.2 million should he and the company go their separate ways.

Big Australian business and its chief executives are not as free with the information on senior staff salaries as the Americans, but the evidence is that the gap between the salaries and benefits paid to the top US and top Australian brass is closing. Indeed, Sir Reginald Reed, governing director of James Patrick and Company, is among the highest paid executives in the world. In a Prices Justification Tribunal hearing in 1976 into stevedoring rates, it was disclosed that Sir Reginald, who began in the tough, unrelenting world of the Sydney wharves, received more than $600,000 a year in salary and commissions. A year later his salary was estimated at $800,000.

It is a rare event in Australia for the intimate financial earning power of the big boys to be spelt out in public as Sir Reginald's pay rate was before the PJT, but it is generally accepted today that executives who head up the large national and multi-national companies in Australia are earning very big bread. Annual salaries of more than $200,000 in the supercharged world of mining and retailing are still rare, but they are becoming less so, and salaries in the range of $100,000 to $150,000 are now almost common.

Mind you, life at the top is not all the glitter of gold, fancy expense accounts, Lear jets and air conditioned cars. The knighthoods and the invitation to join this board or that demand unique talents. To get to and stay at the top, a man needs the judgment of Solomon to choose the correct lines for his company's development and profitability, he needs to be ruthless enough to make the decisions that will keep him ahead of his competitors and he needs to be tough and durable. Eighteen-hour days, seven days a week are common in the rarefied world of big business.

A director of a Sydney remuneration consultancy firm, Sam Cullen, says if you take into consideration the awesome responsibility vested in the chief executives of large companies and their general staff, their hours of work and their private and family sacrifices, then he figures they have not been overpaid in the past. In fact, Cullen says that compared with the trade union-won benefits such as a minimum of four weeks' annual leave, penalty rates, holiday pay loadings, award-guaranteed long service leave and dirt, height and location allowances enjoyed by Australian workers, the bosses have been a forgotten breed.

Cullen agrees that in terms of salary rates and benefits, the lot of company executives has grown much happier in the past few years. He bristles, however, when you refer to the increasing number of benefits being extended to executives as perquisites or, as they are more commonly known, perks.

Fringe benefits, packages, perks – call them what you will – are certainly casting a lengthening, golden shadow in Australia.

In the straight business world, the senior and junior executive fringe benefits are flowing in an ever-widening river. While America is in what one journalist colorfully describes as "the ultimate age of the perk", the directorial boards which shape the destinies of large Australian concerns have been rather slow to realise the incentive springboard and the increased quality of senior management loyalty that stem from a more realistic and attractive form of salary and benefit packaging. If, for example, a company titivates the package so that a man on a base salary of $100,000 receives an effective long-term salary of something nearer $200,000, then that man will give that much more in terms of performance. That kind of deal is also going to buy one hell of a lot of loyalty.

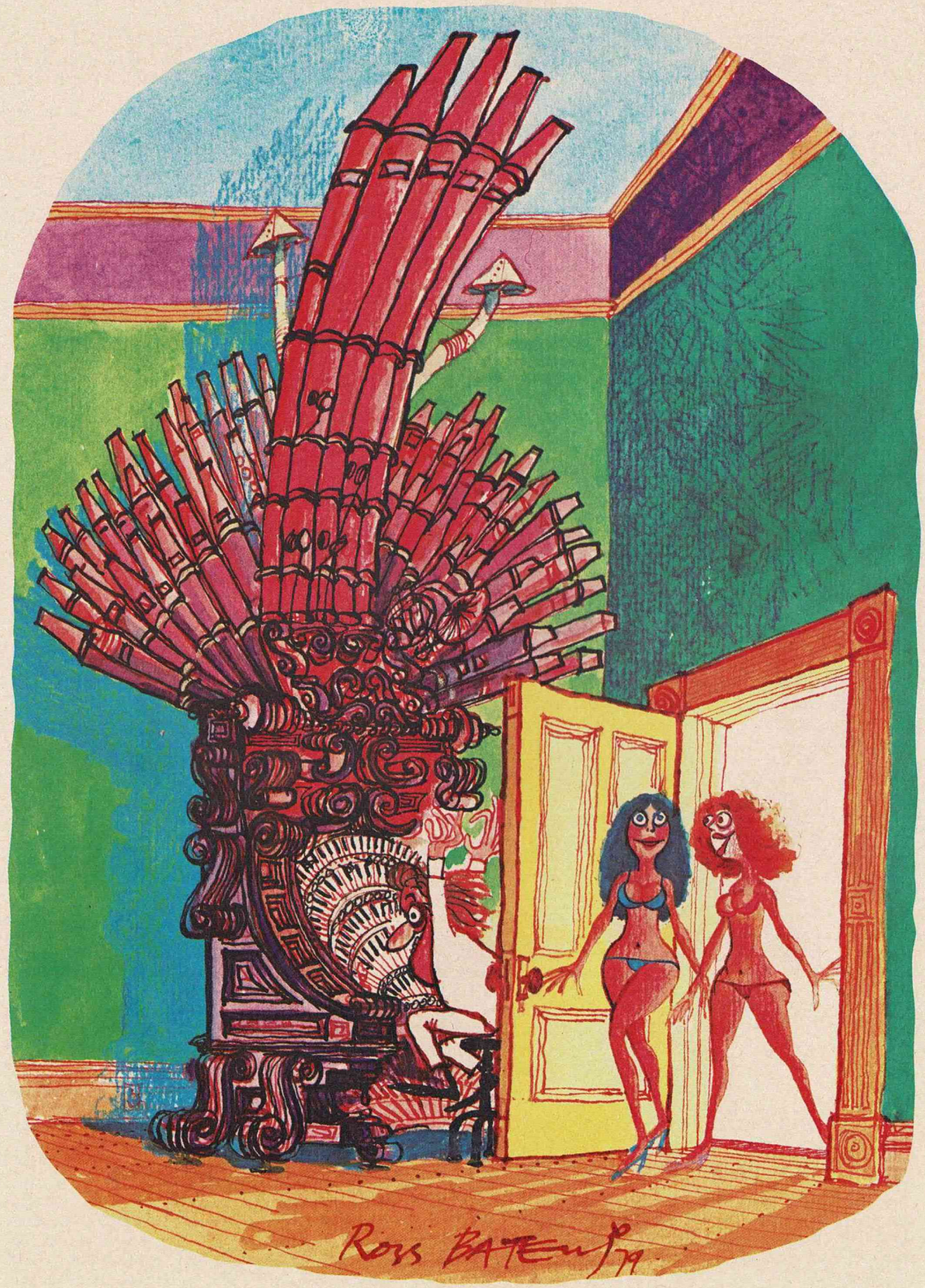
The longest-running perk in Australian business is the company car – and these days the company car comes in widely ranging models over a broad spectrum of staff. Cars cut in at basic four cylinders for junior executives at the $15,000 salary level and go through the cylinders and comfort to Mercedes and even the odd Rolls for the super-earners. A Melbourne management consultant, Kevin Chandler, produces figures that show 94 percent of senior executives are provided with company supplied, fuelled, maintained and garaged cars and 91 percent of those cars are air conditioned.

Australian business is also in the midst of a bonus boom. Traditionally, Australian businesses have not been particularly generous in the bonus, or profit-sharing, area, but today, in the realisation of the need to pay essential members of management more money, they are beginning to close on their American counterparts.

From his rich reservoir of statistics, Kevin Chandler tells us that 23 percent of senior executives in Australian-owned companies are paid bonuses, compared with 55 percent of senior executives employed by US-owned and 25 percent of other foreign-owned companies operating in this country. Companies are not as extravagant when it comes to men on the lower branches of the executive tree. Seven percent of junior executives in Australian companies and 21 percent in US-owned companies receive bonuses. Chemical and pharmaceutical companies (63 percent) are the most liberal when it comes to bonus payouts, followed by the metal manufacturing and engineering industry and then the mining industry. Of the bonus paying companies, 40 percent do so on a profit-sharing basis and 48 percent on a formula related to performance.

On these figures, you don't have to be an Einstein to work out that the top executives have the most to gain from bonuses and, because of the Australian tax structure, the most to lose to Treasurer John Howard.

The maximum 61.5 percent tax starts on an annual base salary of $33,000. This means that every executive who earns $33,000 or more and who receives a bonus on top will be paying 61.5 cents of each dollar of his annual windfall to the Commissioner of Taxation. To help their executives over this nagging little problem, more companies are deferring bonus payments until the recipients either leave or retire. All retirement allowances are taxed at only five percent. Receiving 95 cents in every bonus dollar paid out of a properly vested company fund is infinitely more preferable to surrendering more than half of every annual bonus to the tax man. Another legitimate ploy to safeguard the executive



"He's got this truly magnificent organ!"

bonus is to pay it into his superannuation fund.

Rife among banks and other financially-based institutions, where they are available to all staff, low-interest or interest-free loans are another company tactic for making dispensable staff feel indispensable and important. Those open-hearted companies which make sizeable interest-free loans, and which don't insist on repayment of the principal until the favored exec has retired with his half-million dollar or so superannuation and accumulated bonus cheque, are also going out of their way to make sure that their senior servants get the maximum spending power out of their after-tax salary.

Providing you can satisfy the tax man's queries in those areas in which he is interested, entertainment allowances and expenses can also go some way to ensuring that the hospitable executive can wine and dine himself and business associates without dipping too deeply into his own pocket. Some acquaintances in the media industry can live and make merry on their expenses. Unhappily, I am not one of that privileged company.

Australian companies are infants in the device of offering shares to favored executives both as a reward and as an energy motivator, but they are learning. Most interest in this field focuses on share purchase schemes which have little downslide risk. In this plan the shares are offered to a senior man at market value and, if he accepts, he pays them off progressively. If the shares take a downturn, he can opt out of the contract. If they go up, he makes a nice, non-taxable profit. This neatly side-steps the Frank Crean-inspired legislation which makes taxable shares bought at less than the market value.

A recent American development in the share perk field, which is attracting interest in Australia, is the phantom stock plan. This allows an executive to play the market without any risk. The American company gives its executive phantom "ownership" by giving the accountant the cost of the shares and the number "owned". Ownership is merely a book entry. Maybe the executive is given 10,000 shares at $10 a share. After four years, the unit rises to $15 a share. The executive is then given the $5 difference, which adds up to a tidy $50,000 profit for no outlay and no risk. Under such a scheme, the lucky executive is on a winner for nothing. If the shares rise, he makes a profit. If they fall, he loses zilch. Benefit packaging counsellors who advise companies feel it is only a matter of time before the broad concept of phantom stock is introduced in Australia, because it circumvents tax problems associated with stock issues.

The increase in overseas travel at company expense among executives is perhaps best reflected in the words of one man in top management: "If you had tried to organise a senior level executive conference in March, you would have found it very difficult because of the number of executives who were overseas at the time." And as the big boys fly, so do their wives. The companies are insisting that the good ladies go along – and not just to keep their men on the straight and narrow.

More than ever, chief executives and managing directors are realising how important and effective a role wives can play in business both as hostesses and as secretaries-cum-sounding boards to keep the wheels of travel turning smoothly while their husbands concentrate on business. Overseas trips might be perks, but they are not junkets. If overseas expenses are to be tax deductible, business has to or has to be seen to be done.

In the sales arena, overseas trips have also emerged as the super-duper merchandising prize in inter-house sales figure competitions. Not only are they the prizes all sales representatives want to win, but they are the perfect perk because, unlike goods, which are subject to tax on 73 percent of the discounted value, they are not taxable.

And so the list of business perks goes on, ever widening, ever changing, ever innovative. Life insurance payouts are often handed over to a retiring executive in gratitude for his long and loyal and productive service.

Not that all the perks of this society are limited to the senior men in business and commerce. Far from it. Compared to the days when politics was confined to gentlemen of means and threadbare reformers, today's politicians are doing very nicely, thank you. Take the Premier of NSW, Neville Wran. His basic salary is $50,700 a year. On top of that, he receives an electoral allowance of $7780 and an additional $12,712 as an expense allowance. The allowances are tax free, as long as the politician can justify their expenditure. A tyro back-bencher from a distant electorate receives an electorate allowance of $12,154 and special expenses of $3649 over and above his base salary of $23,214.

As our leader, Malcolm Fraser gets a prime ministerial salary of $28,250 on top of his parliamentary salary of $25,692, and special and electoral allowances totalling a basically non-taxable $26,200. Politicians also get lashings of free feeds and booze, cheap fare in the parliamentary dining rooms.

Gone, too, are the days of beggarly glory for the nation's top sportsmen. Endorsements clothe the big names in sport from the time they get out of bed in the morning for their early morning limbering-up run until they parade for action at Amaroo Park, Flemington, White City, Royal Melbourne, the MCG, the Sydney Cricket Ground etc.

Sportsmen's smiles, too, are damned nearly as expensive to record today as the Pepsodent variety. Recently PLAYBOY tried to assemble 17 of the nation's best footballers for a group shot of the All-Australian Rugby League team. We baulked when some of the chosen refused to travel a couple of miles to pose for a photograph for less than $200 a head or, as an alternative, an all-expenses paid weekend on the Gold Coast. Said one of the players: "I know my life at the top will be limited. I am in the game for the money and I intend to get everything I can while I can. Nobody wants to know you when you are a has-been."

The megastars of the entertainment world tend to live lives of fantasy, and Australian promoters are no longer startled by the demands of show biz kings and queens and their courtiers.

Unhappy with the off-stage perks for his first gig in Perth on his last Australian circuit, Alice Cooper laid it on the line – he and his band and crew travelled first class for the rest of the tour or he would be on the next plane home. The promoter got the message. By the time the troupe reached Melbourne, arrangements had been made with three of Australia's top restaurants to wine and dine Cooper and his entourage. Maxims did the catering after the first Melbourne concert, the Little Reata after the second and the Flower Drum on the final night. By the tour's end, the promoter ruefully calculated that, at $1000 a night, food and wine had run neck-and-neck with the internal transport costs.

Hovering all the while on the fringes of perkdom is Treasurer Howard and his posse of tax investigators, but thus far his sniping has been woefully off target. At one end of the spectrum he has locked horns with the most powerful force in the land, the trade union movement, over subsidised housing in remote areas, and at the other end he has to match wits with the shrewd heads whose business it is to advise companies where and how they can operate legally in the field of employee benefits.

Certainly no established companies want to break any law. Their objective is to reward a man for effort. And if one man is largely responsible for the company adding another million dollars to the profits, then the company believes he is entitled to his perks.

Illustration by John Youssi

It only hurts when you DON'T laugh

there are tears, too, in the knockabout world of the stand-up comic

THE female impersonator had just flounced off the Sydney club stage after getting a rippling raspberry from the well-lubricated and extremely noisy audience. On came the next act – a visiting Negro

article By Darril Farrar

vocalist by the name of Lovelace Watkins. And he wasn't doing much better until the club's secretary-manager stormed on to the stage and grabbed the microphone.

"Listen, you mugs," he bellowed over the din. "We're paying this bloke plenty. And if yez don't behave yerselves, I'll get rid of the spook and bring back the poof."

That tragi-comic story sums up the club entertainment business in Australia today. It's a tough way to make a buck. To survive, an entertainer has to have a hide like a mallee bull. Audiences are not as appreciative as their mothers and fathers used to be, probably because they don't have to pay as much and they tend to take everything for granted. In Sydney, centre of the club scene, all the great old clubs – the Latin Quarter, Andre's, Chequers, the Silver Spade – have gone. Now it's South Sydney Leagues or Revesby Workers. "I went to one

Slim de Grey . . . on deaf ears

club the other day," a comedian told me, "where it's so tough the drink waiters wear crash helmets." He was only half joking.

But you can't knock the clubs. In NSW alone there are 1600 of them, ranging from multi-million-dollar poker machine palaces to outback buildings with a bar and two toilets. They have been the salvation of Australia's entertainment industry, providing work and allowing people, for literally the price of a few beers, to see some of the world's top acts.

But how many of you, out there beyond the footlights, really know the trials a comic goes through to deliver the goods?

The triumphs and tragedies of the business make uproarious gags, although at the time they happen the gags are often more akin to groans . . .

One comedian we spoke to remembers the night he was working his guts out at a leagues club when an official wandered on to the stage to interrupt him. "Ladeez and gennelmun," the club man intoned as if about to announce the Second Coming. "If anyone finds a thong, right foot, blue, would they kindly return it to the secretary's office . . ."

That's a tough enough act to follow, but how about this . . . Sydney comedian Jack O'Leary was performing at a NSW South Coast club, doing fine, with the audience on his side, when on to the stage stepped a member of the audience with a face as long as a pikestaff. Taking the microphone from the protesting Jack, he announced: "Brothers, I regret to inform yez that our President, Brother Jack, who yez all know 'as been crook for some time, 'as just passed away. Would yez all kindly stand for a minute's silence."

It was a far different audience that Jack played to after that agonising 60 seconds. No matter how hard he tried, what gags he pulled, he couldn't get them back. Finally, in desperation, he blurted out: "I dunno where Brother Jack is, but I wish right now I was there with him."

Even your fellow performers can leave you at a loss, as Jack discovered at a black-tie presentation of the Australian Film Industry Awards.

It was announced just before his appearance that drinks would be available in the foyer immediately after his act. They might just as well have announced a gold strike, for Jack's fellow professionals promptly started talking among themselves and leaving in droves.

But Jack handled them with dignity and professionalism. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said quietly, "it's obvious that by remaining here I'm wasting your time and mine. Thank you and good night."

Later, discussing the incident, Jack said – to use the comedians' expression for performance failure – he had "died in the arse". There were many per-

Joe Martin . . . lost for words

formers in that audience who "died in the arse" with him.

Slim de Grey, another top comedian, remembers the time his act suddenly took a dive – but he couldn't blame the audience. At the time he was doing a gig at a deaf and dumb institute. "I know it sounds ridiculous, but it was working quite well," Slim

Jan Adele . . . a quick tongue

said. "I told the gags fairly slowly and this bloke beside me translated them to the audience with sign language. The first seven of the eight I'd lined up went off uproariously.

"Well, no, that's not strictly correct. You could see them laughing, but there was no sound. Anyway, I saved the best for last and I thought, 'this'll kill 'em!' I told the joke, and the whole lot of them sat there without a smile."

Puzzled, Slim later approached his helper and asked him why the joke had fallen flat. "Well, Slim," the man said, "I thought it was a bit too blue for them, so I waved it down a bit."

Slim began his career in anything but comic circumstances. It was with an army concert party during World War Two that he first became interested in life on the boards – which he soon swapped for the hard, cold concrete floor of Singapore's Changi prison. During the three and a half years he was a guest of the Japanese, Slim learnt his trade well. Appropriately, one of his most vivid reminiscences is of another performer whose performance "died in the dark", in a Sydney RSL club some years ago.

"They'd asked this bloke to read the oath," Slim said, "and he was in a real state. He didn't know it off by heart and he'd written it down on a bit of paper. There he was, pacing up and down, muttering to himself as he went through his lines." Then the club president announced the oath.

"Suddenly, all the lights went out," Slim said. "That poor bastard nearly fainted. But at least he gave it a fly . . . 'They may not grow old like those of us who are left are getting old . . .' he stammered, before I snatched the microphone and delivered the oath.

"Outside the curtain they were all nearly exploding. Of course they couldn't laugh during the reading, but as soon as it was over I jumped out and gave them the fastest and shortest one-liner I knew. Strike me, they nearly pissed themselves."

Some of the best one-liners are delivered off-stage . . . Slim remembers one instance with a long-time buddy, musician and actor, Jack Allan, now a man of moderate tastes but in earlier years reputedly endowed with a formidable thirst.

After one hard night Slim came across the jittery Jack sitting on a stool on the set of the TV series *Skippy,* waiting for the filming of an episode in which both Jack and Slim were to play parts.

"In front of Jack was this hessian bag, almost at his feet," Slim recalled. "Suddenly it moved. Poor bloody Jack went white, thinking he was in the horrors. 'Slim, Slim, did you see that bag move?' he asked me. 'It's OK, Jack, that's only Skippy,' I told him. 'They keep him in there until they're ready to shoot.' 'Jesus, Slim,' Jack came back, 'if that's the dressing room they give the

Frank Cleary . . . hard knocks

bloody star, what the hell have they got for us?' "

On another occasion, when Jack and Slim were booked into a North Sydney club, the comedy routine got a little out of hand. Jack had just started his patter when a fellow club performer, who was brilliant but at times somewhat adrift mentally, joined them on stage.

Before the dumbfounded Jack could regain his composure the man had taken the microphone from his hand and begun addressing the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I want to take this opportunity to thank Jack Allan for giving me up to the cops. They came and got me, all right. Thank you, Jack Allan. Thank you from the bottom of my heart." Then he informed the audience that he would entertain them with his impressions of Al Jolson, and had in fact managed to smear his face with boot polish before the club manager and some heavies speared him through the door.

Shaken, Jack faced an audience simmering with suspicion and highly unreceptive. He fumbled his way through his act, but was far from sorry when it was over and he and Slim were walking towards the car park.

What they didn't know was that while Jack was completing his act, local residents had rung the police to inform them that a man with a black face was in a tree outside the club performing in a most peculiar fashion. Just as they were nearing their car, Slim suddenly said to Jack, "For God's sake, don't look up." Naturally, Jack looked up and there, above them in the branches, was the would-be Jolson.

Just then the police car screeched to a halt beside them.

"Thank you very much, Jack Allan," his antagonist said again. "The police have lobbed and they've got me again. Thank you, Jack, from the bottom of my heart."

(The same gentleman, once confronting a magistrate on some minor charge, suddenly produced his release papers from his pocket. "I've got the papers to say I'm not mad," he said waving them at the beak, "have you?")

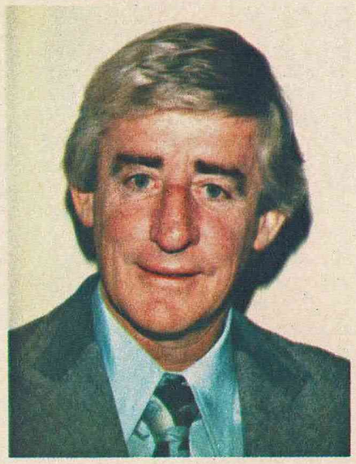
Some of the most outrageous performances come not from the stars, but the audience. Comedian Joe Martin tells a story concerning Julian George, a "very large, rotund English gentleman and the possessor of a very good voice". One night, while singing Try A Little Tenderness, Julian noticed a dear old lady sitting in the front row and her even more elderly husband sitting alongside her. So while he was singing he took their hands and joined them together, placing his hand on top. When he came to the end and sang, "so when she's weary, try a little ten-derneesss", you could have heard a pin drop. Then the old man turned around and said: "Arrr, piss off!"

Sometimes the show is an all-in affair . . . Joe Martin recalls going to Canberra one weekend to do a gig.

Bobby Limb and wife Dawn Lake

After his act he introduced the next one, a girl, though he had no idea of who she was or what she did.

"She looked very dramatic", Joe recalls, "all done up in this flowing black cape. Then all of a sudden she swept it aside and held it above her head. And, strike a light, underneath she was stark, bollicky naked. Then she said: 'Okay, who's first?' I was nearly trampled to death. Anyhow, I went up to the club's secretary-manager and



Jack O'Leary . . . "died" on stage

said: 'Look, I don't want you to think I'm a prude or anything, but what happens if the coppers find out?'

" 'Who d'you reckon,' he replied, 'were those three blokes sitting in the front row?' "

Even the people who hire the performers are capable of a good line; for instance, Dennis Wong, owner of the former Sydney nightclub, Chequers. Joe Martin remembers the first time Dennis heard the popular quartet The Delltones. "Ah, very good," the entrepreneur remarked. "I take two."

Performers certainly go through a lot on stage, and they sometimes get the distinct feeling of being at the wrong place at the wrong time, as Bobby Limb will tell you.

Some years back, while playing with the Bob Gibson Big Band, he received an urgent phone call at his house in South Australia. "Get back here as fast as you can," Gibson said. "We've got a performance at the town hall."

His plane delayed by bad weather, the agitated Bobby ran into the downstairs dressing room of the Melbourne Town Hall, did a quick-change act, grabbed his saxophone, hurtled up the stairs and on to centre stage, where he was confronted by an equally astounded Bernard Heinze in the middle of conducting the Victorian Symphony Orchestra. The town hall in question, they'd forgotten to tell him, was in St Kilda. Bobby and his wife,

comedienne Dawn Lake, get a great laugh over the legendary choreographer, Sheila Cruze. On the opening night of Les Girls at Sydney's Kings Cross, Sheila slipped outside the club, broke her leg and was bundled off to St Vincent's Hospital. She was wheeled into casualty and placed next to a man slumped forward in his seat, moaning and wheezing in an alarming manner.

"What's the matter with you, luv?" asked the irrepressible Sheila. Then she noticed the knife projecting from his back. "Whatever you do," she said, trying to be calm, "don't lean back!"

Certainly some performers take their lives in their hands. Some still remember one night at the Tivoli, for years Sydney's main venue for vaudeville and live entertainment.

One of the acts was a magician who emerged suddenly and dramatically from a cloud of colored smoke produced by igniting gunpowder in flashpots sunk into the stage. One night a well-meaning and newly-hired stage assistant took it upon himself to fill the pots, not knowing it had already been done. In other words, the flashpots were doubly charged.

The moment came. The magician stationed himself behind the curtain. The switch was thrown, and – whoosh! – up went a sheet of flame and a small orange, atomic-shaped cloud, accompanied by a deafening report. Then through the smoke staggered the magician, his hair and eyebrows gone, his face blackened, covered in ash. But he was nothing if not a pro. "Good evening," he said, dusting off what was left of his smouldering dinner suit, "ladies and gentlemen . . ."

Talking of pros, how about Norman Erskine? No man, no entertainer, has a name as synonymous with Australia and showbusiness as "Erko". He is, whether singing or telling gags, the complete showman and one of the most popular entertainers around the traps. Born in Balmain in 1931, raised in Newtown, Erko fought – literally, on occasions – his way to the top. He's been around the world seven times, killing them in the great entertainment centres everywhere.

But in spite of his overseas successes, Erko's heart is at home. "If you're not living in Sydney," he says, "you're camping out."

One of Erko's mates says the same thing, only he takes a lot longer. A university professor, also a friend of Norman, heard the mate's distressing stutter one day and asked him if he'd ever been to the School for Stuttering. "No, mate," came the reply. "I taught my fah, fah, fah, fah, self." Later it seems he did take some tuition, for he astounded Erko by walking up to him one day and saying, without a moment's hesitation: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Mate," said Erko, "that's amazing, absolutely ay-bloody-mazing."

"I know," replied the mate. "The only ter, ter, ter, ter-rouble is that it doesn't come up too often in fah, fah, fah, fah conversation!"

There are times when a member of the audience, instead of the performer, gets the hard knocks. Frank Cleary, entertainments manager of Sydney's palatial Eastern Suburbs Leagues Club, remembers his early days performing on dirt floors of marquees in country towns. One act was Marvo the hustling hypnotist.

"Once he got some poor unsuspecting bugger up from the audience and told him he was going to hypnotize him," said Frank. " 'Oh, no you don't, not me', said the bloke, backing away. 'Abra-cadabra, you will go to sleep', said Marvo, advancing remorselessly on the retreating farmhand. What the yokel didn't know was that a circus hand was standing outside the marquee with a piece of four-by-two, and as soon as the victim's head produced a bump in the tarpaulin – whap!"

Slowly the farmhand sank to his knees while Marvo continued to intone: "Abra-cadabra, you will go to sleep." Whap! Down he sank to all fours and it took only a good shove from an unseen foot to starfish him on the deck. Marvo turned graciously to acknowledge the applause.

Another comedian from way back is Lucky Grills, who made his debut in 1944 in a radio show called *The Australian Comedy Hour*. Then came the '50s, and acts in the flourishing nightclubs, before he went to entertain the troops in Korea. After that it was back to Australia and around it with a travelling group called Sorlie's Revue. Then TV came in and Lucky Grills went out, along with a host of others.

But, typically, Lucky bounced back. The Gold Coast, a stint in Vietnam, and now the club circuit. For him, and for his audiences, it's been a lot of laughs. Like the time he was appearing at a hotel in Adelaide, where the management advertised Lucky Grills on the menu as the "special". Three old ladies ordered him!

If there's laughter in Paradise these days, in that great club in the sky, you can bet your bottom dollar it's caused by the late Freddie Bamburger. One of his standard opening lines was. "Okay, how many of you here tonight are from (naming the suburb in which the club was located)." Naturally, a great shout would issue from nearly everybody. "Right," Freddie, would come back, "*you* can all get rooted for a start."

Freddie Bamburger could also tell stories against himself. Like the time he was particularly flush, strolling through Kings Cross, at peace with the world, puffing an expensive cigar. He was hailed by a garbo. Majestically, Freddie looked him up and down before asking: "Do I know you?"

"You ought to," replied the garbo-by-day, club-secretary-manager-by-night, "I paid you last night."

When Freddie Bamburger got his last curtain call in 1975, 200 entertainers gave him a final round of applause. For two hours the gags flew back and forth, because that's how Freddie would have wanted it. And when the hearse and the coffin bearing the inscription "To the King of the Comics" finally left for the cemetery, it went on its own.

"I don't need you lot on that one," Freddie had told his friends shortly before his death. "I can make that scene on my own."

One who laughed and cried at that funeral was Jan Adele, the talented actress, singer and comedienne. Like Freddie, Jan has never been lost for a word. Take, for instance, the time she was singing – or *trying* to sing – a soft, sentimental number in Sydney's old Motor Club. Finally, Jan could stand one woman's prattling no longer.

"Okay, boys," she told the band, "hold it". And with that she directed the lighting technician to hit the woman in the audience with a dazzling spotlight. Silenced and embarrassed, the woman sat squirming while the audience tittered. But Jan wasn't finished. "Come on, darls," she said sympathetically, "don't be shy. Give us a smile and show us your tooth."

On another occasion, playing the same club, Jan told the audience: "Look, if any of you know my family, do me a favor. Don't tell them I'm singing here – they think I'm on the game." At this point the show's drummer, Bill Fleming, burst into laughter. "I don't know what the hell *you're* laughing at, Bill," said Jan. "I've never charged you anything."

Jan certainly knows what it takes to be a good comic. She told me: "There's a vast difference between saying something funny and being funny. Good comics, great comics, are a dying race. Visual comics, like Chaplin, Benny Hill; there aren't many of them around. We've had some – Roy Rene, George Wallace, Buster Fiddess – they stood out like a country dunny. Sean Kramer does it today. He's one of the few around who can still do a good prat fall. Slim de Grey, he's marvellous. Multi-talented. Writes his own lines, writes some wonderful music. He's got that vanishing all-round ability of the song-and-dance man."

"Darling, this *is* the bridal suite."

Home Body

when the cold southern winds blow, lovely lynne looks for a roaring open fire and a down-to-earth man

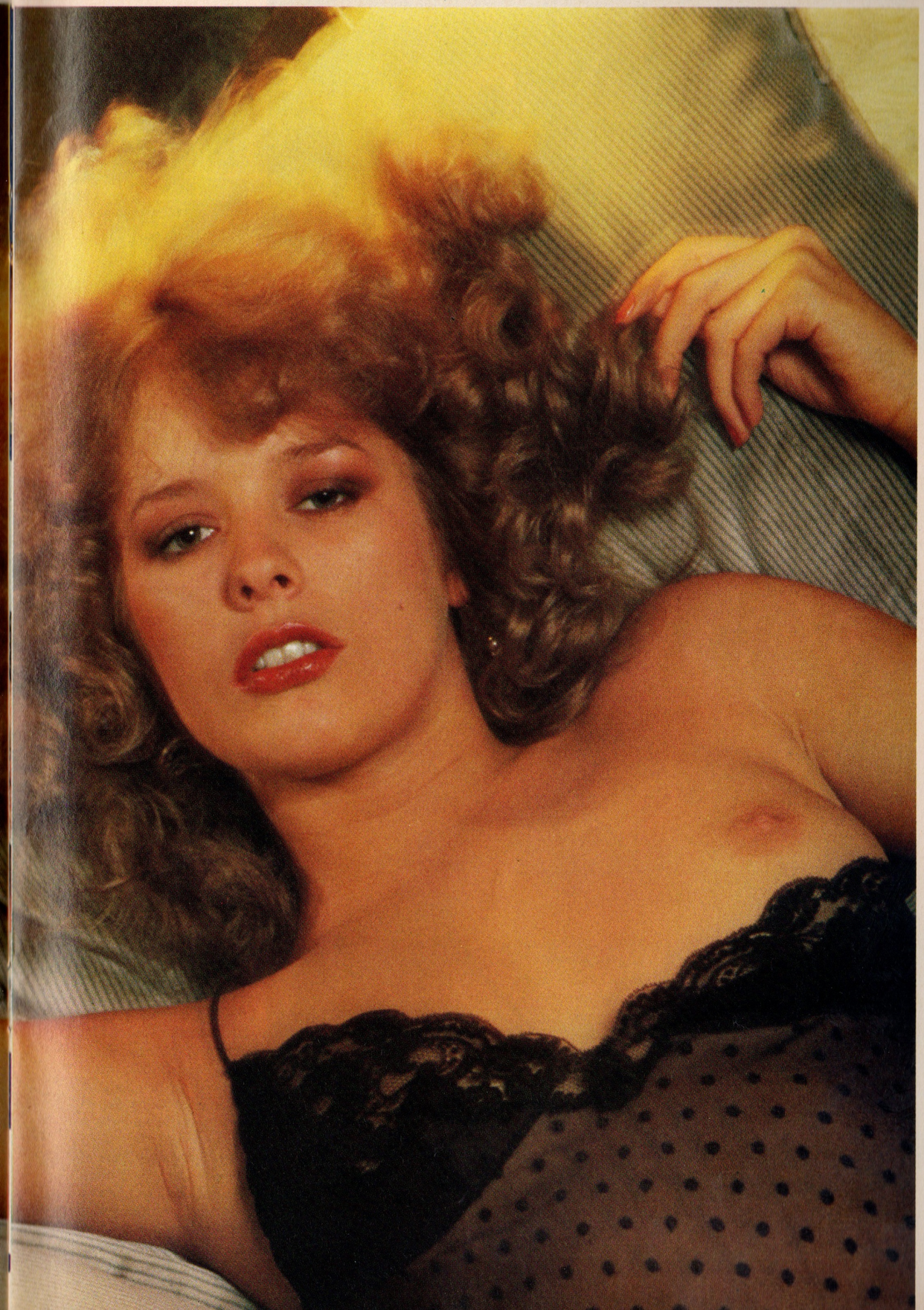
HER friends call her Laidback Lynne – happiest of all on a cold night with a roaring log fire, her guitar, some good wine and a down-to-earth man. Not for Lynne Larner the bright lights and crazy convoluted conversations of a city disco. At 19, the beautiful blonde from Adelaide figures she's been there, done that. Real pleasure, she says, is the kind you make at home. Gentle music, gentle

PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLIN STEAD AND DOMINIQUE LONGHEON

"I am attracted to men who are honest and sincere. Men who can communicate and who have interesting and creative careers."

"Soft, smokey colors appeal to me — like early morning mist rising from the valleys to reveal the greens and browns of early spring."

loving. Just right for a chilly winter evening. Lynne, now a successful photographic model, started her working life at the other end of the camera — processing film in a laboratory darkroom. But beauty like hers was not to be wasted. Photographer friends insisted she come out into the sunlight and share the wealth, which she did, pausing only to pick up her pay and throw away her dustcoat before taking off to see the world. She travelled alone through Asia and the US on her own kind of Grand Tour. Just a girl with a backpack and guitar, and she liked what she saw. "Travelling made me realise there's so much to see and do in this world," she



"I've been to Asia and the US, but I would love to work in Paris. Travelling makes you realise how big the world really is."

says. "You haven't got time to fool around in deadend jobs. I decided I was going to make it as a model and earn enough money to try everything this world has to offer."

Lynne signed with an Adelaide model agency after her trip, and the work offers came thick and fast. A tireless worker by day, at night she found time to work on her music, practising guitar and writing the songs that suit her personality. "Nothing heavy," she says, "just simple, laidback melodies your friends can enjoy." Lynne has also started singing again, a talent that won her a spot on the *New Faces* TV program when she was 12. "I passed the audition in Adelaide but chickened out in front of the cameras," she explains. "I just wasn't ready for that sort of exposure." *New Faces'* loss is our gain, but seven years have altered more than Lynne's confidence.

These days the leggy blonde likes nothing better than to put on her briefest shorts and pedal around Adelaide's parks on a recently acquired bicycle. "I love cycling," she says, "but there's more to it than just fun. My body is a business asset and I've got to work to keep it in shape. Cycling up a hill is great for legs and thighs." Keeping in shape doesn't end there, either. She fasts regularly "to clean out the system" and, in spite of an unrivalled passion for spaghetti, watches what she eats. What with modelling, cycling, music and a very strictly

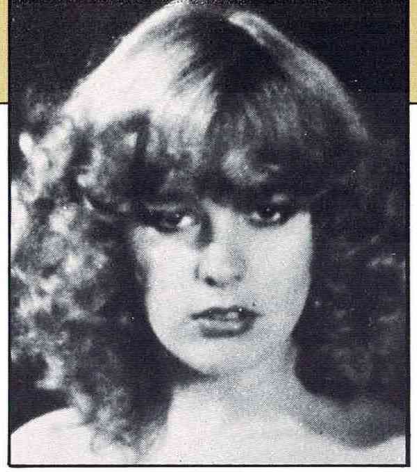
"Sometimes I like to spend a day by the ocean. There I have the time and the peace to think and the sun, sand and surf to enjoy."

enforced diet, Lynne has little time for a regular man in her life but, she says, she is a romantic who needs to be loved. "I love attention, and I love being with tender guys. But the guys I date have to be natural, and they have to understand that there's a time and place for everything. I'm a very private person – a bit shy, I guess – but I have a lot to give the right guy."

Mr Right hasn't happened along yet, but candle-lit dinners and fireside singalongs are shared with "well-mannered, tasteful and handsome men – men who know how to treat a lady". And when the lady in question is a treat like Lynne, what man wouldn't be on his best behavior?

"I like to wear the sort of clothes that let me feel absolutely free. My favorite material is silk – I just can't resist the soft, slinky touch of silk next to my skin."

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lynette Lauer



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lynette Gail Lainer

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 8½ SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 6/10/58 BIRTHPLACE: Adelaide Australia

TURN-ONS: To Be successful at my career
The Sea, fresh cut lawn, Sunset

TURN-OFFS: Plastic People, Dishonesty, People who talk behind your back

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Sting, Rich man Poor Man
Close Encounters

FAVORITE MUSIC: George Benson, Sinatra, Michael Franks, Gladys Knight

FAVORITE FOOD: Seafood, Spaghetti, Vegetarian Food

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, Skindiving, Horse Riding
Pushbike Riding

RELAXING: Log cabin in the snow with an open fire

GOALS: To Live

Six Months and posing already

Six years, and life of the party

Sixteen, and off for adventure

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The Queenslander's mother-in-law was missing and he was trying to look suitably depressed. Then the local policeman called to tell him she had been found in a clump of mangrove, being eaten by eight crabs.

The Queenslander pondered for a moment, then said: "Okay, fair's fair. You take four, I'll take four, and we'll set her again tomorrow night."

The bird I'm going out with is a real pain," Dave complained to his mate.

"Why? She seems like a really good sort."

"Oh, it's her language. She's always using four-letter words – stop, don't, won't, can't . . ."

Daddy," said the little boy, "what does the word drag mean?"

"Never you mind, Timmy," replied the father. "Just unhook my bra."

During a lakeside picnic, a girl was horsing around on a bed of pine needles when a particularly sharp one pierced her swimsuit and embedded itself in her pubic area. She was rushed to the nearest hospital, where the casualty doctor told her: "I'm sorry, young lady, but I can't extract that needle until I've checked with the authorities."

"But why, doctor?" whimpered the girl, understandably in considerable distress.

"It's a matter of ecology," replied the medical man. "I have to file an environmental-impact statement before I can remove any sort of timber from a recreational area."

Unaware of her reputation, a new male clerk became smitten with the office nympho and sought the advice of an older female employee about an appropriate birthday present.

"I'm at a loss for ideas, Harvey," responded the disapproving woman. "What *does* one give to a girl who has everybody?"

A trio of female members of the golf club walked into their locker room and were astounded to see the bottom half of an obviously male anatomy visible under the door of one of the shower stalls.

"Well," said the first woman. "That certainly isn't *my* husband!"

"And it isn't mine, either," added number two.

"Hell," said the youngest and prettiest member of the trio, "he isn't even a member of the club."

A pretty young thing walked up to the bank teller and pushed a bulging bag of cash over the counter. "I would like to deposit this in my savings account," she said.

"Whew," said the impressed teller. "How did you manage to hoard all this money?"

"Oh," said the pretty young thing, "my sister whored half of it."

The bedroom has lost its decorum
With group sex, it's more like a forum.
It once was avowed
That three was a crowd,
But today it's not even a quorum.

While explaining the facts about the birds and the bees, teacher was interrupted by an eight-year-old girl: "If rabbits can have babies," she asked, "can I?"

"Well, not for quite a long time," replied the smiling teacher.

"There y'are," said the little urchin sitting behind the girl. "I told you there was nothing to worry about."

The embittered young thing told her flatmate that she had broken with her boyfriend over his charge that she was a lousy lay. "It's ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "After all, how bad *could* I be in just 15 seconds?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pregnancy* as a foetus accompli.

You must have heard of the new party game going the rounds at the moment. The men line up on one side of the room and the women on the other. Then everyone strips off and the two lines walk towards one another. The neatest correct entry wins.

Man No 1 in pub: "Got any dirty pictures of your wife?"

Man No 2 in pub: "No."

Man No 1 in pub: "Want some?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"How come there's no exit?"

SEX IN MELBOURNE

the first of a series in which we assess the sexual climate of our major cities

article
By RENNIE ELLIS

BLONDE Cammile, in a clinging, classical dress that does little to hide her ample curves, ushers you into a Roman room with a large, tiled sunken pool, its gently rippling surface bathed in seductive light. Relaxing music caresses your eardrums. Off the pool room a mattress reposes in a low red glow. You undress and take a shower.

She slips out of her dress, out of her panties and eases you into the pool where she joins you, her voluminous breasts floating on the water like deliciously fleshy water wings. Her legs brush against yours. Her everything brushes against yours, as the underwater jet sets your bodies drifting to and fro in the warm water. She smiles, asks you about yourself, flatters you convincingly and explains that she's come over from Adelaide to be in the business for six months. You see, there's this unit she wants . . .

Andrea dries you off, tells you to lie face down on the mattress and suggests a perfumed oil massage of the back, and a light powder massage of the front. It's not a football trainee's pummel but it does loosen up some of those tight spots and set a few others a-tingling. Kneeling between your thighs, leaning across you, breasts brushing your chest, massaging your nipples . . . orally, knowingly. "Are you enjoying your massage?" she whispers in your ear. "Is there anything else I can do for you . . . ?"

•

There is little that erotic Melbourne of 1979 cannot do for the sexual adventurer. The queen city of the south has indeed thrown off its Presbyterian garb — revealing the flimsy lace come-on of its bawdy past.

But this time the city has developed its own peculiarly local expression of the sexual revolution. With atavistic determination it has recreated the brothels of the last half of the 19th century, under the guise of massage parlors which specialise in the stimulation of one particular muscle.

The above scenarios were played out in The Daily Planet, which advertises itself as a businessmen's club. Located in Horne street, Elsternwick, about eight kilometres from the city proper, it presents a two storey facade incorporating design elements of mock Tudor and pop art which offer no clue to

Illustration by Paul Winter

what to expect inside. In a small, low-lit reception area, an attractive and beautifully groomed woman, who could have come from the reception desk at BHP, welcomes you warmly and explains that business is brisk and there is a 40-minute wait for a girl. If you're a member, and you can join the other 1100 for an annual subscription of $50, she'll suggest that perhaps you'd like to take a swim in the pool or retire upstairs to the billiard room. If it's Friday between one and 10 pm and you're hungry, you can indulge in a poolside barbecued steak for $5.

The Daily Planet is a friendly place. Unlike many parlors, where clients wait in stony silence and the girls are not given to general bonhomie, there's an easy-going club atmosphere. Plush carpets, air conditioning, indoor plants, video games and TV are all conducive to a comfortable sojourn.

Prices are reasonable, with a half-hour topless massage only $20. For $30 you have 45 minutes in which you can slip into a heated Roman pool with a naked hostess, then have her massage you. For $50 you get two lovelies in the pool with you and a twin massage. There are also huge bubble baths set up on podiums and the large and luxurious Grecian room, a perfect setting to indulge your fantasies.

An awful lot of money has been spent on making The Daily Planet a most pleasant refuge where a man can step out of the world of mortgages, families and business problems and enter that of the pampered, pleasured male of movies and make-believe.

Make-believe is the rule of the game where massage parlors are concerned. Their thinly-disguised purpose is described thus by one parlor operator: "The way the game's played here it's like blind man's bluff. Everyone knows about it, but admit that parlors have anything to do with paid sex and you're in trouble."

The facts of the parlor game go something like this: according to police figures there were only 12 massage parlors in Melbourne in 1972. By 1975 the number had grown to 116 and, in 1977, it peaked at 191. Today government bodies put the figure at 160, though some private estimates would double that.

Suddenly, here is the city that gave us the Melbourne Cup and the Grand Final allowing the cream of its manly barrackers to be ensnared in the dark passages of the professional seductress. The expression of virility is no longer confined to the outer stand at the MCG, but is squirted away in dimly lit rooms, aided and abetted by piped music and baby oil.

No one seems to know why prostitution in the form of massage parlors has become a peculiarly Melbourne institution. While other State capitals do have parlors, there is nothing like the multi-million dollar industry it has become in Melbourne. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that Melbourne, fresh from a prim and outwardly proper past, still seeks to disguise its bawdy background as a gold-rush boom town, while taking maximum advantage of the supply and demand equation. Certainly, before the city eventually succumbed to the backlash of wowser power, it was no angel. *The Argus* reported in 1859:

"Melbourne swarms with prostitutes. Morning, noon and night they are seen exhibiting themselves at their doors and windows, and with all the effrontery of harlotry. In the streets they may be seen at all times, frequently without their bonnets, walking arm and arm and three abreast. Around hotels they congregate every evening; they rendezvous at the Theatre Royal bars for special practice at their seductive art."

For at least the next 30 years, gentlemen and larrikins alike demonstrated a rampant libido that could be absorbed only by a proliferation of professional services. The blocks around Exhibition street (then Stephen street), Lonsdale street and Little Bourke street were infested with brothels and outraged clergymen railed against "scenes of moral delinquency and degradation more horrible than seen in the lowest parts of London".

There were fashionable and famous brothels, too, such as those kept by Madam Brussels, Scotch Maude and Mother Fraser, which were favorite haunts of clubmen and MPs. There were telephone connections between the Houses of Parliament and the houses of prostitution, and it was said a secret underground passage from one brothel enabled members to return in time to vote during divisions.

(When the Speaker's mace mysteriously disappeared in 1891, it became scandalous knowledge that it had been spirited away to Madam Brussels', where it was jokingly looked upon as the ultimate phallic object – the perfect symbol for the bawdy house when you considered its clientele.)

Even today, the law is quite inadequate to come to grips with prostitution. Both the police and council officers have found that the problems in obtaining entry to premises, collecting evidence or proving prostitution is taking place have been fraught with so many difficulties that it's hardly worth the effort.

The police have no special powers of entry to a massage parlor and, if invited to leave, are obliged to do so. Undercover policemen posing as parlor clients can be embarrassingly compromised in their efforts to obtain evidence and, with few exceptions, prefer to turn a blind eye. In 1977 Melbourne's Vice Squad made only 790 arrests for offences connected with prostitution while in Sydney, where corruption is commonplace and a different system operates, their counterparts made 7500 arrests.

It's confidently rumored that some Melbourne policemen have more than an official interest in massage parlors, though there is no evidence to suggest pay-offs by owners to police in return for non-harassment, as is commonly alleged in Sydney.

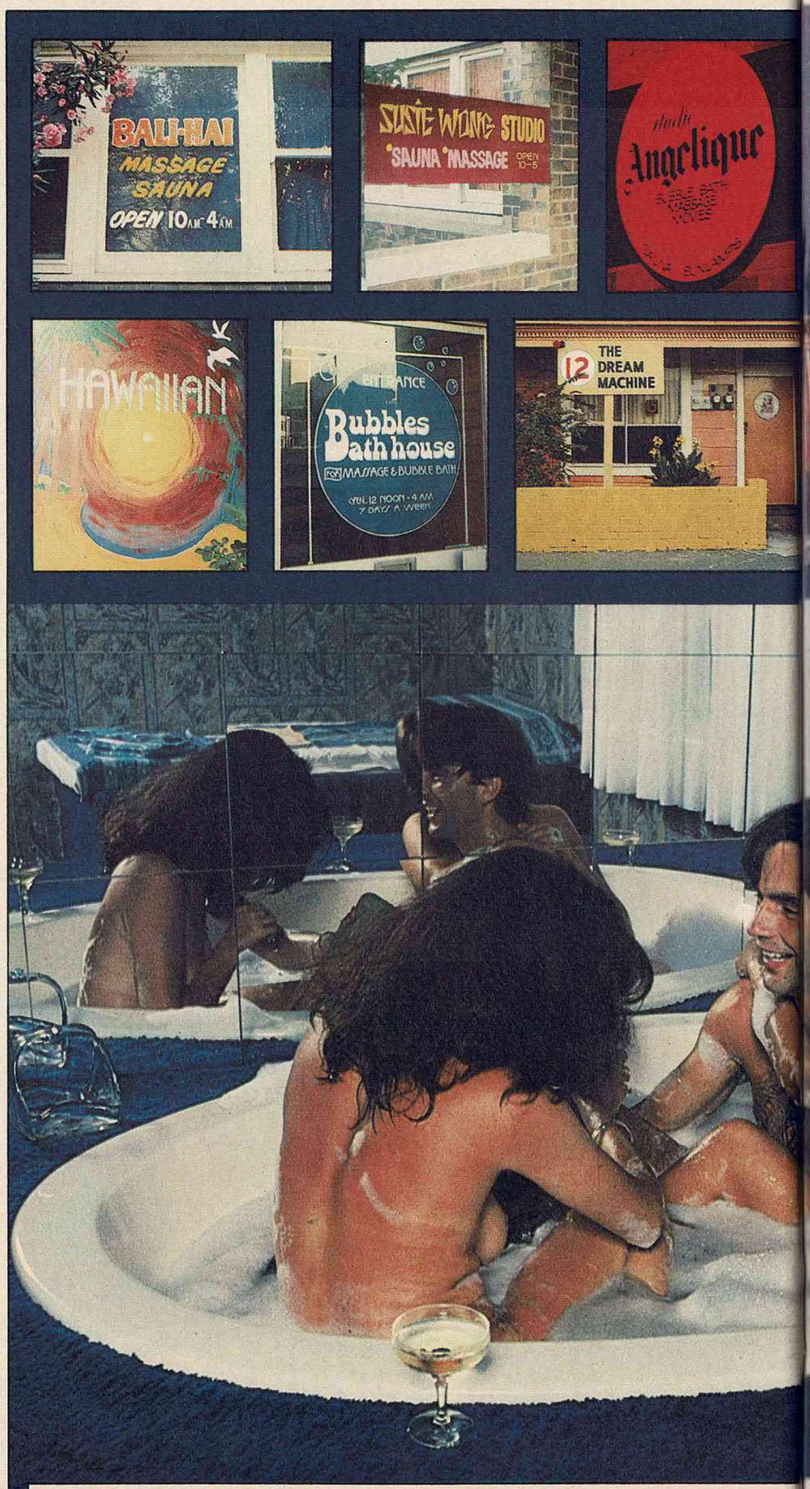
The owner of one of Melbourne's best equipped parlors says: "We have no problems with the police. The Vice Squad are beaut to us because they know this place is clean, well run and there's never any trouble."

Although the proliferation of massage parlors once led Melbourne's former Vice Squad leader, the outspoken Chief Inspector Fred Silvester, to say the city was becoming the vice capital of the world, the criminal element in parlor control is minimal – despite some newspaper reports.

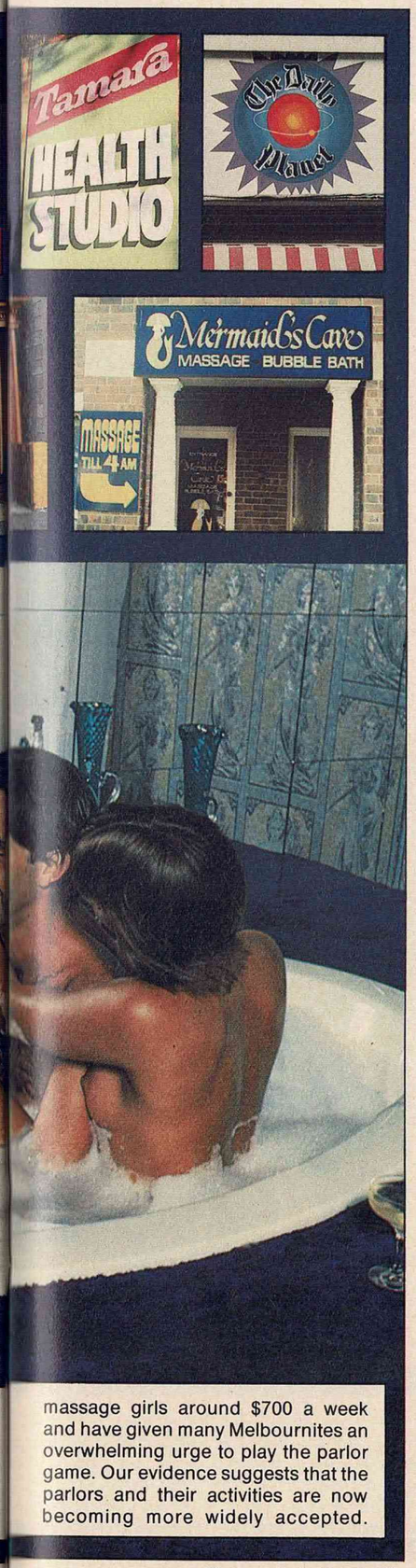
The government is now considering new ways of handling prostitution. As an interim measure it has proposed that maximum fines for "streetwalking" be increased from $50 to $250 for a first offence and up to $1000 for a third or subsequent offence. The same increases are recommended for "gutter crawlers", the streetwalkers' clients. Amendments to general town planning provisions will also hit at massage parlors in residential areas and increase fines to relate more closely to their huge earnings.

Meanwhile, the small ads continue to extol the virtues of massage parlors with such tantalising names as Magic Fingers, Cloud 9, Nature's Delights, The Dream Machine and Puss 'N Boots. The ads include provocative pictures and such promises as "private pampering and no rush", "soothing massage in a jungle setting" or "an exciting interlude in a cosy hideaway". Movies, bubble baths, strict mistresses, saunas, strip tease, male to male and twin body rubs are all available. Bankcard and American Express credit facilities are offered in some of the massage parlors.

Prices for both good and bad places tend to be on a par, which suggests that anyone who goes to a second-rate parlor is a fool. All parlors operate on the same principle. You pay about $20-$25 for a topless massage, more for such extras as suspender belt, nude, oriental or butterfly massage etc, striptease, waterbeds or bubble bath shared with the girl of your choice. For



Come-hither signs (top) give a hint of what is inside – at a price. With $50 in your pocket, and a desire to relax a little, you can look forward to being pampered in the Daily Planet's bubble bath (don't forget to bring your own bottle of bubbly, though – it isn't licensed). The $50 cuts out with the twin massage. What you want after a warm, frothy bath with a couple of lovelies comes under the heading of "extras". It is these extras that earn massage girls around $700 a week and have given many Melbournites an overwhelming urge to play the parlor game. Our evidence suggests that the parlors and their activities are now becoming more widely accepted.



Photography by Rennie Ellis

these services the girl collects a commission ranging from about a third to considerably less. Once you're in the massage room, and sufficiently aroused by the nimble and knowing fingers, you are offered the extra extras, generally known in the trade as hand relief, oral and sex. It's at this stage that an additional price is negotiated and the liaison becomes illegal. The parlor owner supposedly has no idea of the extracurricular activities of his faithful workers. What you pay for any of *these* services, and it could range from $15 up to $50 and sometimes more, goes straight into the girl's handbag, and contributes by far the major portion of her earnings. The girls usually provide their clients with french letters and insist on their use even for a blow job. The police say VD is not spread by massage parlors.

(According to Health Department figures, Victoria has the lowest per capita incidence of reported syphilis and gonorrhoea of all States except Tasmania.)

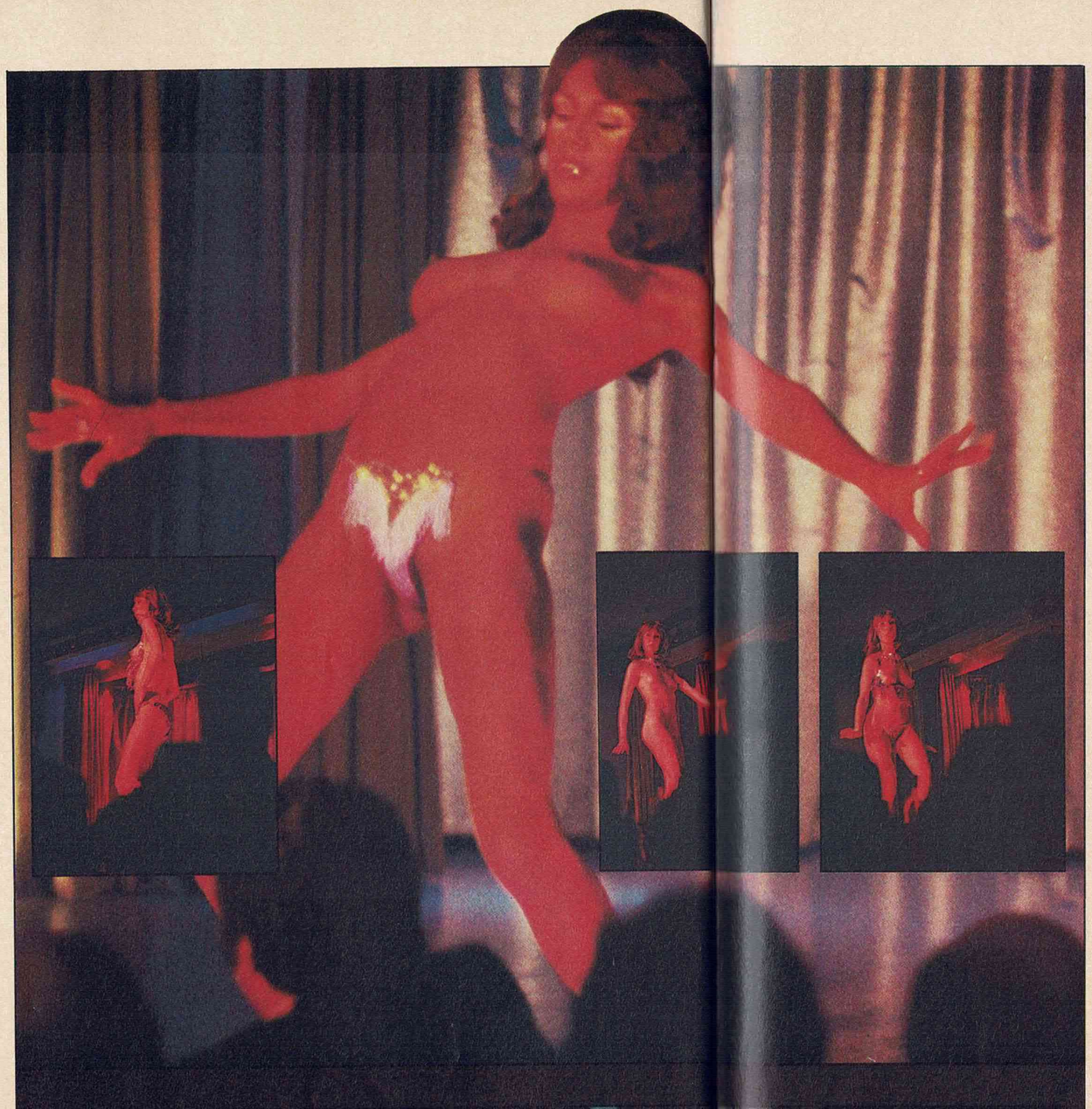
What sort of girls work in massage parlors? According to one parlor owner, ex-typists, ex-waitresses, ex-university students, ex all kinds of things. He told me: "I had one girl who was a qualified chemist, another had been a school teacher, there were several nurses and a public relations consultant. But when it's all said and done there are not too many jobs that require no special training and offer $600-$700 a week. It's a big temptation if you're into money and don't have too many scruples about sex."

There are about 2000 parlor girls in Melbourne. Some take it up as a quick way to get that overseas trip, Alfa Romeo or deposit on a house. Others are supporting heroin habits. Five to 10 percent are heavily involved in hard drugs, according to Senior Sergeant Stone of the Vice Squad. Some just live high, while others consider prostitution a skill they're proud of.

Some parlors, like Magic Fingers in West Melbourne, never close. Most keep long hours and work their girls on roster systems.

Melbourne's biggest collection of parlors is found in St Kilda road. The old Victorian and Edwardian houses that once lined this elegant boulevard to the city are slowly giving way to modern office buildings and underground car parks. Today it's the most fashionable address for an ad agency or massage parlor – both dream machines of the consumer society.

At number 474 St Kilda road, Eton Square is a not particularly attractive courtyard surrounded by small gardens and a complex of two-storey flats. Twenty-two massage parlors occupy the flats, along with a dentist and a



TOP: Getting it off in the red velvet interior of the Ritz, where the "My Bare Lady" show offers the boys a night on the town, ogling bared bottoms and bouncing breasts . . . ABOVE: The disco action provides more sophisticated fun. Seen from left — a patron shows her own decorations in the exotically decorated gay disco Chaps; Chasers draws a slick, younger crowd who boogie on its *Saturday Night Fever* dance floor; at Maxim's Restaurant, a customer lets it all hang out; and at Silvers, the action is chic to chic.

French restaurant. The parlors are open during the day, but it is not until dark, when their come-hither colored signs light up, that the area takes on a tinsel town quality. At Tamara's the atmosphere is cosy, the decor homely and a topless massage $15. For twice that you can have an oriental massage, which in parlor parlance often means the girl massages you with her breasts.

Mermaid's Cave is much bigger, more expensive-looking, with regency wallpaper, paintings of nudes, and a spacious TV lounge and waiting room. The receptionist, who doesn't do massages, is slim, pretty, and wears an elegant see-through dress. Upstairs there are bubble bath rooms with large step-up circular baths. The massage rooms include a double mattress as well as the standard massage table. Twenty-five dollars wins you a nude massage, $45 a one hour nude massage and bubble bath.

Some parlors have developed interesting idiosyncrasies – at Belinda's Terrace, a long established and popular parlor on the other side of the Yarra River, there are separate entrances and waiting rooms for old Australians and new Australians. A number of parlors consider working class migrants to be troublesome, especially when it comes to price hassles. "For the basic price a lot of 'em expect to get the whole box and dice," complains one tired girl, unaware of her pun. "A lot of us won't touch them!"

Fantasy in West Melbourne has pretty lousy facilities, but you can sit on a bench before your massage and watch a dirty movie and a striptease at no extra cost.

Melbourne's best massage parlors, in terms of having well-operated facilities and interesting girls, include the Toorak Spa, Man International, The Gentle Touch, Reflections and The Daily Planet – possibly the best of them all.

"I'm a businessman," says John, the Planet's proprietor, "and I run this business as efficiently as I'd run any other business. It's just that the product is a bit different."

He's a friendly, amusing bloke in his mid 30s, and gives you the facts in a no-bullshit, enthusiastic conversation. "I could write a book as thick as *Exodus* about the clients and another one about the girls," he says.

"The oldest bloke to come in here? Amazing! He was 78, a World War One digger. It was his birthday, and all his mates at the home where he lives had shouted him to the parlor. We nearly fell over when he walked in. 'No worries,' he said, 'I can still fire'. And he could.

"But on the other side, in this business, you start to realise how many really deviant and sexually ill people there are in Melbourne. We have to turn some of them away, because there are certain standards here I want to maintain. We have a lot of clients from the medical and legal professions and, if you let the standards drop, you soon lose them."

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In the past two or three years Melbourne's homosexual scene has grown extraordinarily, and there is now a wide choice of quite sophisticated and specialised venues catering exclusively to the gay community.

Homosexual relationships are still illegal in Victoria, but the Vice Squad rarely goes out of its way to make gay life difficult. There are only about 80 convictions against gays each year.

The Southern Cross Motor Club is one of three "motor clubs" that meet weekly at certain hotel bars in the city and South Melbourne and cater for the pseudo macho posturings of the "leather boys". Another bar caters for "chicken queens", older men on the lookout for young teenage boys, while two more bars in the financial district are, on certain nights, the exclusive preserve of gay women. The Key Club in Fitzroy regularly accommodates 200 to 300 gays, and is open for lunch on weekends.

Gay discos come and go, but the stayers include the exotically decorated Chaps, open Monday nights at the Chevron Hotel. At the Union Hotel in Carlton you can dine with soft lights and music at Mrs A's, the city's longest surviving gay disco. Good music and closed circuit color video draw big crowds. One of the most recently opened discos is St Kilda's Le Mans, complete with cabaret and 3am licence. The University Club, in the city, operates under Melbourne's oldest liquor licence and draws a mixed crowd on most nights.

One of the most enduring and best known discos is Pokeys, run by the indestructible Jan Hillier at the Prince of Wales Hotel on Saturday nights. The evening features a well-produced and extravagantly-costumed floor show, and regularly draws a crowd of more than 600.

Nude beaches at Pt Impossible and Somers draw gay men, while certain saunas in Melbourne have a predominantly gay clientele. The Continental Baths in the city operates 24 hours, and includes a lounge for dancing. Spa Guy in Abbotsford has a club atmosphere, an open fire in winter and a garden courtyard for summer sunning.

Last year the Caulfield Sauna was awarded a five star rating by *Spartacus International Gay Guide*. Its attractions include an elegant Grecian-styled pool surrounded by columns, a steam

"I think I preferred you as a frog."

room, spa, sauna, TV lounge and weekend feature films.

Apart from the bars, discos and saunas, there are more than 30 support services and organisations which include a Gayline telephone advice and referral service, two churches, a radio program on 3CR, a medico-legal group, a teachers and students group, a public service group and a gay trade unionists' committee to examine areas of discrimination in employment. A special club called Gamma helps gays involved in heterosexual marriages.

Campaign, the gay newspaper now in its third year, has built a Melbourne circulation of more than 4000. Ivan Polson, its articulate Melbourne editor, says local advertising revenue is increasing as more businesses and services recognise the expanding gay market. As he so nicely puts it: "The limp wrist has suddenly become a fistful of dollars."

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At its best, striptease in Melbourne is very horny, very professional and very revealing. You'll find top international performers at the Ritz Hotel in St Kilda, where striptease impresario Art Luden rules the roost.

At the other end of the spectrum are the worst, or the best, depending on your point of view, of the bucks' nights and footy club turns, where it's not unknown for girls to strap on dildos and perform unlovely lesbian acts, get into physical contact with lusting drunks or be raffled off for a backstage quickie with a half-forward flanker.

Between these extremes are the massage parlor strips and the acts performed between films at the Swanston street soft porn movie houses, which range from the perfunctory jerks of disinterested automatons to spirited bump and grind numbers by experts.

The well appointed Club Cinema offers patrons the extra bonus of friendly bare-breasted usherettes, including one who spent three years gaining her seat-finding experience as an air hostess with Ansett. She says she finds stripping more satisfying.

Twenty-one-year-old Angie, another of the stripper/usherettes at the Club Cinema, says audiences are uptight. "They try to hide their lust and appear conservative, which somehow encourages strippers to work hotter in Melbourne. A lot of the girls are into spreading their legs and letting everything hang out, which is what Melbourne audiences really want."

There are also some talented strippers who are hired out by agencies to do cabaret numbers at nightclubs or get their gear off at the more controlled club evenings. One of the more innovative of these girls does an intriguing number in which she strips, leaving only her face covered by a stark white mask and theatrical red wig. At the last moment she flicks off the mask and wig to expose a face as becoming as her stunning body. This new twist on the full reveal wins immediate audience approval.

All Melbourne's strippers get down to the altogether. But for some, the g-string snaps off just before the final bow, and there's little time for roving eyes to explore what Sir Les Patterson (alias Barry Humphries) so succinctly refers to as the map of Tasmania. Other ladies offer a gynaecologist's eye view of their innermost secrets.

The Giant Bardot, certainly one of Melbourne's best known performers, spends a fortune on extravagant costumes, ranging from luxurious crinolines to sequinned Liza Minnelli top-hat-and-tails cabaret outfits. But once they're off she gets right down to the nitty gritty, massaging her resurrected breasts with oil until they gleam like bowling balls. Lying down on her back, she arches her very open thighs towards the audience and, with great dexterity, alternately covers and uncovers her gaping labia with a pink ostrich feather.

The Ritz has become something of a Melbourne institution, and Art Luden's "My Bare Lady" show even more so. Art reckons it's the longest-running performance of its kind in the world. His own background is varied, ranging from world tours as a teenage acrobatic dancer with the legendary Harry Lauder to producing tent shows featuring such luminaries as Roy Rene and Bob Dyer.

Lady Medina has headlined several of the shows at the Ritz. This slim, supple Jamaican is one of the most spell-binding turn-ons ever let loose on the males of Melbourne. With practised flair she changes the focus of attention from her heaving brown breasts down to her manicured pudenda. She drops to her haunches at the edge of the stage and, in time to a background of orchestrated orgasmic groans, simulates masturbation. If she snapped her knees shut she would almost decapitate the gentlemen straining forward in the ringside seats.

Melbourne also offers a lunchtime tits and bum show — $5 including food — at the Crest Cabaret, next to banks and office buildings in Swanston street, the city's busiest thoroughfare. You might walk past without noticing if it wasn't for the low-key intonings of a recorded come-on. "We're open now, friends. Follow the wise ones up the

THE ESCORT AGENCY GIRLS

THERE are 112 escort agencies in Melbourne. Most provide call girl services, using about 300 regular or part-time prostitutes.

They advertise in *This Week in Melbourne,* a publication available at all hotels. Clients pay a booking fee of up to $40, plus $15 an hour for the lady's company over dinner and drinks, then a fee to take her to bed. Top escorts earn from $150 to $200 a night. Some will undertake hour-long motel arrangements for from $50 to $100.

Melbourne also offers all kinds of home visiting services which, if honesty prevailed, should be listed in the phone book under dial-a-lay. But some girls have class . . .

Chrissy is 28, English, most attractive and speaks three languages. She lives in a very comfortable, interestingly decorated flat where she listens to Brahms and reads J. P. Donleavy. She likes to go to the theatre and ballet and occasionally buys paintings. Each week she advertises that she's a lady looking for a generous man who likes wining and dancing.

"In this profession I'm not out to get any sexual gratification myself," she insists. "I'm out to satisfy my client, which doesn't mean I just lie on my back. I know how to use my muscles and my personality. I tell my clients to relax and enjoy themselves. I believe there's a need for what I'm doing. It's a kind of therapy. I like people, and I have a certain kind of pride in my job.

"I see my clients as types. The Physical Type wants to tell me what to do. The Soul Type just lets it happen and he can be good fun. Sometimes with him I do it without a french letter. Then there's the misogynist. There are a lot around, and it's the fault of the wives. And there's the Nice Ocker. He eats roasts, drinks stubbies and thinks eating Chinese food with chopsticks is an exotic night out.

"Melbourne men are different from Europeans. If the local thinks you're good, he wants to put his cobber on to you. And he often is not keen to try anal intercourse."

Chrissy works only two or three nights a week, and averages about $150 a client. "Who wants to screw themselves silly earning $1000 a week?" she says.

stairs. Live performers on stage, fully licensed, waitress service." The voice, backed by the strains of stripper music, is vaguely familiar. Is it? Could it be? It certainly sounds like Art Luden.

And yes, once the eyeballs adjust to the low lights up the stairs, there cruising with his eyes on all is the familiar stocky figure with the pencil thin, sandy moustache and the diamond ring. The room has a bar, is split level, boasts erotic wallpaper and chairs and tables for diners. As Australian cabaret rooms go, it's not bad.

Although the audience is predominantly male, there's a liberal sprinkling of typists, shop assistants and secretaries obviously enjoying an out-of-the-ordinary lunch hour with fellow workers. They create a happy atmosphere with their jibes and friendly rubbishing of one another. In the spotlight a chubby, spunky little lady dressed in nothing but a cheeky smile is playing it really close to the diners. She obviously enjoys her work. The music finishes, she collects her clothes, and wanders naked through the appreciative audience to the sanctuary of her dressing room.

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There *is* swinging in Melbourne. According to one participant it goes on "every night of the week in hundreds and maybe thousands of Melbourne's homes". It is more prevalent in the middle-class 30 to 40 age group, and partner swapping is far more common than big gropes. Orgies somehow don't suit the Melbourne temperament.

According to sex therapist Dr Francis Macnab, the swinging kick peaked five or six years ago when, he says, business and professional people were getting into it. He feels the practice is now less common.

One ex-swinging husband and wife told him they found a lot of Melbourne swingers were jealous and possessive people who had no real concept of open marriage and its freedoms. "The swinging we found in Melbourne," they said, "was not really our cup of tea."

Melbourne is the headquarters of the Australian Swingers Club, which advertises "a new world of mutual experience" and "the most exciting adventures of your life". The way to achieve this is to subscribe to the club's bi-monthly magazine, the publishing of which seems to be its only function. The magazine features advertisements under such headings as Guys and Gals, Guy and Guys, Gals and Gals, Threesomes, Swingers and Discipline.

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The Melbourne singles scene takes in three main types of venues – bars, rock pubs and discos. Although there are three interesting wine bars, liquor laws have stopped a local wine bar system developing as in Sydney. Instead, those on the make congregate in the decorated lounge bars of pubs.

The Piano Bar at the mock-Victorian Old Melbourne Inn exudes a low red glow and a predatory atmosphere. By 11pm it's packed with a conservatively dressed crowd. If you take a lady friend it's not a good idea to leave her for more than two minutes. Perched at the piano bar are regulars Val and Liz. They're well-travelled divorcees, and readily admit they wouldn't knock back an invitation from the right bloke, but he couldn't be a used car salesman – "to them we say bullshit all the way to the lift, we've heard it all before". Val and Liz are not as trim, taut and terrific as they used to be, but they dress with style and give off an aura of experience.

The Cocktail Bar at the Commodore Chateau in Lonsdale street is probably built on the site of a 19th century brothel. Here the women are dressy and sophisticated looking, the men well-groomed, with Dennis Lillee moustaches, and the action low key, but none the less determined.

The Southern Cross and Hilton hotels have their own style of cosmopolitan lounge lizard, whose darting eyes are quick to appreciate the not infrequent arrivals of glamorous ladies. It helps if you've got a well-lined pocket and a smooth opening gambit.

Out of the downtown area some of the most interesting hotels for striking up a casual conversation are the Argo Inn, Hatters Castle, South Yarra Arms and Her Majesty's, all in South Yarra, and the Town Hall and the Golden Gate in South Melbourne. The colorful Albion Hotel in Lygon street, Carlton, is a hangout of Carlton radicals, eccentrics, poets, playwrights, dope fiends and political extremists. Saturday afternoons or evenings between six and 10 is when the action happens.

The biggest rock and roll venue in Melbourne, and probably Australia, is the Bombay Rock, an old Greek nightclub in Brunswick that has a 3am licence and the top bands in the country playing on two levels. Dancing is in and, if you can make yourself heard, so is talking to spunky young chicks who like to move it all around. A similar but less imposing venue is Banannas by the beach in St Kilda.

For more live rock and roll and the type of ladies who follow the bands it's hard to go wrong at the Station Hotel in Prahran, Martinis in Carlton, and, in Richmond, the Kingston and the Tiger Room at the Royal Oak Hotel.

The disco beat is big in Melbourne and a lot of pubs and clubs run their own dance rooms. But if you want to be extravagant, you go to The Underground, Ashley's, Silvers, Chasers or The Love Machine. You have until 3am at all of them.

Trendies with money, the social set and visiting superstars choose The Underground or Silvers, whereas Ashley's attracts the funky in-crowd, whose tastes run to good rock music and extreme dressing.

It's not always easy to get into The Underground. Certain types can and certain types can't – the decision is an arbitrary one at the door.

Once you're inside – through magnificent antique stained glass doors – you're encased in a towering old bluestone structure with two levels, walkways and a mind-boggling decor that must have been pilfered from sources as diverse as Greek temples, old trains, 19th century mansions and '50s milk bars.

The ladies are a mixture of elegance and exaggeration that runs the gamut from Yves St Laurent to Fiorucci. The guys are more predictable, with chests bared through body shirts and the ubiquitous pendant on a chain. Wine is free, other drinks cheap, but you pay an extra dollar an hour when you leave, which hurts if you exit alone and not at all if you've found company.

Silvers in Toorak was the first licensed disco in Australia. Whereas The Underground decor smacks you in the eye, Silvers caresses the cornea as you peer through the gloom of soft lights to the all-white interior. "We figured the best entertainment was people getting off on each other," says manager Ted O'Dea. And they do. Silvers still remembers about cheek-to-cheek dancing, and ladies in tight satin pants still know how to drop a silver fox fur casually off their shoulders and occasionally give you a sneak preview of their nipples.

Ashley's, on the other hand, is more hip. Pulsating lights, audio-visual shows and huge video screens featuring international bands. Also live music. There's a high energy level, high people, music freaks and dazzling, inventive ladies who are not averse to a bit of breast baring.

And finally Chasers, which attracts a slick, younger crowd on its *Saturday Night Fever* dance floor and flash disco dollies in lurex and hot pink lycra tights. There are production numbers by their own dance team, lots of ambient narcissism and often more females then males.

Several singles clubs also operate once-a-week disco bars. They advertise under names like the Sophisticates Club and the Optimists Club.

It's hard not to find what you're looking for. To miss out in Melbourne you'd have to be a bit of a mug.

YO~HO~YOGHURT

it mightn't be the elixir of eternal youth, but there's magic in the tangy taste

IT'S called yoghurt, or yogurt, or laban, or mast, or dahi or yaourti – and it's made from the milk of cows, goats, mares, water buffaloes, sheep and yaks. For thousands of years this tart, custardy concoction, said to have originated in Turkey, has been eaten and drunk by believers in the hope, and often expectation, of enhanced vitality, sensuality, allure and improved sexual performance. Today, it has lost its mystique and taken a healthy place in the gastronomic mainstream. The commercial preparation and selling of yoghurt has become big business in Australia, where we eat about 22 million kg of that tangy stuff each year. And that includes natural, low-fat and about eight fruit flavors. There is also quite a market for do-it-yourself home yoghurt kits, and you can buy recipe books devoted to this natural food. Take-away shops in most cities do a roaring lunch-time trade in fruit salad with plain yoghurt, frozen

yoghurt in cones, yoghurt with dates and honey and many other sweet and savory variations.

Yoghurt customs differ from country to country. In Spain, it's often taken as a dessert, invariably flanked by a bowl of brown sugar or a pot of honey. The Dutch spread it on rusks, the Indians enjoy it as a beverage and as a major cooking ingredient, and Turkish children have it after school, smeared on a slab of garlic-rubbed bread. The Greeks spoon it over vegetables, rice, fish and meat – using it at most meals – and Lebanese street vendors mix it with mint and black olives and roll it in a pancake.

In Australia, a culinary melting pot, you can have it all these ways and more. We eat it as a snack, stir it into soup, mix it with fresh or stewed fruit and slurp it over our morning corn flakes, drop it into stews and casseroles, mix it with dill and crisp bacon bits to make potato salad, eat it in curries and mixed with cucumber and mint as a sambal. It has as many uses as a cook has imagination.

Considering that it's one of man's oldest foods, dating back to the early Neolithic era, yoghurt is a new chum in Western circles. The news was first spread by Russian Nobel laureate Ilya Metchnikoff around the beginning of this century.

He related the staying power of Bulgarian centenarians to the friendly organisms in yoghurt. Although the professor gobbled yoghurt with abandon, he died at the age of 71. And cynical scientists attributed the lifespan of spry Bulgarians to a raffish way with birth and death records. But the health food label persisted – it still does, to some extent – and "natural" cosmetics and skin preparations featuring yoghurt and honey were popular for a while.

For some people, yoghurt is a total involvement. They roll their own, experimenting with combinations of skim milk, low-fat milk, adding extra milk solids or varying the time of incubation.

That might be taking it a bit too far, but the best yoghurt is definitely made at home. The bacterial cultures that turn milk into yoghurt are somewhat unpredictable, but you can experiment with the process, using ordinary commercial, unflavored yoghurt as the culture or "starter".

Pour 1 litre (2 pints) of milk into a heavy, medium-sized casserole pot with a tightly fitting lid. Heat the milk slowly until it reaches 82°C (180°F) on a frying thermometer, stirring constantly to stop a "skin" forming. Remove from heat and, stirring now and then, let the milk cool to 43°C (110°F). When it does, stir in three tablespoons of commercial yoghurt, put on the lid, and wrap the top and sides of the pot with towels to keep it warm. Stand in a warm, draught-free spot undisturbed for about six hours. Remove the towels. By this stage the yoghurt should be set and fairly firm (If not, start again or buy your yoghurt!). Transfer the pot to the fridge without shaking it, and chill for about four hours. Then the yoghurt is ready to use.

Admittedly, yoghurt is nourishing, but the best reason to eat it is that it tastes good! So try these recipes.

CRUDITES WITH JADE DIP

½ cup plain yoghurt
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons each: finely chopped chives, parsley, dill
⅛ teaspoon lemon pepper seasoning
Dash garlic powder
Salt to taste
Fresh vegetables: cauliflower, broccoli, small green beans, snow peas, young asparagus, zucchini, carrots, celery, cucumber, radishes, cherry tomatoes, capsicum

Combine yoghurt, mayonnaise and seasonings. Chill. You can use as many of the fresh vegetables as you like – the more the better. Cauliflower, broccoli, beans, snow peas and asparagus benefit from a quick blanching. Trim cauliflower and broccoli and break into flowerets. Use tips only of asparagus. Snap ends off beans and snow peas, but leave whole. Bring a large pot of water to the boil. Add vegetables and return water to the boil. Drain vegetables immediately and plunge into cold water. Drain and dry gently but thoroughly with paper towels. Chill. Other vegetables should be washed and peeled, scraped, trimmed or cut as necessary. When ready to serve, spoon dip into a bowl and surround with an attractive arrangement of vegetables. The dip also makes a delicious sauce for cold poached fish or to dress up leftover chicken.

EMERALD SOUP

¾ cup non-fat yoghurt seasoned with salt and pepper to taste
2 cups fresh or frozen peas
¾ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
2-3 sprigs fresh mint
2 cups chicken stock
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon cornflour
2 rashers bacon, chopped and fried, for garnish

Place peas, water, salt and mint in a saucepan and cook with lid on until tender. Put this mixture in a blender and purée. Place purée and chicken stock back in the saucepan and bring to boil. Remove from heat. Combine the egg yolk, cornflour and yoghurt, add a little of the hot soup mixture, then stir it carefully into the soup. Adjust seasonings. Heat soup to just below boiling point and serve garnished with bacon. Serves four.

WALDORF CHICKEN SALAD

500g plain yoghurt
1.5kg (2½lb) chicken, steamed and allowed to cool
1 cup chopped celery
3 small red apples, cored, roughly chopped with skin on
1 green capsicum cut into strips
1 medium onion cut into fine rings
¼ cup Italian dressing (home-made or bought)
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black or white pepper

Remove skin and bones from chicken and cut meat into 3cm (1½in) cubes. Add celery, apple, capsicum and onion. Cover and chill well. Just before serving, mix yoghurt with Italian dressing, salt and pepper, and fold through chicken mixture. Garnish with parsley and serve.

VEAL AND WATER CHESTNUTS

½ cup plain yoghurt (at room temperature)
500g veal scallops
Flour seasoned with salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg
3 tablespoons butter
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 large garlic clove, minced
½ cup sliced canned water chestnuts
2 teaspoons paprika
¼ cup medium-dry sherry

Pound veal scallops until very thin. Dredge in seasoned flour. Heat butter in a large frying pan over medium heat. Sauté veal on both sides until golden brown (three to five minutes each side). Remove from pan and keep warm. Add onion and garlic to pan and cook until softened. Add sliced water chestnuts, paprika and sherry. Simmer until sherry is almost evaporated. Gently stir in yoghurt and bring just to simmer. Return veal to pan and turn in sauce to heat through. Serves 2-3 with egg noodles tossed in butter.

YOGHURT ROMANOFF

½ cup plain yoghurt
1 tablespoon dried minced onion
2 teaspoons minced fresh dill
56g (2oz) red salmon caviar
Black pepper

Combine yoghurt with onion and dill, add a couple of grindings of black pepper. Gently stir in caviar. Serve with thin slices of black bread or spoon on to baked potatoes.

"Hang on, you lot. I've lost a contact lens."

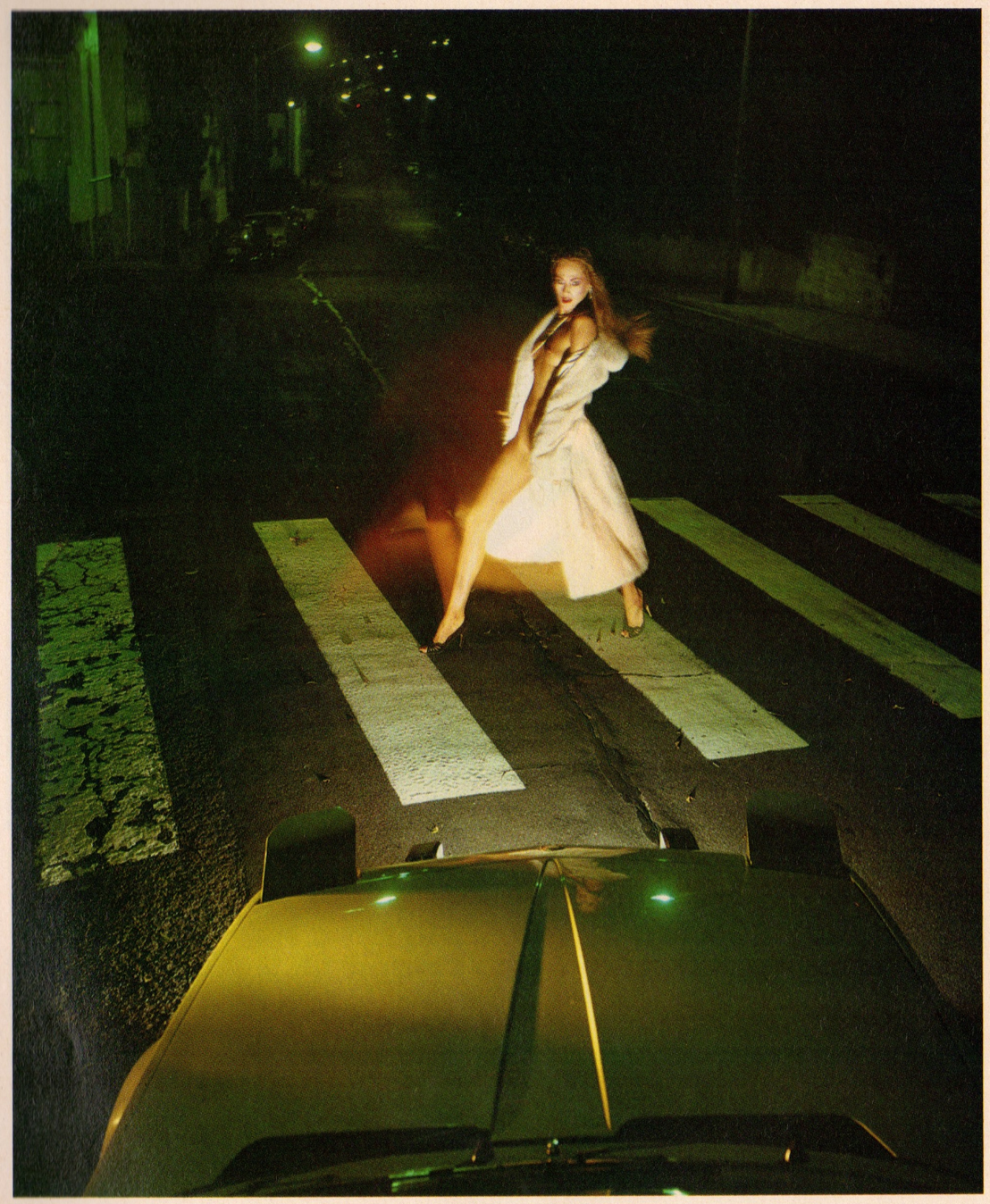
NIGHT DRIVER

what's a nice girl like you doing on a long, dark road like this?

Photography by Peter McLean

It's late on the empty road and it's raining. She floats in the rear-view mirror and she's gone. I break out in a cold sweat and the Fiat coughs.

We are both shattered, so the Fiat and I wheel into the Caltex Star for a breather. "Nice night, sir," she says, and the gauges go crazy.



And she is right. Suddenly the night is very clear. The road ahead is open, and as I slow for the crossing she floats across our bows.

I brake hard and back up the road to the beautiful lady and the Jag with the flat tyre. But the road is as empty and as mysterious as the night.

Normally I would chase that screaming fire engine with the wonderful afterthought waving on the rear platform, but I've learned my lesson.

I've been to a lot of places, seen a lot of things, and I've had my share of fair cops, but this is crazy. Tender is the night and the ticket.

THE RAINBOW PEOPLE

in the alternative society, artisan and professional form an unusual bond—part two of living in the '80s

article By PHIL JARRATT

LESS THAN an hour after the last rain, the dust is already a problem as Lindsay Moir throws the Nissan Patrol back a gear and bounces off a pothole on to the dirt track that leads up through Main Arm and into the Nullum State Forest. "Keep your mouths shut and your eyes barely open," Moir

Illustration by Alan Ewart

Photos by Peter Crawford

North Coast counter culture . . . top left: Craig McGregor and his family. Above: Gary Deutscher's Music Farm. Centre: a tranquil vision in a house at Mullumbimby.

shouts above the din, but he happily ignores his own advice, keeping up a rapid-fire commentary on the community we are approaching at a pace that would terrify a rally ace. Moir, a natural-causes speed freak in his early thirties, is a chartered accountant who operates out of Mullumbimby. By his own admission he is a "weekend hippy", and, this being Sunday morning, he is dressed in a tattered shirt and headed for the hills, his battered guitar case rattling around in the back of the 4WD.

Educated at Geelong Grammar and still a member of the Melbourne Cricket Club, Moir came north after being converted at a Down To Earth Confest near Canberra. He'd always suspected the counter culture was on to something and, coming well after the rush, he was able to pick the eyes out of an already-established society.

The politics and social structure of the Rainbow Region are neatly divided by the line of mountains and State forests which separate Nimbin and Mullumbimby. On the Nimbin side the emphasis is on community involvement in a variety of New Age projects. On the Mullum side the New Settlers resent labels, treasure their privacy and actively dissociate themselves from the "cosmic Nimbin scene". Moir, keeping all bases covered, lives on the Mullum side and travels to Nimbin to keep books for the Bush Co-Op and jam with the folkies.

In Nimbin I heard him described as a "counter-cultural poseur", while his friends at Mullum joke about Lindsay being a "hippy sympathiser". For all that he is an immensely likeable fellow, with an objectivity which enables him to view the broader issues of alternative society missed by so many whose involvement is deeper. "I'm not above using the old school tie," he says as we rattle along the track. "When I travel to Melbourne I'm a different person, but some of the things you learn living up here stick with you wherever you are."

We pull off the road and up a steep rise on to Colin Scattergood's property, strangely landmarked by rotting telephone booths. Scattergood, something of a guru in these parts, is overseas, but the people who have bought shares and built on his property are rising to a beautiful rain forest morning. We share the first of many cuppas with Werner and Tara, a couple who have built high on the ridge with a view down the valley to two geodesic domes. Werner, who works in stained glass, has filled their simple, roomy home with his art, best seen now as the morning sun filters through the windows. The Scattergood property, conceived in the late sixties as a creative commune, has developed into a Monsalvat-style colony of craftspeople, each household functioning independently and the only alliance centring around a common desire for privacy.

I am well aware of this near-obsession with privacy, having exchanged solicitors' letters with one of the households following a previous visit. But the people have mellowed, I am told, and this time we are free to take pictures and ask questions. The Scattergood community (and that's not an apt description: it's not really a community and Scattergood is not the leader) has no delusions about its place in society. Council inspectors have not only approved their dwellings, but have brought their families out to admire them. The stamp of "freak" wore off years ago, and these days the residents are left alone to pursue their crafts.

A kilometre or so up the road Moir pulls into another track and up to a funky old house owned by Gavin and Helen, two more members of the Main Arm craft mafia. This time it's jewellery, intricate and beautiful designs and some stunning opals, still to be set. While the billy boils (a fitting turn of phrase, but in fact it's a stainless steel kettle) Moir pulls out his guitar and reels off a few verses of a song written by his friend Brendan Bebop, the local musician supremo. The song is about Nimbin and, this being the Mullum side of the mountain, the words are suitably disparaging. "You're a cynical bastard," says Gavin, giving the tune the nod of approval.

But if the artists and craftspeople of Mullum and Main Arm are just a little smug about their cosmic brethren at Nimbin, they are also less than completely serious about their own aspirations towards self-sufficiency. They are pragmatic enough to be totally accepted by the townspeople, and industrious enough in short bursts to sell their wares far and wide; yet most of them just scrape by. Very few of the new settlers have made a killing out of craft, which, of course, was never their aim. But creature comforts like color television and quadraphonic sound systems are a lot more common on this side of the mountain and it's interesting to note that creative corruption is not yet rife.

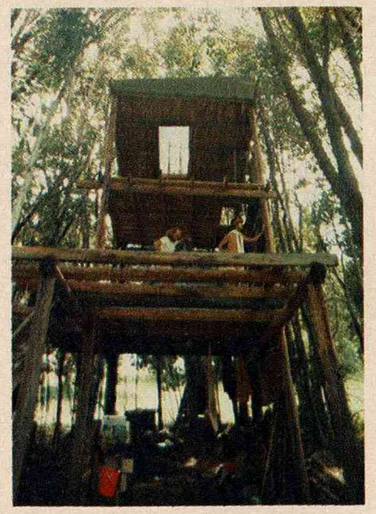
Gervase Griffith is a completely different kettle of fish, if I may be allowed a loose metaphor. (This is, after all, alternative journalism.) Griffith, 30, quit his job as a reporter on the *Daily Telegraph* in Sydney five years ago and came north with his brother, Jeremy, to make tables. Griffith Tablecraft started in a shed behind a Murwillumbah joinery with a couple of orders from friends in the city. Now the business operates from a huge factory with drive-in log pile that the brothers have built behind their renovated homestead near Condong. The tables, bedheads and desks built from kiln-dried, natural-edged flitches of rosewood sell for as much as $1000, and demand is increasing all the time.

While some of the more idealistic new settlers would no doubt be aghast at such profit from the hardwoods of one of Australia's fast-diminishing rain forests, Griffith claims his business is preserving the heritage. "The damage was done a hundred years ago when the original settlers came here and chopped down everything. We're selecting beautiful timber that was destined for house frames and preserving its beauty." But the timber is running out fast and Griffith Tablecraft will soon be forced to import from New Guinea and Samoa or close up shop. Gervase Griffith says he would rather give the whole game away than work with inferior wood.

The Griffith boys come from solid western NSW Country Party stock and they haven't got a lot of time for hippies, but in their own way they're as much a part of the new settler movement as the breadline artisans who live in the surrounding hills. They came back to the country to enjoy a simpler, albeit more profitable, existence and they see their craft as a genuine alternative to the unthinking mass production of amorphous, poor-quality furniture.

"People write to us and tell us how their tables are going," Gervase says. "I can't imagine Norman Ross or Grace Bros getting calls like that. There's a personal contact between craftsman and buyer that makes this a very rewarding way to make a quid. We don't mass produce and we don't carve up the natural art of a piece of timber. We care about the wood."

Caring for the environment is a common concern of the new settlers, and nowhere is it more evident than in the new style of architecture they have brought to the Rainbow Region. The "model slums" the cynics and conservative councillors speak of are few and far between. Most new dwellings are functional and sturdy constructions, built with one eye on the path of the sun and the other on the prevailing wind. Houses fit around trees wherever possible and interior walls and ceilings are kept to an absolute minimum. The accent is on open spaces which offer just enough shelter, without blocking out the environment. We visited some beautiful houses, ranging from $50,000 New Age homesteads to primitive banana box bungalows whose only amenities were kerosene lamps and water from the creek nearby.



Snow's retreat . . . hidden by tall gum trees, a three-storey cabin built at a total cost of $1500.

But perhaps our most interesting architectural discussion was with an award-winning architect who'd come to the conclusion that his profession, in its traditional sense, was pointless. "Architecture is a parasitic irrelevance with nothing to do with the real course of a life," he said as we sat at his rosewood table and watched the rain through giant panes of horticultural glass. He told us of his belief that functional, environmentally harmonious houses could be built from as little as $2000 and referred us to neighbors who had done just that. But, with one foot still firmly entrenched in his "parasitic irrelevance", he requested anonymity. "What I learnt as architecture in university I now see as an embellishment of pride. It should be about the building of shelter for human beings. The rest of it is tinsel."

On the architect's advice we trudged through the mud to call on Snow, a bricklayer from Sydney who had bailed out of a marriage and come to live a solitary life in the forest. Snow and his doberman met us half way up the hill and drove us across the paddocks in his battered jeep. A laconic, balding guy with one earring and several tattoos, he showed us his house with a quiet pride that said: "I did it all myself." But from where he parked the jeep, less than 20 metres from a clump of tall gums, the reason for his pride was not immediately obvious. On closer inspection we found the most remarkable construction we'd seen in all our travels. Completely hidden in the trees was a three storey cabin nearing completion, its round timber supports sunk deep into the earth between a pot-belly stove and a stack of simple tools. "I reckon it's cost me $1500," he said. "So if I decide to move on in a few years it won't really matter, will it?"

Snow's totally individual interpretation of the principles of alternate living was fascinating, but for every Snow there are a dozen people who could loosely be described as new settlers, who have no desire to fetch their own water or read by the light of a kerosene lamp. It could be argued that these people, many of them city professionals gone bush, have no place in this story. They haven't sought a separate existence and they haven't sacrificed too many comforts of city life, but the fact remains that they have been deeply influenced by the philosophies of the alternative society, and the way they have put these ideas into practice is the first real indication that the new values are affecting us all.

Bill Williams is a good example. A Melbourne-born industrial designer in his late thirties, he came to the Rainbow Region via Brisbane and Townsville, finding at each stop along the way that the life he wanted for his family had very little to do with cities, large or small. He bought land at Rosebank, half way between Mullumbimby and Lismore, and started building a split-level, open-space home perched on the side of a hill. With a little help from family and friends, and a lot of inspiration from gurus of natural housing like Frank Lloyd Wright and Alistair Knox, he has almost completed a house which reflects his current philosophical stance – more Nimbin than Toorak.

In keeping with his new environment, Williams has moved from industrial to furniture design, and he says the view from his drawing board has given his work a whole new perspective. He regards the influx of people like himself as an inevitable economic development resulting from the new settler movement. "A lot of what the counter culture is on about

isn't new – the idea of natural houses has been around since the turn of the century, for example – but they've been very influential in some areas. The thing is there are very few banks that will give you the money to build your own house, so it has to come out of your own pocket. And who has acquired enough to do that? People like myself, who have been drifting through the system for quite a while, watching developments and slowly heading towards this sort of lifestyle."

Down on the coast, in and around Byron Bay, live another group of settlers who, the purists might argue, also have no place in this story. But the surfers beat the freaks here by a good 10 years and their influence has permeated the township of Byron Bay in a highly visible way. Products of a culture inspired largely by Californian hedonism, they came north in the sixties to escape the surf boom they had helped create. They lacked the idealism of the Nimbin new settlers – all they really wanted was uncrowded waves – but their very presence in a rural community rang in the changes that the townsfolk have come, reluctantly, to accept.

At first the surfers rented shacks, then they bought land, then factories in which to build their boards. And as the population grew, clothing and health food shops sprang up to service the somewhat specialised needs of the new arrivals. Many of the surfers coupled a socialistic view of world events with a more pragmatic, capitalist approach to their own lives. They became involved with the business of the town and, by the time of the Aquarius Festival which regenerated Nimbin, they were more closely aligned with the local establishment than with the new settler movement. But there was still common ground. The two groups shared similar views on architecture, the ecology, marijuana, and the basic freedom to live the way you choose. The difference was that the surfers had integrated while the freaks were still talking about dropping out.

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Just on sunset one night I sat on a hill near Mullumbimby and watched the people of the Rainbow Region gather to hear music. They all came, freaks and straights, surfers and bikers, drinkers and dopers, transients and settlers. The music – in this instance provided by Split Enz, a strictly city band – is still the force that binds. The Nimbin folkies are into their own homegrown country music, complete with fiddles and lyrics about the people over the road. The people of Mullumbimby temper their bluegrass with sophisticated city rhythms, and down on the coast they like their music loud and heavy. But most everyone strums a guitar and when a band hits town all who can afford it come.

Split Enz, hampered by rain and rural time warp, played a mediocre set and a half-hearted encore, but it didn't really matter. The event was the thing. When the concert concluded its organiser, Gary Deutscher, stood under an enormous fig tree, sipping a glass of Jack Daniels.

The open-air concert had been the first of a series planned for this year, partly to get some boogie happening in the region, and partly to draw attention to Deutscher's Music Farm recording studio, the most ambitious by far of the new settler business projects. Gary Deutscher, 28, is the son of a wealthy Melbourne businessman. He drummed with a variety of rock groups, travelled the world, and became spellbound by the idea of running a recording studio in the country. In 1976 he purchased a farm and brought his vision to Mullumbimby. His sister, Leigh, has bought an adjoining farm and they now share 100 hectares of rolling green hills and rain forest.

Deutscher had a small studio built and started recording demonstration tapes for local bands, radio commercials and locally released records. The basic idea was to foster local talent and maybe luck in with a hit while the studio became established. But the sound quality was poor and prospects of recording major artists were nil, so late in 1977 Deutscher closed down for a rethink. He went to Europe and examined the success of the country-club, live-in studios there. He came home, knocked down the old studio, hired the best engineer he could find and set about rebuilding Music Farm.

It reopened in April this year with five-star accommodation for 12 people, all the entertainment of a dude ranch and a superbly-designed eight-track recording studio. Deutscher plans to have 24-track installed by the end of the year, putting his facilities in world class. It's a half-million dollar investment in the pulling power of the Rainbow Region, and a far cry from his original, funky vision, but Deutscher believes it will pay off.

His vision of Music Farm ultimately becoming a working-holiday home for the world's top rock stars is somewhat removed from the basic aims of the new settler movement, and yet it is an important part of the big picture. Music Farm's furniture was designed and built by Bill Williams. Weekend hippie Lindsay Moir looks after the bookwork. The work of local craftspeople is everywhere throughout the accommodation, homestead and studio. When the rock stars start to roll in they'll be fed vegetables grown on the property by tenant farmers. If Music Farm succeeds it may just prove to be the kind of economic shot in the arm the freaks are going to need.

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"The final achievement of the counter cultures will come, paradoxically, when they are no longer easily distinguishable from the culture itself, because they have transformed it, and made us all free."

The above quotation comes from an essay called "What Counter Culture?", written by Craig McGregor about four years ago. I called on McGregor at his rambling old farm at Repentance Creek, near Lismore, because, after a month on the road seeing for myself, I felt that he had hit the nail squarely on the head. I also wanted to see if the author, who moved north again 18 months ago after a long stint in the city, had taken his own words to heart. McGregor, now in his forties, got up from his desk, donned gumboots and talked as he led us around the perimeter of his property, stopping to point out the fencing he'd done himself, the flood mark above the creek from last week's rain and the change in vegetation at the edge of the rain forest. He seemed a happy man, but had the counter cultures set him free? "Well, that was a very Utopian sort of statement I made, and I don't think that's quite what has happened. But maybe now we should be talking about optional culture. People now have a much greater span of choice for their lifestyles, and that has been a step forward which has freed a lot of people. Some may have only taken one step away from complete conformity, whereas others have moved right away from materialist, capitalist society."

McGregor, for his own part, claimed allegiance with the former group. "Christ, I've been working like buggery, so in that sense I guess I'm faking it. I enjoy living up here but I'm still doing all the things I used to do." But clearly he'd been influenced by the New Settler movement.

As the morning rain cleared and we left the McGregor family to the day's work – rewiring the chicken coop – I was reminded of something Craig had written more than a decade ago. It seemed to sum up the inevitability of the bush revival we've seen in the seventies: "The bush is the most complex, the most mysterious and the most powerful of the forces which have shaped Australia . . . they (Australians) are realistic enough to recognise its harshness and unyielding primitivism, but they are as hopelessly involved in it as any nation which has had to spring from the conquest of soil."

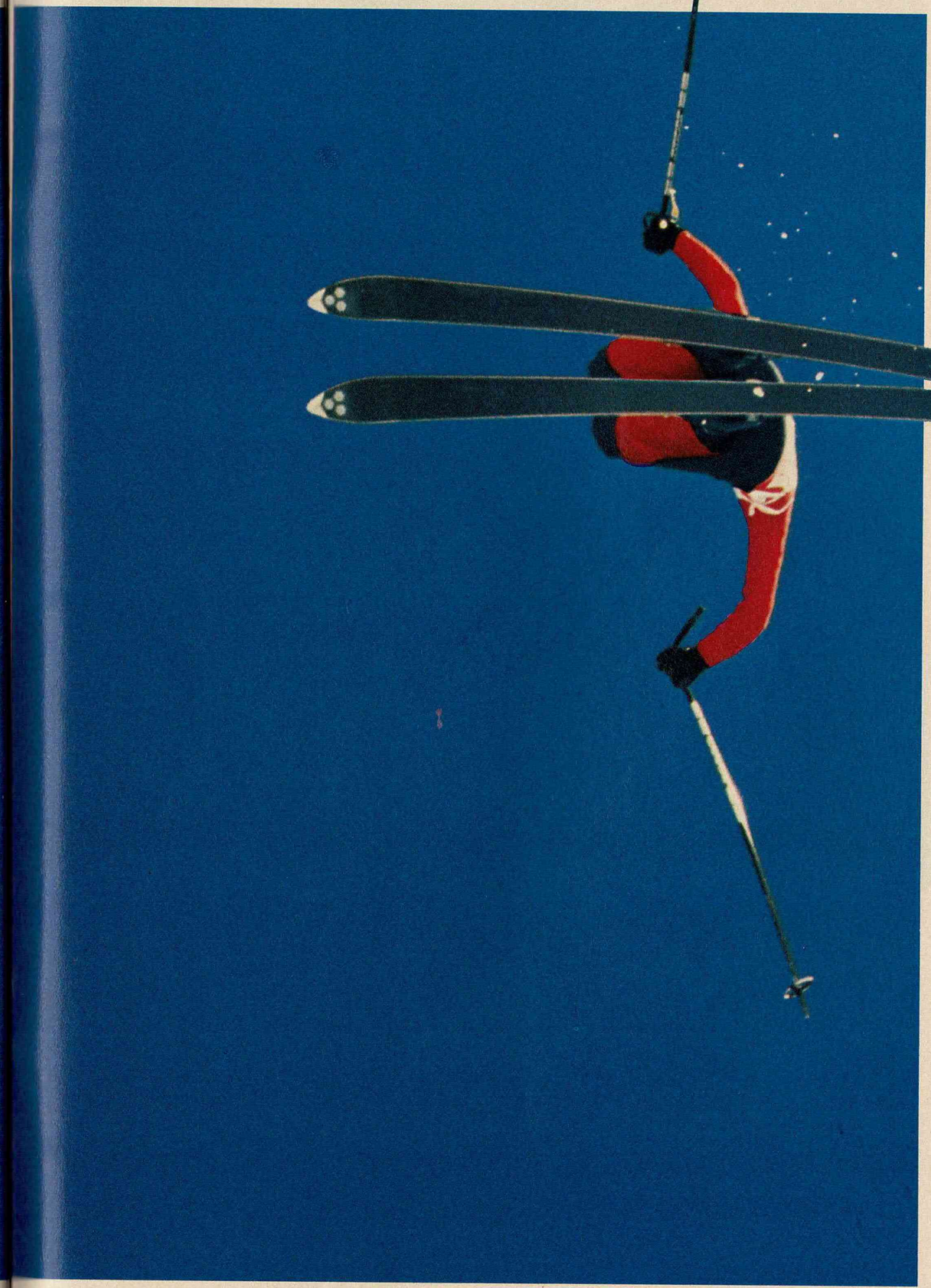
"When you come to 'kiss' – that's a euphemism."

SNOWY MOUNTAIN HIGH

if you're going to make it on the slopes this year, read this before you cry out for alp

COUNT Strzelecki, Paul Edmund to his friends, could have had no idea how broad a trail he was blazing when he conquered Mt Kosciusko in 1840. Actually, the famous Polish explorer may have climbed the wrong mountain (Mt Townsend, 18m lower than Kosciusko), but the name of a famous Polish patriot belongs to the highest peak. It's also the name that covers ski resorts with public and private accommodation for thousands of skiers during the season, which traditionally extends from the Queen's Birthday weekend in June all the way through to October. Thousands more are being catered for with extensions to many Snowy Mountain and Victorian resorts. It's not hard to understand. Skibite for many can become a chronic disease.

Photography by Maurie Wilmott, Ken Middleton and Keith Arnold

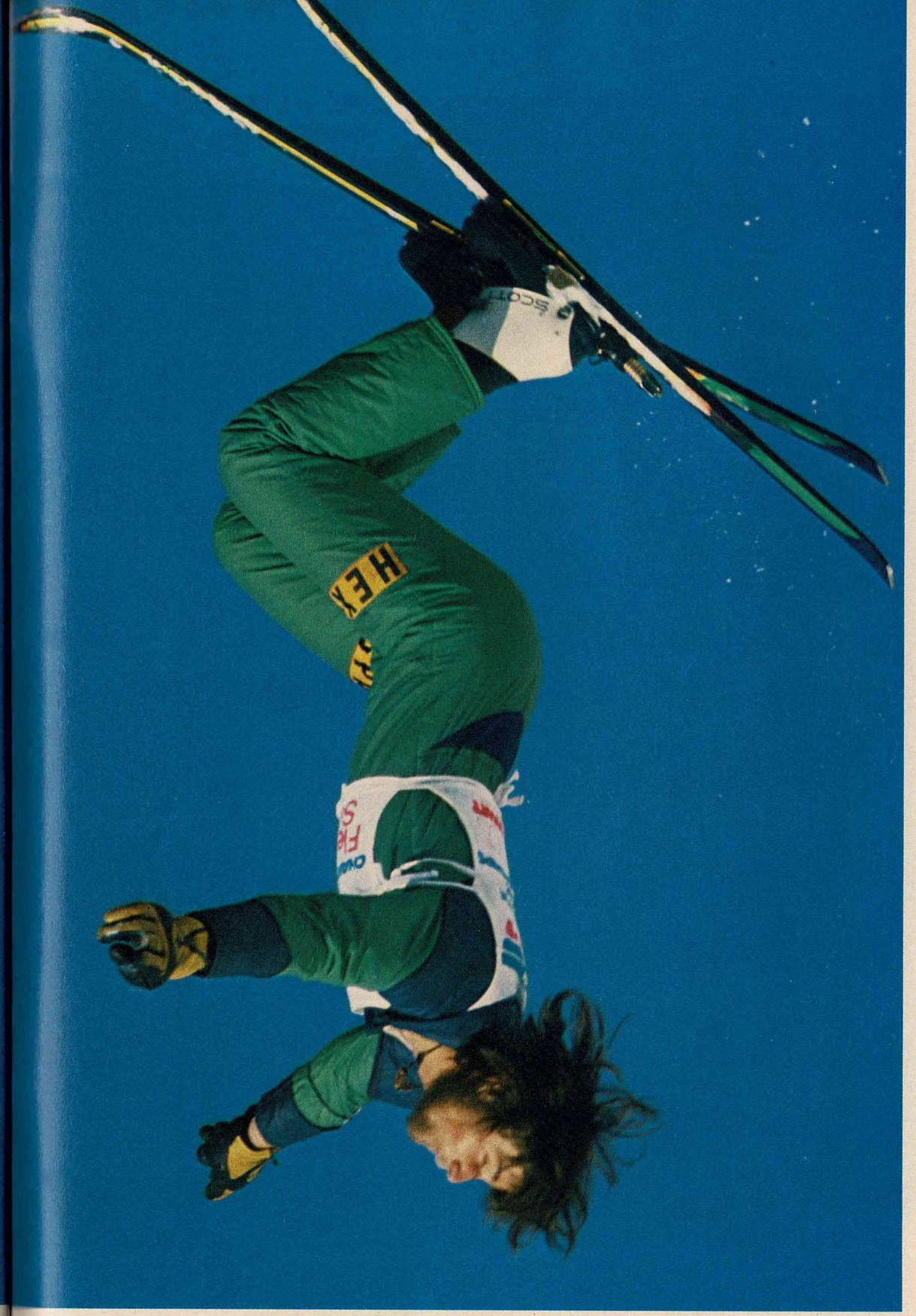


when you're ready to take the plunge, everything is geared to get you out there on the snow with a minimum of bother

Once you have decided to get stuck into the snow, you will find that everything has been done to make it as painless as possible to get there, to stay in reasonable comfort, and to hire equipment. The major hire outlets in Sydney are Fleets, Kosciusko Ski Centre and Paddy Pallin; in Melbourne there are Auski, J. Molony and, again, Paddy Pallin. The cost from $26 to about $30 a week.

The variety of packages — most of which include transport costs, share accommodation on a dinner/bed/breakfast basis, ski hire, lift tickets and other odds and ends — is enormous. Based on a week's stay during the peak time, usually mid-July to about mid-September, weekly lodge tariffs at the leading NSW resorts — Thredbo, Smiggin Holes/Perisher Valley, Guthega and Charlotte's Pass — and the main Victorian resorts — Falls Creek, Mt Hotham, Mt Buffalo and Mt Buller — will vary from about $170 to $280 a person. A simple coach transport weekend could cost as little as $90, while a full ski week with air transport may set you back between $360 and $450.

Be prepared for the cold. Right from the time you get out of your private plane at Cooma Airport to the last night around the campfire, furs are the best bet to keep warm — and we mean warm.



expert help will marry you to the right gear if you don't make crazy claims about the level of your experience

The only things to consider when buying ski equipment are your ability and skiing intentions. Make sure you describe your skills as accurately as possible, otherwise the salesperson might suggest you buy gear that will turn out painful to your body, as you struggle up there on the slopes, and cost you more as well.

There are at least 24 brands of skis available in Australia, with more than 150 individual models, so, whatever grade of skier you are, you will find the one that suits your needs. Most short skis have disappeared, to be replaced by the mid-length model — a fairly soft ski designed for all conditions, and to carve the turn rather than skid. Above are shown (from left) the Dynastar Polysoft, $198; Kastle 644, $149; Elan RC-03, $176; Kastle Hot, $199; Kneissl Formel-Mid, $195; Kastle Grand Prix, $229; Roy Sint Soft, $200; Kastle National Team, $249; Kastle Comfort, $209; Hexcel Sundance, $276.

A good skier shouldn't be in a low-sprung binding, or he risks premature release. The stronger the skier, the stronger the binding. Alpine bindings include (left to right) Tyrolia 350 diagonal racing, $89; Salomon 727, a competition binding, $99; Tyrolia 350 diagonal, $83; Salomon 626, $76; Tyrolia 250, with a conventional vertical release heel, $63. Most shops provide charts for weight and width of foot to account for your own essential adjustment.

From left, a khaki jumpsuit by Skimmer of France, $295; Aris gloves, $32; and Carrera wrap-around glasses, $45. Snowmobile riders can use a Camar suit, $280; Aris gloves, $32; and Carrera polarised goggles, $25. To stand out, an Innsbruck Planitz zip-on suit, $155; Alpina goggles, $14; and Rikka gloves, $38. She's wearing the official Australian Ski Federation downhill racing team suit and is all set for any adventure on the slopes.

A well-fitting boot should be as tight as possible. From left: Nordica Hurricane, $120; Dolomite Titan, $110; Weinmann Select, with new wind-up closure, $180; Dolomite Saturn, $145; Munari Starlight, $108; and the Weinmann Standard, at about $163.

when you don't want it to be downhill all the way, take the flexible approach and try out a bit of cross-country ski touring

Your touring boots should have flexible soles, so the foot can roll and give the ankle a lot of freedom. Cross-country boots and bindings include (from top) the Suveren Holmenkollen 50mm racing shoe, $49, with the Norwin 50mm binding, $10; the Suveren Touring Boots, $46, with the Buttner 75mm binding, $13; and the Suveren Light with 75mm Buttner binding, $42.

The Truma Rollerski, for the cross-country skier who wants to train. It uses the front wheels to keep them running in a true line. $135 a pair.

Cross-country skis and poles are light and thin. The skis are (from left): Lovett Running, $96; Epoke 900 Nowax Mica, $110; Kastle Vario, $125; Epoke 600 Competition, $155. The poles are (from left): Exel Grafil Champion, $60; Exel Arctic, $27; Exel Final, $35.

When you're sick of the crowds and want to take her out for a quiet spin cross-country, you want to keep warm without bulky parkas that impair your mobility. These are (from left): Lifa one-piece racing suit in crepe nylon with long legs, $107; one-piece touring suit with wind-protection front, $90, by Lifa; and she's wearing a two-piece touring suit by Lifa, $45; and a one-piece touring suit with red and white inserts in the sleeves, $89.

THE MAKING OF A POPE

there were sins aplenty when the cardinals met to decide on god's next representative

article By ANDREW GREELEY

IT WAS the year of the three Popes, a year of shattering changes in the papacy. The cardinals assembled in August, took a big gamble and won, more spectacularly, perhaps, than they

Illustration by Ron Villani

had expected. Then death wiped out the September smile and the cardinals went back and took an even bigger gamble. At the present moment, they seem to have won that one, too.

Cardinals are not usually high-stake gamblers.

The sluggish and weary Church of Paul VI's declining years was swept through two dramatic revolutions in three months, spinning a few dazzling somersaults in the process. It now stands hesitant and uncertain – not quite sure what comes next. As Karol Wojtyla (John Paul II) ruefully commented in one of his early talks, not even he knows of what sort his papacy will be. Presently, those who have watched the poetry-writing, folk-singing, mountain-climbing bear of a man who is the new Pope are predicting the surprises have only begun.

Re-reading my notes from the years of research before August, 1978, I can trace the pattern of events that produced the dramatic moments of late winter and early spring of that year. In retrospect, the hints were all there. As George Orwell would have said, all Vaticanologists are wrong, but they are wrong in different ways.

I have not attempted to hide the mistakes I made in trying to put together this story – the bad predictions remain here alongside the good ones. My journal of the events as they unfolded appears in regular type; the insights I gleaned later from my confidential sources are in italics.

The purpose of this story, though, is not to set up a ledger sheet of successes and failures in predictions. It is, rather, an essay in understanding, an attempt to grapple with go-for-broke cardinals, a *Pinocchio*-quoting Pope, self-destructive curialists, and then a Polish Pope who writes learned philosophical articles and canoes turbulent rivers.

It will be evident that I don't like the way the Catholic Church has been run – great comedy but poor church. However, my criticism is not that of a detached outsider but of a passionately committed insider – a renegade (but in good standing) priest, who is also a sociologist and a journalist. Composed of humans, the Church will have human faults, but those who love it are committed to reducing those faults, not covering them over. We wash our dirty linen in public because that is the only way to get it clean.

It is just as well that I could not interview all the cardinals. It is part of the conspiracy of dishonesty and secrecy that surrounds papal elections and papal government that cardinals are not supposed to tell the truth. There are exceptions, thank God. I learned about what happened from "sources" whose lives and careers would be destroyed if their names were revealed (I thought of calling one source Deep Purple). So much for an institution whose Founder talked about working in the open and speaking from the housetops. The reader will have to accept the fact that my sources are well informed, and that I quote them accurately. I have so obscured their identity, however, that it would be pointless for anyone to try to break through the disguises. In using material from confidential sources that was critical of the various actors in the conclave drama, I followed the *Washington Post*-Woodward-Bernstein rule of not including allegations that could not be confirmed by two independent sources. In several cases, I asked some of those in a position to know about such allegations to read them in manuscript form to correct any inaccuracies that might have crept in. I omitted one particularly juicy raw dossier on an Italian cardinal – given to me by a major Vatican agency – even though I was able to obtain partial confirmation. I simply was not satisfied with the precision of the documentation.

This is the true account, as best I can tell it, of the year of the three Popes. I tell it in the conviction that, as Pius XI said, "the Catholic Church has nothing to fear from the truth."

Friday, May 12, 1978

My feelings driving into Rome today were mixed, more sharply ambivalent than they've been at any other time here. It was a lovely day, robin's-egg-blue sky, soft sunlight, green fields. Temperature in the low 20s. The country between Fiumicino and Rome (once doubtless part of the Mediterranean sea bed) is flat and kind of nice-looking and the city glows in the distance. It is one of the loveliest cities, I think, in the whole world. There is a vitality in the pulse of its life and an attractiveness in its people that make the heart beat faster whenever one comes back. I don't pretend to understand it; maybe it's a couple of thousand years of history, maybe just the sunlight. Still, *O Roma felix* is one of the world's greats.

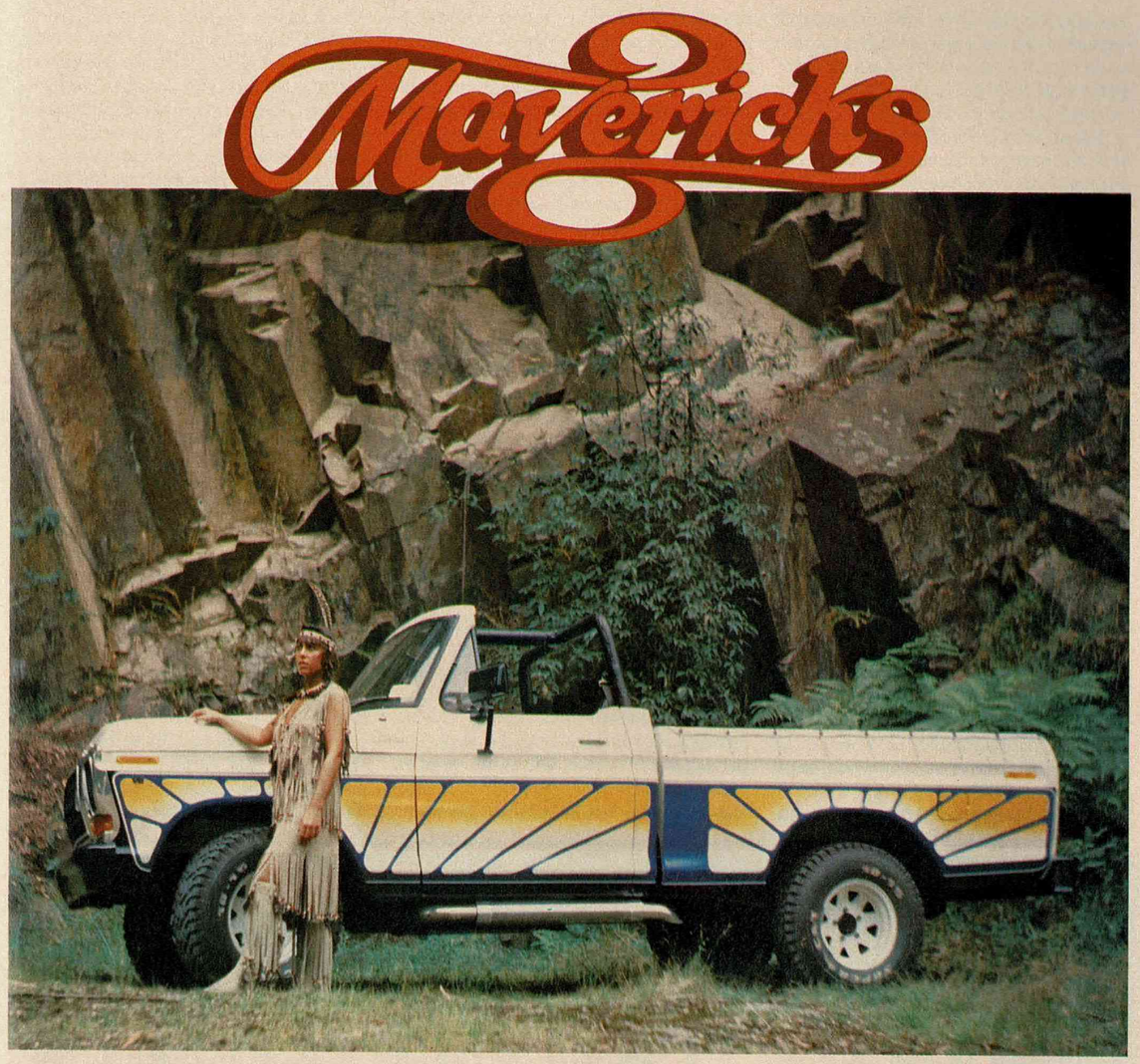
On the other hand, they buried Aldo Moro yesterday, as much a martyr to the Christian Democratic Party's coalition with the Communists as a martyr to the Red Brigades. Coming in from the airport, I passed various roadblocks of cops, with machine guns at the ready, though whatever earthly good they were doing I can't fathom. For anyone with any experience of this country at all, it's not surprising they couldn't find Moro or his kidnappers. Indeed, what's surprising is that anything works here at all. It's a country in which everybody is slightly paranoid and social trust rarely extends beyond the family and immediate friendship links, and even the latter aren't all that strong. Attractive people, the Romans, but also, if one is to believe some of the recent studies of Italian sex life, a frustrated, lonely and unhappy people, the gaiety covering an inner despair.

Then there's the Holy Roman Catholic Church, this year busy celebrating the 20th anniversary of the convocation of the Second Vatican Council, the 15th anniversary of Paul VI and the tenth anniversary of *Humanae Vitae*. Talk about a downhill slope.

The Roman authorities have sent out word that they want celebrations of the encyclical. It seems to me to make as much sense as celebrating the sinking of the Titanic. Still, Pope Paul clings to the papacy, apparently too weak now to see any visiting bishops, and the Church drifts even more aimlessly than it was drifting three years ago, when this project began.

It would be a mistake to underestimate the amount of spontaneous paranoia to be found in Italy. The typical Italian driver, for example, believes firmly that the things going on on the highway around him are part of an organised conspiracy. "They" are out to get him, and their behavior on the highway only confirms his suspicions. Thus, the young cab driver who brought me in from the airport today would gesture expressively with his hands every time a motor cyclist would cut in front of him, a truck driver would slow down or a car would change lanes dangerously close – events that occur on an Italian highway about every 15 seconds or so. (The young man had a lot of hand waving to do.) The sense of the gesture is: "See, I told you it was a conspiracy. I told you that they were out to get me. Look, doesn't that motor cyclist prove it? Doesn't someone have to be absolutely against me to drive that way?" It is something of a self-fulfilling prophecy, of course, because if everyone is out to get you, you've got to get him first. So you cut in front of him, switch lanes on him before he can do it to you.

The same thing goes on in the Vatican, too. The thought of a well-organised curial conspiracy is something that can be dreamed up only by quasi-fiction writers like Malachi Martin. There's not enough trust in the Curia to generate a systematic plot. A curial scheme to reverse the effects of the Vatican Council is as much fiction as is organised crime in the US. The effects are the same as if there were a plot, but there is no



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"grand conspiracy" and no evil genius behind it. There does not have to be.

Saturday, May 13

I had dinner tonight with a weary and discouraged friend, Father Adolpho (not his real name). Paul VI has been slipping badly week after week. Adolpho says he can last another year. This is the same Adolpho who said last year that Paul could go on for four or five years. He says the Moro kidnapping, death and funeral were a tremendous strain on the Pope, since he and Moro were close friends and since the family is a little mad at the Pope, quite a bit mad, because the Pope's plea that Moro be released *without condition* was, in effect, the Christian Democratic party line. The Pope was apparently quite unsteady and very uncertain at the Moro funeral Mass this afternoon, though he is still sharp on occasion. He is an old, old man, growing more feeble.

The Vatican, Adolpho tells me, has ground to a halt. Decisions don't get made. In Pope Pius XII's declining days, Madre Pasqualina, the German nun, was running the Church. With Cardinal Giovanni Benelli now Archbishop of Florence, nobody is running the Church. The secretary, Father Pasquale Macchi, is concerned about the Vatican library and the Vatican museum: Cardinal Jean Villot [who died in March], the Vatican Secretary of State, is ineffective. It used to be said that Villot had no power because Benelli had it all; it now turns out, according to Adolpho, that Benelli had all the power because Villot was incapable of exercising power. Archbishop Giuseppe Caprio, who is Benelli's replacement as Substitute of the Secretariat of State and the only one besides Macchi who sees the Pope every day, is a pleasant and well-meaning fellow, not terribly intelligent and certainly not motivated to make any hard decisions. Everybody is waiting, biding his time.

Adolpho had complimentary things to say about Cardinal John Wright Cardinale's management of his congregation. He said he's the only one who really runs an efficient congregation in the Curia. He also said he's a very shrewd man. I mentioned that Cardinal Corrado Ursi (Archbishop of Naples) was the cardinal's candidate, and Adolpho said he and Ursi were close personal friends, that Ursi is a nice man but terribly, terribly sensitive and easily goes off into rages over hurt feelings. Cardinal Albino Luciani, the patriarch of Venice, whom my friends of this afternoon thought the Romans were pushing, would be a nice, pleasant man but very unconfident. Paul VI, Adolpho says, is the last Pope who could pretend to control everything. The next Pope will have to be someone who will choose the big problems on which to concentrate, choose the right kinds of people to work with him and then, through the exercise of teamwork, begin to move in the direction of solutions to the problems. Paul VI, he says, is the last of those who could do everything himself.

Adolpho feels, as I do, that this election is of absolutely critical importance, and that much can still be done to influence the outcome. But it is now going to be done in the last desperate few days.

At lunch, Father Micheli [pseudonym for another of the author's confidential sources] showed me some raw-data files from a curial office (which apparently are being passed around to everyone in Rome) containing the most vile accusations against one of the candidates, accusing him of cronyism, corruption, venality and greed. I have had some slight confirmation of these charges from a hint given to me by an American bishop, but it would be irresponsible to set down even in these notes the charges or the candidate's name. To provide some idea, though, of the nature of the charges, one of the women who are supporting this cardinal's candidacy for the papacy in Rome is described as the "slut of priests"; that is to say, someone who is readily available, even though she is married, to supply affection to various curial cardinals who need affection. Lots of juicy, raw meat, but thank you, no, I don't want any.

That ends the first day's notes. The two interviews give somewhat different messages: Micheli thinks that there will be a long delay before the Pope dies, that the new Pope may not even be a cardinal, and that there might be another consistory; Adolpho feels it will be a rather short time and that there will not be another consistory. Adolpho also lamented the drift of the Church, which is now a very serious one, far worse than it was even when Benelli was in charge, far worse than it was even in the synod, when Paul VI still had some vigor. It is like the last six months of Pope Pius XII's reign, except there is no Madre Pasqualina. I am sure that Micheli's position is far more common in Rome than Adolpho's. However, those folks don't get a look at the Pope every week.

Sunday, May 14

I spent an hour and a half talking with Pat Kelly, member of the staff of one of the lesser Roman agencies set up since the Vatican Council to go through the motions of honoring the council and still not make any trouble for anybody in the real Curia. Kelly confirmed that Cardinal Sebastiano Baggio is making a vigorous power play right now for the papacy. He wants it so badly he can taste it. (Incidentally, in Rome, he's known as "Viaggo Baggio", a Roman pun meaning "Baggio the traveller".)

Kelly also confirms the hatred of Villot for Baggio. The people in the secretary's office are doing everything they can to blacken his name, so if there is so much being expended in Rome to destroy the cardinals who are likely candidates, Adolpho may very well be right. The curialists smell a conclave and are getting ready for it by attacking their opposition. You get told over here that the Curia is factionalised, and you begin to believe it when you hear stories of the sort that I've been hearing recently about the character assassinations.

Chicago, Friday, August 4

Sebastiano Baggio has been in the city. In a secret stop on his way to a meeting in Latin America, he visited Cardinal John Cody with a "request" from the Pope that Cody yield power forthwith. The cardinal is already telling people about the visit. I hear there was a fierce shouting match most of one night at Cody's villa on the grounds of the seminary at Mundelein, with the cardinal adamantly refusing to go along with the request. This is Rome's most recent attempt to act on the dossier of charges that have been collected against the cardinal – charges including racism, financial maladministration, poor administration, conflict with the clergy, unpopularity with the laity and extraordinary personal habits unbecoming to a cardinal.

As one Roman said to me: "Any bishop on whom they had all that material would have been a chaplain in an old people's home five years ago." But Rome is reluctant to move against a cardinal, no matter how bad the case and how great the potential scandal that may be involved.

So Paul VI approached his final days knowing that he had a major unsolved problem in Chicago and that one of the men likely to vote for his successor was a man on whom a huge negative dossier had been prepared by staff members who were normally anything but squeamish about the aberrations of highly placed ecclesiastics. Most human leaders are prone to the temptation to ignore unpleasant

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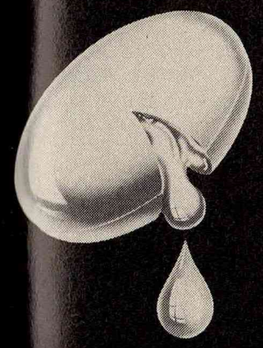

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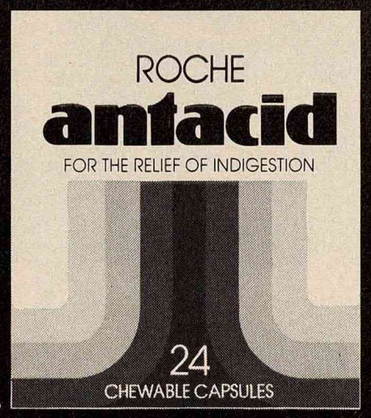

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issues if they possibly can. No one should be shocked that Popes do the same thing.

Sunday, August 6

The Pope had been worn out even before he left for Castel Gandolfo on July 14. He'd been seriously ill twice before in the course of the year – the previous August at Castel Gandolfo and in April. Although these illnesses had never been officially reported, rumors of them leaked out. During the 25-kilometre ride to Castel Gandolfo, he had said to his staff: "We are leaving, but we do not know if we will return or how we will return." On Friday, August 4, he did not feel well, and his doctor, 70-year-old Mario Fontana, diagnosed the ailment as a return of the bladder infection that had recurred several times since his prostate operation.

As a precaution, Dr Fontana ordered the Pope to bed in his damask-walled room overlooking the castle gardens. Fontana checked with the urologist in Rome and began treating the infection, uneasy because of the Pope's age and generally weakened condition but not yet seriously worried. Monsignor Macchi urged him to announce on Saturday the cancellation of his noonday Angelus blessing on Sunday. The bladder infection worsened on Saturday; Sunday his fever continued to be moderately high, but he was awake and alert, and the doctors were not unduly alarmed. Macchi began Mass for the Pope at six o'clock Sunday evening in the chapel next to his bedroom. Father John Magee (his other secretary, Irish born), a doctor and a few other members of the household were present at Mass. Just before Communion, the Pope became extremely agitated but pulled himself together to receive Communion and then lapsed into semi-consciousness. His blood pressure now began to vary greatly, first high, then low, then high again. The doctor diagnosed the seizure during Mass as a heart attack. The Pope was put into an oxygen tent and Villot, the camerlengo (the man who would be acting Pope during the interregnum), was summoned from Rome. The Pope's brother, Senator Luigi Montini, was also called. The heart attack was announced to the world, but the Pope was still conscious when Villot arrived. Villot spoke with him privately for five or six minutes. Then the Pope's breathing grew more labored and he said: "We have arrived at the end. We thank . . . " – using the formal "we" almost to the end. A little later, he said simply: "Pray for me." Now everyone was present who should have been there – Villot, Caprio, Macchi, Fontana, Magee, the Pope's nephew, Marco Montini, and four sisters who cared for the papal household at Castel Gandolfo. At 9.40pm, on Sunday, August 6, 1978– quietly, almost as if he were falling asleep – Giovanni Battista Montini, Pope Paul VI, died.

Rome, Tuesday, August 8

Rome is almost a deserted city. Everyone, as someone said to me, was away on vacation when the Pope died, even the Pope. There were apparently only four cardinals in Rome; now all the cardinals are hustling from all over the world. The funeral won't be until Saturday – a seven-day wake, too much even by Irish standards. They are going to bring the Pope's body down from Castel Gandolfo tomorrow evening. The first service will be at St John Lateran, on the other side of the Tiber, which is technically the cathedral church of Rome, and then the show will move to St Peter's Basilica.

The Italian papers are already filled with speculation about who the next Pope will be. They are talking about Villot, who is almost 73 years old; Benelli, who is 57; Baggio, who is 65; Cardinal Eduardo Pironio (one of the most influential of the progressive Latin-American bishops), who is 57; Cardinal Johannes Willebrands (archbishop of Utrecht), who is 69; Cardinal Sergio Pignedoli (most widely travelled and most progressive of the curial cardinals), who is 68; and Cardinal Franz Koenig (archbishop of Vienna), who is 73. Koenig himself, however, has said, in effect, that he does not choose to run and that the next Pope should be a young man and non-Italian.

The cardinals are starting to arrive in Rome. They really have so little time. They know, relatively speaking, so little of one another. They are being pulled away from vacations. It's likely to be hot here in Rome. The requirements of secrecy, prohibitions against explicit campaigning, the protocol that forbids the cardinals to admit their real differences of opinion – all of these are going to restrict and inhibit the wisdom of their decision even more.

Only 11 men have been in the conclave before, and only three of them were at the conclave that elected Pope John: Cardinal Giuseppe Siri, archbishop of Genoa; Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski, who has been the primate of Poland for 30 years; and Cardinal Paul-Emile Léger of Montreal. (Valerian Gracias, the Indian cardinal, is apparently too sick to come). Wyszynski and Léger probably voted for John; Siri certainly voted against him. Inexperienced men without the time or the preparation or the freedom of discussion are going to make perhaps the most critical choice that a group of cardinals has made in the past half millenium. I have the knot of fear in my stomach once again.

Wednesday, August 9

The Pope's body was brought back tonight. I'm sure the papers tomorrow will speak of the large crowds of people – "THRONGS MOURN POPE", the headlines will say. But there weren't throngs, there was only a thin line of people along the barriers and several thousand clustered up in the front of St Peter's, where a brief service took place. There's no way to sort out how much of this is indifference to the papacy, how much of it is indifference to Paul VI and how much of it is simply August. However, despite the holidays, there are still a lot of people in Rome, and the sidewalk cafés in the streets a few blocks away from St Peter's seem to be filled with people, and there are young folk going in and out of the movie houses. Of course, what else should they do on a cool and lovely summer night?

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There is a meeting tonight on the Via della Conciliazione long after dark between the Brazilian cardinal Agnelo Rossi (who works in the Curia) and the ineffable Cardinal Pericle Felici, prefect of the Papal Appellate Court. Rossi has come as a delegate of Pignedoli, who proposes an alliance with Felici to protect Pope Paul's status quo. Two men, clad in black cassocks so that they will not be recognised, talk briefly as they walk close to the walls of the buildings that line the street. Felici dismisses the proposal out of hand. Pignedoli is a lightweight; he wants no part of him.

There will be no such deal. Rossi nods non-committally and says that he will convey Felici's refusal to Pignedoli. Felici returns to his apartment near the Vatican and relaxes on his favorite couch and continues to make phone calls. There is no real support, he is convinced, for either Baggio or Pignedoli among the foreign cardinals. He and his allies in the Curia trust neither of the men. They can easily be stopped. But who, then, to nominate – Cardinal Paolo Bertoli, the 70-year-old former diplomat who has been on Paul VI's shelf? A difficult and contentious man, too rigid in his principles, but at least not a lightweight like Pignedoli or an unpredictable opportunist like Baggio. There must be support for Siri on the first ballot of course, for old times' sake, but Siri cannot win. Felici thinks briefly of Luciani, his good friend from Venice. The venerable dean of the College of

Cardinals, Caro Confalonieri, who will not be able to vote because he is over 80, has also spoken of Luciani as a good and gentle man. Luciani's holiness would doubtless be attractive to foreigners: since he has gone to Venice, he has proved quite responsive to curial instructions. Doubtless he could easily be persuaded to see to the promulgation of a new code of canon law to which Felici has devoted so much of his time. Yes, Luciani might be a good compromise candidate. Perhaps Felici briefly thinks of his own chances and then dismisses them. The foreigners are too unpredictable. There is no way of knowing exactly what they will want.

Thursday, August 10

Today is the first day of the papal wake in Rome. The cardinals continue to arrive. Koenig has repeated his idea that the next Pope ought to be a young man and non-Italian, possibly non-European. Cardinal Leo Suenens, archbishop of Mechelen-Brussels, has suggested that it might be a good idea to have four Popes, one for each part of the world. The Third Worlders are being very discreet but sounding tough. Cardinal Joseph Cordeiro of Pakistan, for example, observed that it would be all right if it were an Italian Pope, so long as he was chosen by the Third World cardinals. Half of the American cardinals are here; the others, including Cody, are arriving today. The reporters are trying to get an answer from the cardinals as to why everything has to be in secret. The cardinals are trying to answer, but the only real answer is that the secrecy is intended to keep the influence of the Austrian emperor out of the election. At least that's the official *historical* explanation, but no cardinal will dare say that, because it makes the secrecy sound as absurd as it is. Indeed, the cardinals do not know where the other cardinals will be; nobody provides them with an address list. If you want to find out where someone else is staying so that you can invite him to supper, you just have to ask around.

The London bookies are giving odds on the election, with Pignedoli as a front runner. Their own man, Cardinal George Basil Hume, is somewhere around 50 to 1, which strikes me as being a not unreasonable estimate of his chances.

I'm now in the line for the wake, having overcome my untypically Irish reluctance to attend. Near the catafalque, I can see that the Pope is wearing a red vestment over his white garments and that he looks very purple and pasty and corpselike. There's an Easter candle lighted behind him. The Swiss guards in their brilliant uniforms are statue-still, cameras are going off all over the place. The crowd moves very quickly by the catafalque; some of them go out, others linger about, watching from a distance. The tourist guides are giving their instructions and their lectures as usual.

I'm sorry, but the whole thing reminds me of the King Tut exhibit. Though, unlike the King Tut viewing, you move quickly in and out of this one. There's lots of curiosity, but no sign of mourning or grief.

The northern European cardinals, by the way, are taking their sweet time coming down here. Either they are very confident about their ability to organise things in a few days or they haven't thought about organising. If the former is the case, then they are presumptuous; if the latter, they're irresponsible. No wonder people are saying that Felici is in a euphoric mood. No wonder Rossi vigorously denounced the collaborators and staff of Paul VI. The absence of any organisation among the foreigners or the progressives is enabling the local rightwingers to feel their oats. They may think they've already got things sewn up. Lord, what a disaster for the Church that would be.

The cardinals and their assistants are shuttling around the city now in their black cars, discreetly ducking in and out of colleges and seminaries, not campaigning, since that is not permitted, but "consulting" – all things here must be done with elegance and grace. Right now, the really best guess is no guess at all. No one knows with any degree of confidence who will don the triple crown in a few days.

But one thing can be said with confidence – the winner will be a compromise candidate. The fact is built into one critically important mechanism of the election: the two-thirds-plus-one majority (75 votes) required to elect.

I hear from my sources that so far the cardinals who are here are talking in generalities in their formal sessions in the morning, trying to hammer out some kind of a job description, and then, in the afternoons and evenings, at their informal sessions, they are very discreetly, very elegantly and very informally trying to fit people to the description.

Pignedoli, whose cooks, two Canadian nuns, are said to be superb – the best pasta in Rome, one hears – is already tooling his campaign up by having people over for dinner. He is running like mad. Some people here who basically support his position think he's hurting himself by being too obvious in his candidacy.

Friday, August 11

In one of the most bizarre events in the history of papal elections, the process of the "making of the Pope" has ground to an unexpected halt. The cardinals will not go into conclave until August 26 and will not start voting until August 27, three weeks after the death of Pope Paul VI. Some cardinals are actually leaving Rome to go home in the interim; others are dispersing to the countryside. The hundreds of members of the world press who flocked to the Vatican are trying to figure out what to do, while their editors wonder about expenses, news value and what craziness is going on in Rome.

It is the longest delay in modern history – a 10-day wait occurred before the conclave that elected Leo XIII in 1878, the same period for the Pius X conclave, 12 days to the beginning of the Benedict XV conclave, 18 days for Pius XI.

A bitter Roman official commented: "The man is as difficult in death as he was in life." Some Vatican experts see the delay as a curial plot to give the Italian cardinals more time to manipulate the foreign cardinals. One can never tell about curial conniving, but the delay also obviously gives a non-Italian – particularly such charismatic types as Hume, Cardinal Aloisio Lorscheider of Brazil and Cardinal Jaime Sin – time to arrange a coalition.

In fact, the decision to delay was made by only 32 cardinals (the ones present at the meeting in which the date of the beginning of the conclave was set) – and mostly because of the inability of the camerlingo, Villot, to impose any order on discussion and debate. Villot is also blamed for the long delay before the funeral, which spread out the crowds and made each day seem poorly attended. One Vatican type told me: "Whatever chances Villot had to be elected went down the drain in those decisions." But don't bet on it. In the wonderland that is the Vatican, anything can happen.

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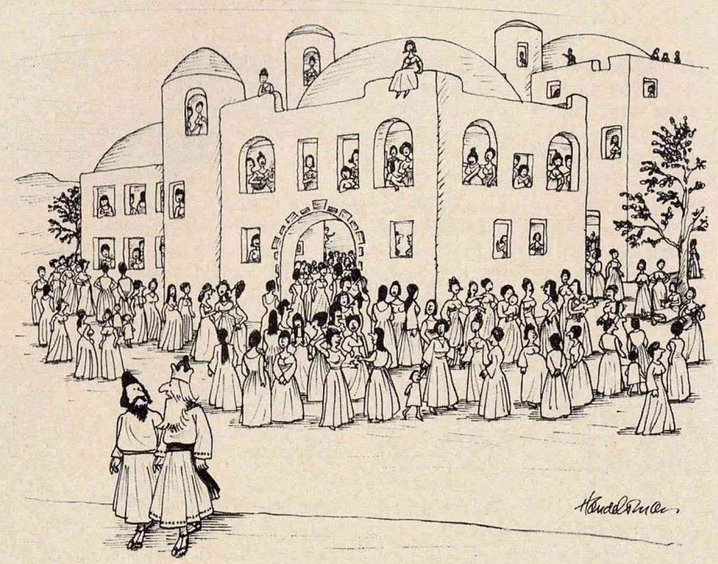
Felici is not the only one who can use the telephone. Already the Church leaders in the Low Countries, France, Spain, Austria and Germany, as well as some in Italy, are talking to one another discreetly on the telephone. They ignore the foolish speculations in the Italian newspapers and agree that neither the Baggio nor the Pignedoli candidacy is satisfactory to them; they begin to sense in one another the desire to have a Pope who is pastoral in his orientation, an "experienced pastor", and has nothing to do with the Curia. Anti-curial feelings among the Europeans are strong, and at least some of them know from their travels that many of their non-European colleagues share their feelings.

Saturday, August 12

Today is the day of the Pope's funeral. A number of American cardinals are being quoted in the press these days; their statements are profound. New York's Terence Cooke says we want the best possible man, and Boston's Humberto Medeiros says we want a Pope just like Paul VI. The current betting odds in London are five to two Pignedoli, seven to two Baggio, seven to two Ugo Poletti (Cardinal Vicar of Rome), four to one Benelli, eight to one Willebrands, 12 to 1 Pironio, 16 to 1 Koenig, 25 to 1 Hume, 33 to 1 Joseph Cordeiro of Pakistan, 33 to 1 Lorscheider and 33 to 1 Suenens.

Monday, August 14

The Vatican employees get an extra month's pay to mark the death of the Pope – "spoilation pay". In the old days, when a Pope was elected, the locals would sack his house and steal all his belongings, on the ground that he wouldn't need them any more. (A kind of playful "trick or treat" custom.) To stop such playfulness, it was decreed that if there were no sacking, a month's pay would be awarded. I finally got a chance to see Adolpho



"I can never remember which is which, but, generally, if they sing they're concubines, and if they wash dishes they're wives."

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today. He told me that the Vatican information services were preparing biographies for 34 cardinals, each one of them a possible winner – things are that uncertain. The curial strategy is apparently putting Siri first, then Felici, then Bertoli, and Baggio after Bertoli. Baggio is quite low on the list – though the Curia might ultimately settle for him. However, the whispering campaign against him has been especially vicious – he is described as a lover of fine jewellery and expensive clothes. Pignedoli is still not taken seriously here, and it is thought that his friends from the Third World will desert him after the first couple of ballots. That's the Monday-morning line, at least in Adolpho's view of things. He is for Bertoli, whom he thinks would be all right, a moderate-to-conservative man, but certainly sympathetic to the Vatican Council (unlike Siri) and not the kind of person who would try to turn the clock back.

The whispering campaigns continue to be intense and almost all of them are started by people in the Curia. Some examples: Koenig was in an auto accident last year and has not been able to work for a sustained period of time since then; Lorscheider's health is even worse than is publicly admitted; Cardinal So-and-So is not emotionally stable; Cardinal Such-and-Such has close women friends, etc., etc. Apparently, most of these rumors originate in Villot's office, though that gentle little man has nothing to do with the rumors and may even be unaware that they are being spread.

Tuesday, August 15

The papal élection is a horse race, with a large number of front runners bunched together. It may be a very long race.

No one here wants a deadlocked conclave; the cardinals, the massive press corps, the citizens of Rome – everyone wants to get back to the last precious days of August vacation. A long conclave is therefore unlikely. Yet no one minimises the difficulties the cardinals face as they busily "consult" one another and prepare to be locked up in the Vatican Palace.

•

Felici discreetly raises the name of his friend Luciani with some of the foreign cardinals. So does Confalonieri, forbidden by age to enter into the conclave but permitted to attend the general congregations. The name at first seems to stir little interest. Most of the foreign cardinals do not know him. He is thought not to have travelled widely. For a day, some of the Italian newspapers mention his name, and rumors about him percolate around the Vatican Press Office. But then Felici and Confalonieri seem to drop the idea. In fact, Luciani has travelled to both Uganda and Brazil, where his diocese has missions, and has paid frequent visits to Paris and Vienna and the Low Countries. Lorscheider and Cardinal Paulo Evaristo Arns (archbishop of São Paulo) were greatly taken with him during his trip to Brazil. Suenens and the French are delighted by his charm, his wit and his broad cultural background. Many ecumenical meetings are held in Venice; this is because Luciani is always extremely friendly and hospitable, inviting the visiting churchmen to his house for dinner or visiting them in their meetings with several bottles of wine in his hands. Dr Philip Potter, the secretary general of the World Council of Churches, says to Willebrands at one of these meetings that Luciani would make a superb Pope, and Willebrands agrees. Luciani is not as unknown as he at first appears. The non-Italian cardinals are not organised yet; they are busy trying to elaborate their job description. The Luciani trial balloon is reported by Benelli loyalists in the Secretariat of State to Florence, where Benelli is amused to discover that he and his bitter enemy Felici are supporting the same candidate. Benelli consults Suenens and finds him in agreement about Luciani.

Wednesday, August 16

The campaigning is subtle, occasionally blunt and once in a while ruthless. It's hard to find out the details because it's all done in secret. The language used is generally indirect and often convoluted.

All appearances of conflict are avoided; decisions are made often by what is not said rather than by what is said; understandings are implicit; commitments, such as they are, are at most, gentlemen's agreements; loyalty to friends and allies is taken for granted; and occasionally someone says something vigorous to the press, just to keep the pot boiling.

Thus, most cardinals endorse the continuation of Pope Paul's policy and the reinforcement of the work of the Vatican Council. But Cologne's arrogant and tyrannical Cardinal Joseph Hoffner told reporters on his arrival that it was not the work of a specific Pope but the good of the Church that ought to be considered, perhaps indicating that he was signing up with the Curia reactionaries – headed by Cardinals Felici and Silvio Oddi – who thought Pope Paul too radical and who hope for 35 votes on the first ballot. But such public salvoes are quite rare.

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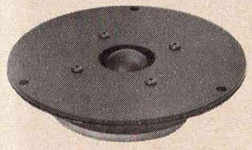

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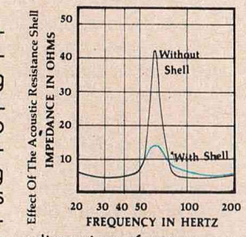

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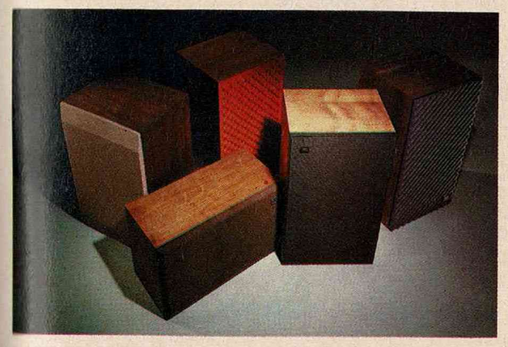

Shown on the left: the L19, L40, L50, L110, L166. Others not shown: L65, L220, L212, L300 and the Paragon.

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Most of the debate goes on in indirect generalities at the daily meetings of the cardinals about the direction in which the Church ought to go or the needs of the Church.

Saturday, August 19

The places where the various cardinals are meeting to sit down and talk informally are now pretty well known to me. The French meet in Villot's office in the Vatican; the Germans at the Collegio Germanico just off the Piazza Navona; the Africans meet in Cardinal Bernardin Gantin's office in the Commission for Justice and Peace in the Piazza San Calisto; the curialists, of course, meet in their Vatican offices. All the Americans live out at the Villa Stritch, but they seem to be sitting around, waiting for the Holy Spirit to tell them for whom to vote. Most of the cardinals who are not in their own national colleges are living in the religious-order houses, a triangle bounded on the south by the Janiculum, on the north by the Borgo Pio and on the west by the Piazzale Gregorio VII, a rather small district in which it is fairly easy to move in a car or on foot by side streets and hardly be noticed. So if you want to consult a cardinal who is a friend or who thinks like you do, you can talk to him on the telephone, scurry down a side street or take a very quick car ride. At these informal gatherings of two, three, or four or five cardinals, following an exchange of generalities about the needs of the Church, the participants get down to brass tacks and begin to discuss specific candidates. We know whom they are discussing in the Curia, because there are pipelines from the curial offices to the Italian press, but whom are they discussing at the religious houses near the Vatican or at the Piazza San Calisto or in Villot's apartment? About that there isn't the slightest hint.

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On Saturday, Arns and Lorscheider decide that they have delayed long enough and that it is a time for a larger meeting to hammer out a clearer description of the characteristics the new Pope should possess. Phone calls are made and a meeting is arranged for Sunday afternoon.

Sunday, August 20

The critical meeting took place at the Brazilian college on the Via Aurelia (where Lorscheider had stood me up last year during the synod). Arns, the more "evangelical" of the two Franciscan cardinals from Brazil, presided over the meeting, the charismatic Lorscheider choosing to stay somewhat in the background. The cardinals worked out a detailed description of the kind of Pope they wanted, heavily emphasising a pastoral orientation, personal holiness, openness to the poor, along with an ability to exercise a world-wide appeal and a commitment to more collegiality in the Church. The final document is stated in very general terms and will be distributed the next day to all the other cardinals. They do not decide to endorse a specific candidate, since the leadership feels that it is too early to attempt such a tactic and fears it will lose some of its potential coalition members. It will line up support for a candidate short of the last minute. Privately, at least some of them have designed a strategy in which they will support Arns on the first ballot and then Pironio on subsequent ballots – as a show of strength to counter the curialists and perhaps to impose a compromise candidate of their choosing and not of the Curia's choosing. The Sunday afternoon group is virtually unanimous in its implicit rejection of any candidate who has been a curial cardinal. Thus, Baggio and Pignedoli have lost their support on the left and are already vetoed on the right. After Sunday afternoon, their candidacies cease to be important, even though the Italian news magazines coming early in the week will still describe them as being contenders. Bertoli's chances aren't very good, either, because of his curial background.

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Late in the evening . . .

I've just learned from one of my sources that the anti-Bertoli sentiments are picking up steam. He is said sometimes to grow so angry that he must stay in his room for several days to calm his temper so that he will not blow up in public. I wonder who's spreading this rumor. Perhaps Benelli or Benelli's allies in Rome. Since there is no love lost between those two, if there is anything to Bertoli's temper, Benelli certainly would have had a chance to watch it in Paris, where they were once assigned together. The trouble with a campaign by character assassination is that sometimes the stories may be true and sometimes they are not; you have no real way of telling the difference, even if you are a cardinal, since you are not really likely ever to have seen Bertoli under strain.

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Benelli learns of the meeting at the Brazilian college when he returns to his house in Florence. Even before he gets the letter, he knows what's in it. He also knows from his friends at the Secretariat of State how the draft speech for the new Pope is emerging, a more precise summary of the cardinals' thinking than any of the rest of them have available. He is now convinced that Luciani can be elected. He is a candidate who has something for everyone: collegial with his priests, simple in his personal life, a man of the poor, a whole life of pastoral work, a charming personality – all of that will appeal to the progressives and the foreigners. Solid in doctrine, loyal on Church discipline, firmly anti-Communist – that will appeal to the conservatives. Has not Felici already suggested him? Anyone who can win both Felici's and Benelli's support must be a saint, after all. But the foreigners do not know him well enough. So a dossier must be prepared of some of his recent statements, to be distributed not to all the cardinals but to some of the key leaders, emphasising his intelligence and his "fit" with the model prepared at the Brazilian college. Benelli places phone calls to some of his younger protégés in Rome. They will begin speaking with key cardinals in the next couple of days, showing them a Luciani dossier. His recent statement on the test-tube baby must be in that dossier. Everyone will be charmed by his congratulations of the parents and the new child. The coalition is beginning to fit into place. The next day, Suenens speaks with the Brazilians, the Dutch and the French and discovers that they are becoming more and more sympathetic to the Luciani candidacy. The secret is well kept and the forces that will lead to next Saturday's quick conclave have now been set definitely in motion. Three spokes go out from Suenens: one to the Low Countries and France, eight votes; one to Arns and Lorscheider and the Third World progressives, perhaps 20 votes; and one to Benelli, Pappalardo and some of the other Italian residential bishops, six or seven votes. Something like 35 votes for Luciani on the second ballot – almost, though not quite, in the bag. Benelli and Suenens do not push their respective constituencies. There is still time. Besides, Felici can be counted on to deliver half a dozen more votes, taking them away from whomever the curial candidate may be (unless it is he himself) when Luciani begins to gain momentum.

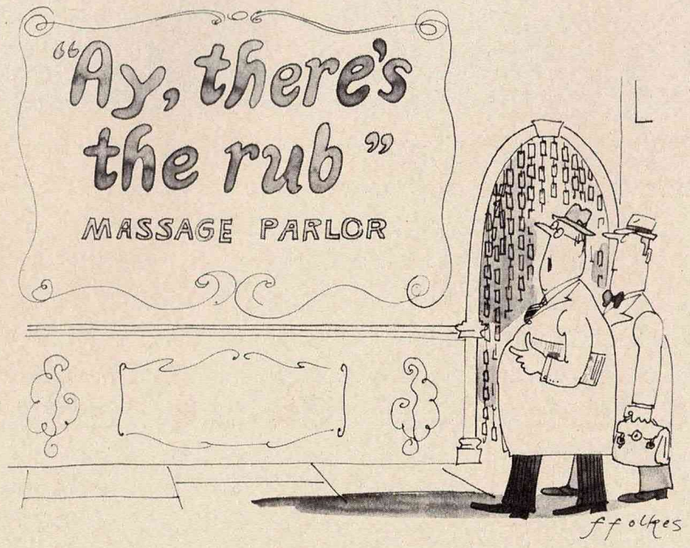
Monday, August 21

Three American cardinals gave a press conference today. They said very little that was newsworthy, but the stories will go out of here, anyhow, quoting Cardinal Terrence Cooke as saying that there are no formal discussions among the cardinals about the next conclave and that the cardinals are meeting in a "brotherly, friendly atmosphere". Cardinal Timothy Manning added that they haven't organised special luncheons with other cardinals to pull everything together. Cardinal Humberto Medeiros said that the outcome of the conclave ought to be left in the hands of the Holy Spirit.

The Italian journalists are already making fun of what they said. Many American reporters were equally sceptical. One non-Catholic reporter said to me glumly: "They're lying. They can't expect us to believe that baloney."

He was wrong. In their pious conviction that they ought not to prepare for the conclave by active discussion, the Americans are being their honest, sincere and, I must confess, likeable selves. They are decent men, fair, kind and dedicated. Unfortunately they believe that everyone else, including the frantically campaigning Italian curialists, is playing by the same rules. Like so many other cardinals here, they are lambs being led to the curial slaughter.

Lorscheider also gave an interview today. The new Pope, he said, must be a man of hope with a positive attitude toward the world. He must not seek to impose Christian solutions on non-Christians. He must be sensitive to social problems and must be open to dialogue and committed to the search for unity. Above all, he must be a good pastor, a good shepherd in the way Jesus was, ruling with patience, a commitment to dialogue and an eagerness for contact with others. He must be especially committed to promoting episcopal collegiality and to working closely with the national bishops'



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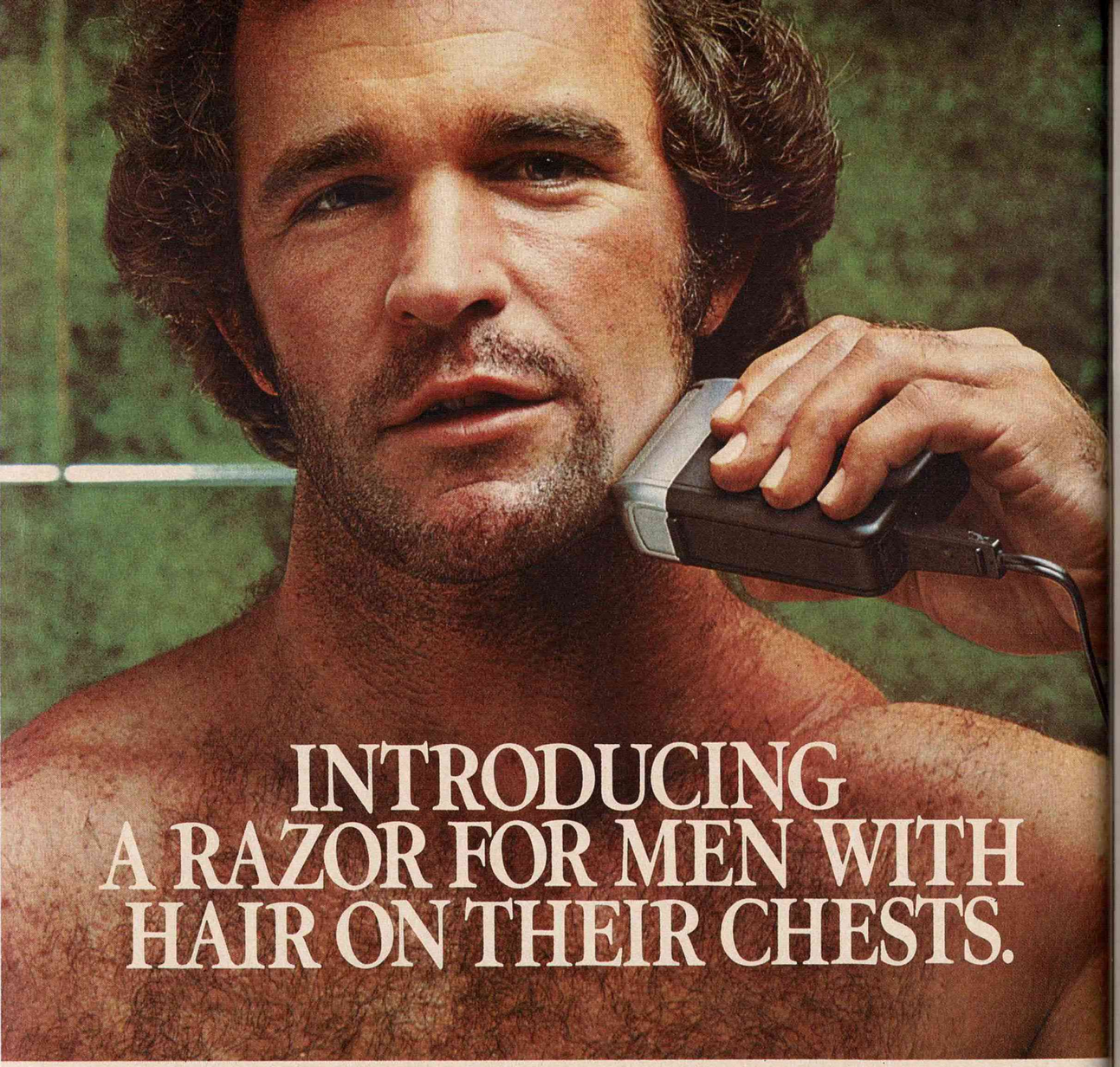

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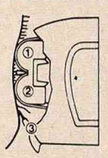

REMINGTON TOUGH MAN.

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conferences. He must stabilise frequent communication between the conferences and the Pope. He must use the synod of bishops as a means of strengthening his global vision. He must even be open to finding a new solution to birth control that, while it would not contradict *Humanae Vitae,* would go beyond it.

He has a very clear idea of the kind of man he wants for Pope and is even willing to speak tentatively on the subject of the birth-control issue (he's the only one I've heard mention it during these weeks in Rome). You know with certainty when you read his words that he is a man who is going to play a major role in selecting the next leader of the Church.

Tuesday, August 22

I saw Adolpho this morning. In a deadlock situation, he observed, just watch Benelli become the kingmaker, supporting some relatively unknown Italian cardinal like Luciani or Giovanni Colombo, and then emerge as the power behind the throne.

•

Adolpho was right. Benelli did have a compromise candidate, but rather than wait for a deadlock, he had anticipated it. The coalition was growing. Its existence was still absolutely secret. Not a single Italian newspaper got even the faintest hint of it. There were enough paradoxes in the Luciani choice to fill several cases of empty Roman wine bottles. The coalition candidate was an Italian who had come prepared to vote for a non-Italian (Lorscheider). He was thought to be a right-winger but had the massive support of the progressives. The anti-Roncalli, anti-Montini curialists first mentioned him, but Benelli, a man who was forced into exile by those folks, was now his strongest supporter. He was being presented as a simple, holy, pastoral man, but he was, in fact, a complex, cultivated and well-read thinker who had once said that if he were not a bishop, he would be a journalist, and that Saint Paul, if he were alive, would probably be the head of Reuters or AP. He was a long shot (he put himself on the C list), but he went into the conclave as the definite candidate of a (though silent and unselfconscious) majority consensus.

Inside the Apostolic Palace — Wednesday, August 23

A conclave is a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there. It's not quite as crowded as the crew section on an aircraft carrier, but if you have any liking for fresh air or breathing space, stay away from the Vatican Palace. All the windows are sealed and either painted over or draped. The plastic chairs in the dining room in the Sale Borgia look like a discount-store bargain sale. The rugs they put in the Sistine Chapel (floor raised 80 centimetres above the usual level) are of cheap felt and will be filthy after the first group of cardinals walk down the aisle to vote.

Each cardinal is issued one roll of toilet paper (Danau Star), two ballpoint pens that barely work and maybe 10 sheets of writing paper in a reprocessed folder. Each also gets a plastic wastebasket, a washbowl and pitcher, a red plastic glass, a tiny bed lamp, one hard-backed chair and an even harder-looking kneeler. To make it clear that he ought to get out in a hurry, he gets one bar of soap and two tiny towels.

A second-class *pensione* it is not.

The beds are the worst thing I've seen since the seminary, and they ought to be, because they were borrowed from a seminary. They are very narrow, with thin, hard mattresses over wire mesh. Some of the floors are parquet, but most are slippery marble. All have tiny rugs with exactly the same flower design on each, some red and some brown. There is, it would seem, about one toilet for every five or six voters, and I couldn't find many showers at all, which is probably the reason for the small towels. Save for an occasional walk in a tiny courtyard, the electors are going to have to live in a hot, stuffy, dense atmosphere until they send up the white smoke.

There are traffic signs at various intersections in the conclave area showing the way down the narrow corridors to the dining hall, the Sistine Chapel and the various bedrooms. But it is easy to get lost, as I did (and was almost locked up in the conclave by mistake!). If you want to find a colleague for a "discussion" (one doesn't conspire in conclave), it's likely to take a bit of doing.

You're going to have to wander down some corridors and climb some steep staircases, and heaven knows what other wandering "discussers" you are going to meet slipping discreetly down the corridors, quite possibly lost.

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By Thursday night, Felici and Confalonieri persuaded a number of Italian curialists that after a complimentary vote to Siri on the first and perhaps the second ballot, they ought to shift to Luciani. All things considered, it was the best you could possibly expect. News of this decision reached Benelli by Friday morning. In the course of Friday there was a communication between Arns and Benelli through Suenens confirming that, after a complimentary vote on the first ballot, a substantial number of Third World cardinals would vote for the patriarch of Venice. The French and the Lowlanders and Koenig have already more or less committed themselves. Benelli could afford a momentary sigh of relief. Everything had gone according to plan. Perhaps 35 votes on the second ballot, 40 to 45 on the third, into the 50s on the fourth ballot and election before noon on Sunday.

Friday, August 25

This is the day they go in, and tomorrow morning they begin to vote. They had the Mass this morning for the election of the Pope; 110 cardinals standing, the Samoan cardinal, Pio Taofinu'u, with his sore foot, sitting. Villot preached the sermon.

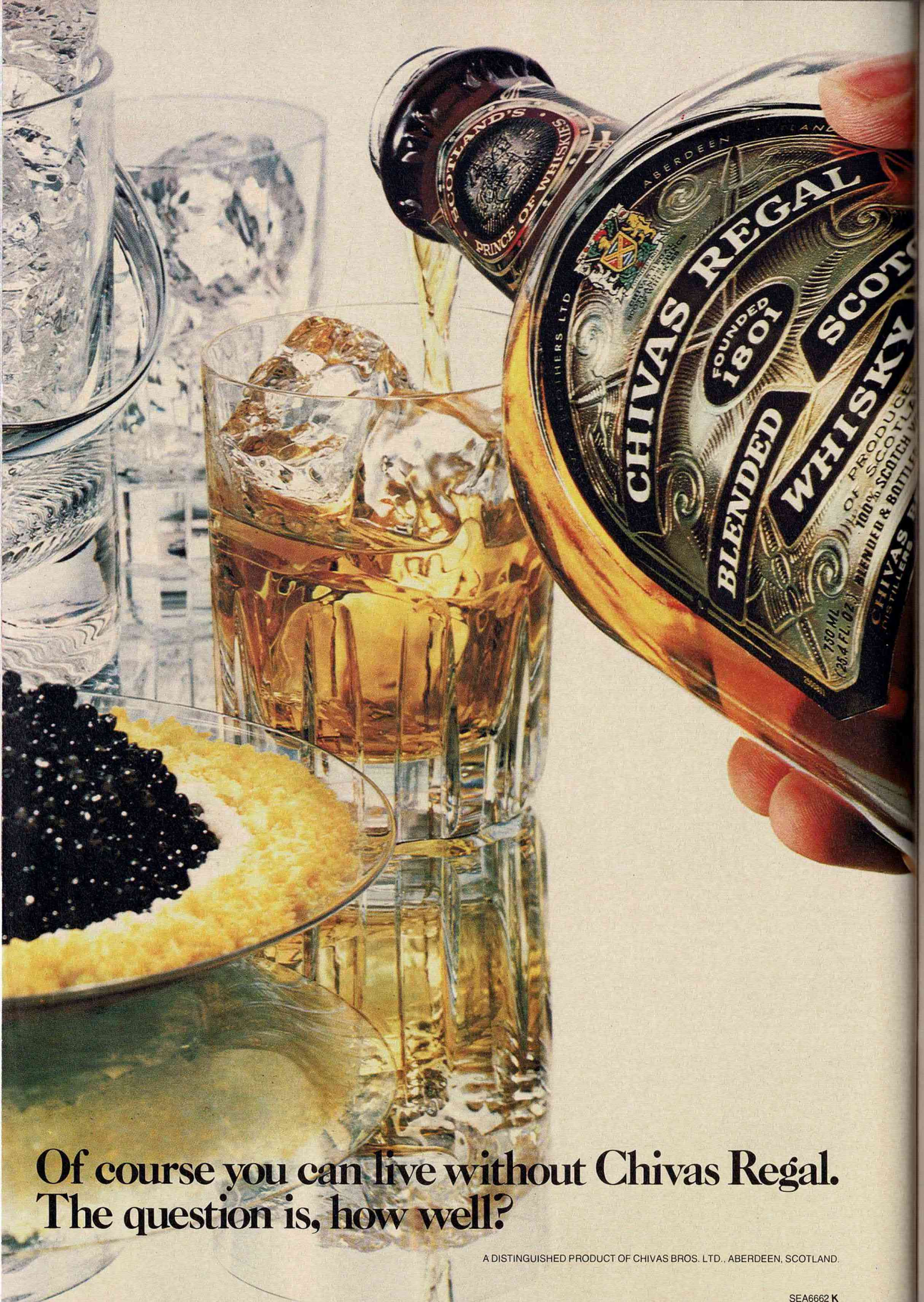
The procession into the Sistine Chapel has a certain drama. The cardinals look solemn, serious and responsible, some of them quite vigorous, some of them very haggard and infirm. There is a long, long wait while people scurry around, fulfilling their various requirements. Now, finally, the papal master of ceremonies, Monsignor Noè, says "Extra omnes" in a reasonably firm voice and, with Villot standing by, the door is slowly and dramatically swung shut.

•

Despite the reports that there was great tension and nervousness among the cardinals, it was quite peaceful, if already very stuffy, inside the conclave the first night. The cardinals seemed relaxed, now that the long period of waiting was over and at last they were getting on with their task. Conversation at the evening meal was subdued but friendly. Most of the electors retired to their rooms early, some of them wandering in confusion down the wrong corridors as they searched for the right room. If there was any consultation in the night-time hours, it was done very quietly. The rooms were hot and the full cardinalatical robes already were beginning to show the telltale effects of human perspiration.

Saturday, August 26

The concelebrated Mass over and a light breakfast eaten in the refectory (at other times part of the modern-art gallery of the Vatican Museum), the cardinals, with mounting tension, proceed to their chairs in the Sistine Chapel. First of all, voting cards are distributed by the master of ceremonies to the cardinals, two or three to each elector. Then by lot are chosen the names of three infirmarii *(who collect the votes of any sick cardinals, though*



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there was no need for such this first day) and of three revisers.

The cardinals grow somewhat impatient now. The long, tedious ceremonies have begun to wear on their nerves and they wish to get down to business. The upper half of the card contains the printed words Eligo in summun pontificem *(I choose as Supreme Pontiff) and the lower half has a space for writing the name of the person chosen. The card is designed so that it may be folded in two and be about 2.5cm in size (Paul VI was not one to leave a single detail to chance). After the cards have been distributed and before the writing may begin, the various functionaries – the secretary of the conclave, the master of ceremonies, the assistant masters of ceremonies – must leave the chapel. The doors are shut and finally the cardinals are able to vote. Paul VI was careful to remind each of them that he had to write down the name of his candidate secretly, even to the extent of disguising his handwriting. He also wanted them to write no more than one name, as that would make the vote invalid. With some awkwardness and embarrassment because they are seated so close together, the cardinals write a name and fold the ballot, nervously trying to reassure one another by gazing rigidly straight ahead that they are not trying to peek at other ballots.*

Then, one by one, in order of precedence (oldest in terms of service first – cardinal bishops before cardinal priests, cardinal priests before cardinal deacons), they walk down the aisle, holding up their cards so that the others may see them, to the altar, where the scrutineers are standing, upon which is placed a chalice covered with a plate. When each reaches the altar, he kneels, prays for a short time and then rises and pronounces aloud yet another solemn oath: "I call to witness Christ, the Lord, who will be my judge, that my vote is given to the one who, before God, I consider should be elected."

He places the card on the plate – nothing so hasty as putting it into the chalice – and then drops it from the plate into the chalice. He bows to the altar and then returns to his place. The tension grows perceptibly as this tedious process continues. Benelli wonders if the Luciani strategy will really work. The first ballot should give at least some hint.

Finally, the 111th card is in the chalice. The scrutineer shakes it several times in order to mix the cards (Paul VI was quite careful to make sure that they wouldn't forget to shake the receptacle) and the last scrutineer counts the ballots, picking them out of

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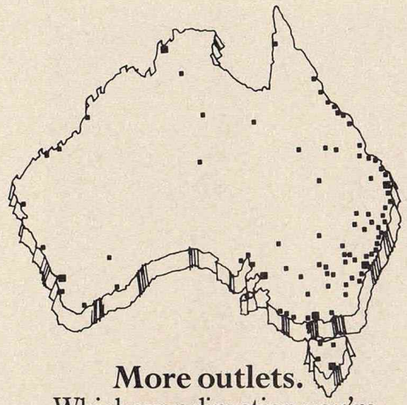

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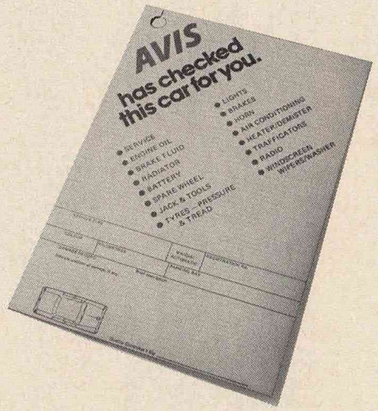

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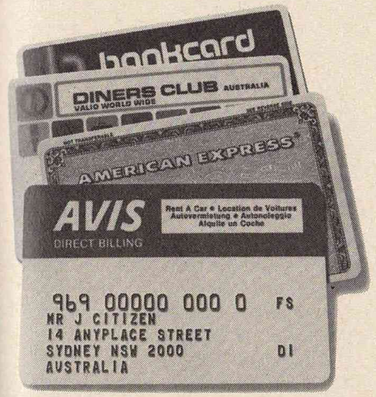

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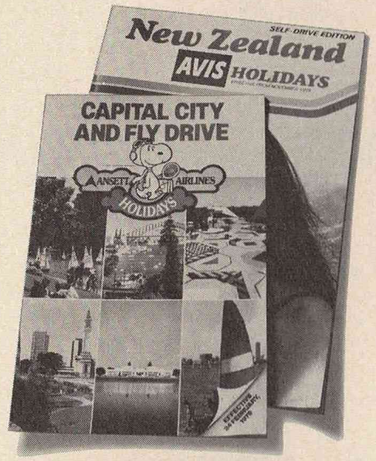

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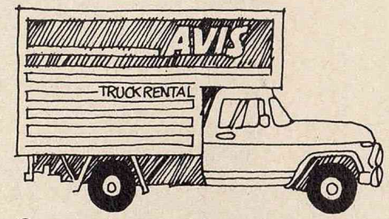

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the chalice in full view and depositing them in another chalice. Fortunately, the number of cards is 111, and there is no need to burn the cards and start over. The cardinals are relieved, and at last they are about to get a count.

The three scrutineers sit at a table and begin the count itself. The first opens a card, notes the name on a piece of paper, passes the card to the second, who does the same, then, in turn, passes it to a third, who finally announces the name on the card and also writes down on his tally sheet the name of the candidate. The process continues, with the last scrutineer piercing each card with a needle and thread through the word eligo (again, nothing left to the imagination). As the names are read, there is visible relaxation among Luciani supporters. Nothing unexpected is happening. Siri and Luciani are getting about the same number of votes. The others are spread out: Pignedoli, Baggio, Koenig, Bertoli, Pironio, a couple for Lorscheider and Felici.

After the names have been read from each ballot the ends of the thread are tied in a knot and the scrutineers count the votes on their tally sheets. Siri has the most votes: 25. Luciani is behind him, but only by a few votes: Pignedoli has fewer than 20 votes; the others are widely distributed, with Baggio, Koenig, Bertoli, Pironio, Lorscheider and Felici all having fewer than 10 votes. The coalition leaders relax. No surprises, everything according to plan. Pignedoli and Baggio hide their emotions. Luciani frowns. How could it be possible that he got so many votes? He shakes his head, mutters something under his breath that a cardinal near him thinks sounds like the word absurd.

They look at their watches. The whole process took only an hour. It seemed longer. The revisers hastily recount the ballots, check the tallies. The count is accurate. They proceed to a second ballot. Again, the tension increases slightly. The first ballot was exploratory: compliments were being paid, feelings were being protected – though the feelings of Pignedoli and Baggio are beyond protection. But the second ballot is the serious one. Will it be Siri or Luciani who gains the votes? They are now going to drift away from the other candidates. Half way through the count it becomes clear what is going to happen, and Luciani is visibly upset. It is truly absurd. There is absolutely no reason why he should be Pope. Cardinal Antonio Ribeiro, the handsome young patriarch of Lisbon, leans over and whispers to him: "Courage, the Lord gives the burden. He will also give the strength to carry it." And on the other side, tall, thin, bespectacled Willebrands, one of Luciani's many close friends, whispers to him: "Don't worry. All over the world, everyone is praying for the new Pope." The ballots are counted, the tally sheets are added up, totals are announced and a sense of relief passes through the Sistine Chapel. The job is virtually over, the task has been done. It turned out to be easy, after all.

Tomorrow they will be out of the purgatory of the Vatican Palace and the Sistine Chapel. Luciani has gained 30 votes and now has 55. Siri supporters remain unmoved with their solid block of approximately 25 votes. Pignedoli has slipped back now to 15 votes and Lorscheider has risen to 12. In the afternoon, surely, enough of the Lorscheider and Pignedoli votes will switch to Luciani to guarantee his election. The ballots and the tally sheets are placed in the stove at the back of the chapel and black smoke goes up. The cardinals again look at their watches and smile. It is earlier than most people believe possible for them to have finished two ballots. Many are going to be caught unawares over the piazza. Someone whispers in Luciani's ear: "The next time, it will be white." He smiles hollowly. Lunch is affable and relaxed. Pignedoli is cheerful; Baggio smiles and chuckles; Luciani tries awkwardly to ignore what is happening; Benelli, Suenens, Arns, Lorscheider exchange pleased smiles. Felici decides that he and his less than completely intransigent curial allies have stayed with the Siri ship long enough. Luciani is a happy solution to the problem.

The patriarch of Venice goes back to his room, room 60, and tries to take the brief siesta that is his daily custom, but he does not sleep.

Back in the chapel in the late afternoon, the cardinals are in an almost frolicsome mood. The Holy Spirit is working among them. Particularly happy are the electors from the disorganised middle, who really had no idea of the candidate for whom they ought to vote. Cardinal John Carberry of St Louis will speak later of a feeling of revelation. It was clear on the first ballot that Luciani was most likely going to be the winner, so many of the uncertain cardinals in the middle promptly jumped on to his bandwagon. The coalition leaders expected to pick up 15 more votes. They got double that number. Perhaps the third ballot would do it, certainly the fourth. It was easier than anyone had expected. The coalition of the left and the moderate right against the far right and the disorganised centre had now won over much of the centre too, and was about to elect Albino Luciani as Pope.

But not quite. Some of Pignedoli's supporters and some of the Siri supporters (including Felici) turn to Luciani on the third ballot, but not quite enough. He still falls five or six

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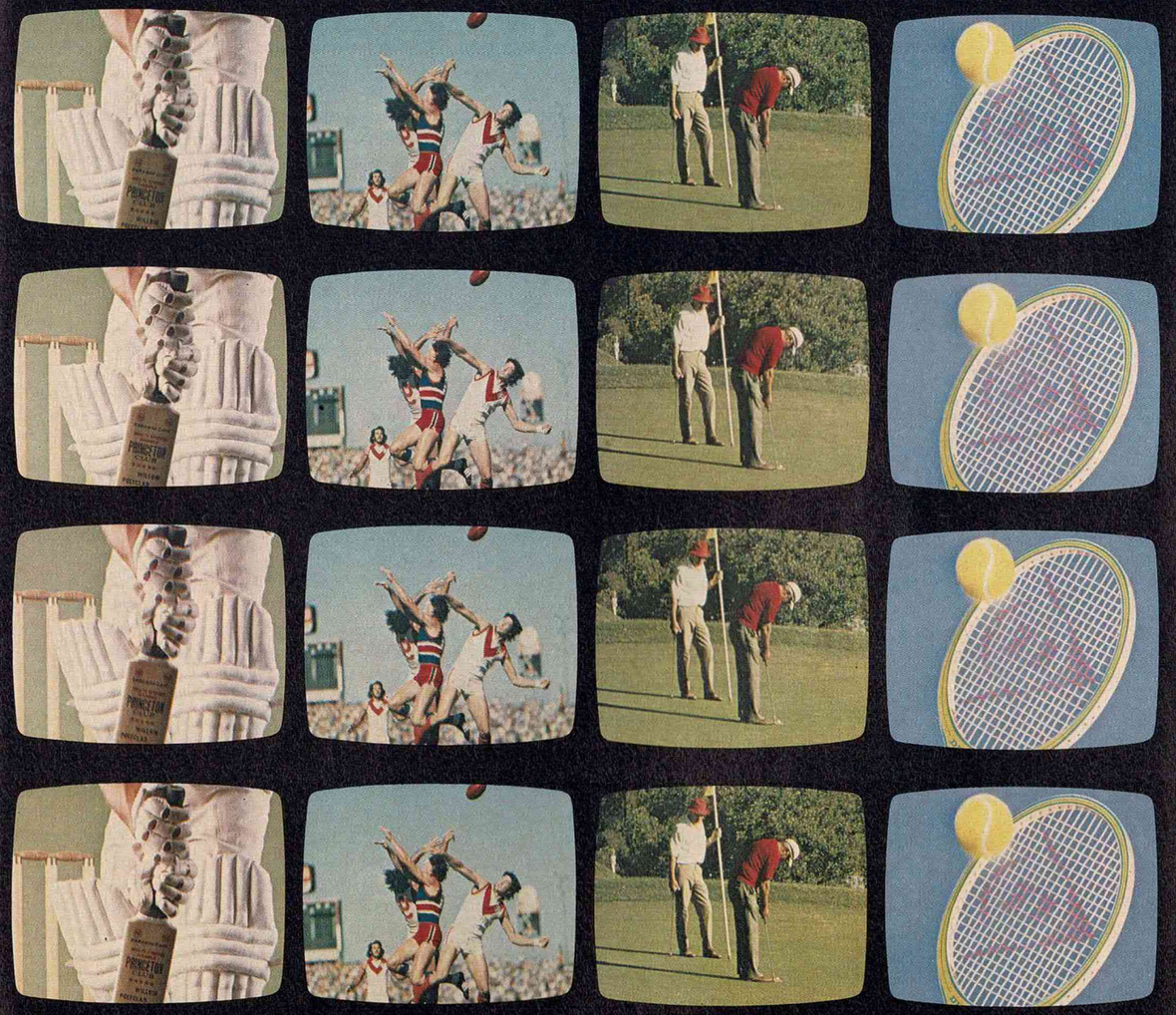

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votes short. The cardinals are smiling, happy and carefree. The next ballot is a formality. Luciani will certainly win and the conclave will be over. A sense of peace and joy flows through the Sistine Chapel. The Holy Spirit has done his work well. "Now," says Luciani to a colleague smiling warmly, "it begins to get dangerous for me."

The cardinals have dispensed with taking the oath each time they vote (thus frustrating Paul VI's cautious safeguards against the possibility that a cardinal would on a later ballot not vote for the man he thought was best suited for the job). As the third scrutineer reads off the votes, only Luciani's name is heard. At 6.05 the 75th Luciani vote is recorded and the cardinals applaud enthusiastically. The Swiss guard posted outside is startled. A Pope so soon? There are some 90 votes for Luciani, one dogged ballot for Lorscheider (the new Pope himself, of course) and 20 blank votes cast by the stubborn Siri supporters, who are sending a message in this election just as they did in the last, so that the new Pope would not have a unanimous mandate – but they are dissenting more gently than their predecessors did against Montini. (Later they will try to claim they voted for him much earlier in the day and that it was the Pignedoli supporters who stuck it out until the bitter end.)

The doors of the chapel are opened and the various masters of ceremonies come in to accompany the smiling camerlengo, Villot, to the speechless, flustered Luciani. His face beaming with joy, Villot says the words required by Paul VI's constitution: "Do you accept your canonical election as Supreme Pontiff?"

Luciani replies: "May God forgive you for what you have done in my regard." Having reached into his memory for a quotation out of the past for which he would later apologise, he then adds "Accepto" *(I accept).*

"By what name do you wish to be called?" asks Villot.

"John Paul," replies the now smiling Luciani. The cardinals are delighted; the name is appropriate.

Luciani is led out to don the temporary white papal robes. Grinning happily now – never in his life could he repress the grin – he takes the chair in front of the altar and the joyful cardinals approach one by one to embrace him and kiss the papal ring. He has a kind and friendly word to say to every one of them.

"Holy Father, thank you for saying yes," says Leo Suenens, who has had perhaps more to do with electing him than anyone else.

The new Pope, who knows that he has Suenens to blame for his plight, responds with his broadest grin: "Perhaps it would have been better if I had said no."

Sunday, August 27

Earlier today, as the cardinals poured out into the courtyard of St Damascus, leaving behind, doubtless for a good many years, the cramped, uncomfortable conclave area, they seemed happy men. "It was the greatest day of my life," said Cardinal Hyacinthe Thiandoum of Africa.

"It was a grace, a gift of God," said his African colleague Gantin.

"The Holy Spirit helped us," said Austria's Koenig, who just a few weeks earlier wanted a non-Italian Pope.

Benelli was ecstatic: "A striking manifestation of the unity of the Church supported by the presence of the Holy Spirit ... the electors came from every part of the world, from every culture and with very different mentalities and, in a single day, reached complete agreement."

EPILOGUE

John Paul's September was a revolution. He swept away the throne, the crowning, the majestic "We", the word pontificate, the formal and aloof monarchical style of the papacy – even the sedia gestatoria (chair on which the Pope is carried). The last was brought back later as a functional necessity, so that the people could see him when he went to his audiences. He shook hands with the Communist mayor of Rome and promised co-operation. He walked unannounced in the Vatican gardens with Villot (throwing the Vatican security forces into confusion and disorder). He wandered around the offices of the Secretariat of State to see who was doing what. He spent long hours preparing his seemingly spontaneous homilies and Sunday remarks. He grinned, he smiled, he laughed. He quoted 19th Century Roman romantic poetry, as well as Jules Verne, Mark Twain, Napoleon and Saint Bernard. He asked children questions at his audiences, he charmed the simple and ordinary people of the world. He never did quite manage to make it with the more sophisticated of the world press.

He was, according to the all-wise editors of Commonweal, *the "unknown Pope". It was thought the wise and the learned of the world (and is not one wise and learned if he writes for* Newsweek *or* Commonweal *or* Le Monde?) *bitterly resented the Pope's ability instantly to capture the imaginations of ordinary folk. He was a peasant, a conservative, a simple man. Given more time, his true conservative orientations would have shaped a papacy perhaps not even as broad as that of Paul VI (none of them seemed to notice his personal correspondence with Hans Küng, congratulating that controversial theologian on the publication of his best-selling book,* On Being a Christian *– scarcely "conservative" behavior). The world, you see, was wrong and the wise folks of the press were right.*

The Curia was bitter and tried to censor his speeches, reinserting the majestic "we" where he had used the simple familiar "I". It ignored him, harassed him, tried to freeze him out and complained that he wasn't doing his administrative work. Papers were going unsigned and major problems of the Church were being ignored while he prepared his Sunday homilies and his catechetical instructions for his audiences. He himself admitted that he had to get out the Annuario Pontifico *to find out who did what in the Vatican administration, and he confessed to one of his friends that about the operation of the Curia: "I know nothing." A nice, simple, pastoral man, yes, but scarcely qualified for the administrative tasks of the Curia. The crowd applauded and the Curia murmured.*

The Curia also dissembled, as it frequently does. For a newcomer, in his first month on the job, John Paul made remarkable progress in understanding and beginning to gain control of the recalcitrant bureaucracy. He began an investigation of Vatican finances, a subject on which he already had strong feelings; he did not need the exposé in the respectable Italian financial paper Il Mondo *that was accompanied by an open letter urging him to straighten out the financial mess. When Archbishop Agostino Casaroli (of the Secretariat of State) went to him with seven questions about the Church's relationship with countries in Eastern Europe, he gave prompt answers on five and asked time to think about the two others. Casaroli left dazed; Paul VI had never been that decisive on such sensitive matters.*

When at his first talk on faith he quoted Pinocchio *and compared the soul in the modern world to a car that breaks down because it runs on champagne and jam instead of on petrol and oil, the learned folk shook their heads in dismay. When he casually remarked that God is even more our Mother than our Father, the Italian papers produced learned articles asking if this were a change in the Church's theology and whether a fourth person was to be introduced into the Blessed Trinity (only to have the Pope come back at a later talk and dismiss the whole controversy with a laugh by saying he was only quoting the prophet Isaiah). When he quoted Jules Verne at his audiences, the solemn Vatican protocol types shook their heads; his incorrigible habit of calling little children up to interview at his audiences dismayed those who were responsible for keeping the papacy presentable.*

Thursday, September 28

The Pope had a hard day. He spoke about justice and liberation to a group of Filipino bishops in the morning and talked with Milan's Cardinal Colombo in the afternoon. Apparently, he tried to persuade someone to accept the diocese of Venice as his replacement and was rudely rejected. The Curia was still freezing him out. He huddled with Cardinal Baggio about some critical appointments and replacements in the world hierarchy. (In the interview with Cardinal Baggio, John Paul had given orders for the replacement of Cardinal Cody. The papers of the Cody case were in his hands when he died.) He saw Cardinal Villot and may have received reports from him about troubles in a certain Catholic country. Later, in the early morning, taxis could see the lights still on in his apartment.

•

At 4.30 Sister Vincenza, his housekeeper, took the usual cup of coffee and left it on the table outside the door of his bedroom. She went back later to take away the coffee cup and discovered it had been untouched. She summoned Father Magee.

Sunday, October 8

Today, Benelli's secretary had lunch at the Church of St Stanislaus, on the "Street of the Covered Shops" where it crosses a romantic curving alley called the Via dei Polacchi, just off the Piazza Venezia, with Cardinal Karol Wojtyla, Bishop Andre Deskur, Wojtyla's close personal friend, and Bishop Rubin, the Polish bishop who is the secretary general for the synod of bishops. It is not known what happened at that meeting, though there is some speculation that the message from Benelli to Wojtyla was that the former would be prepared to throw his support to the latter as a "compromise" non-Italian. Wojtyla did not at that time consider himself a serious candidate, and if such a discreet commitment were made, he probably responded by saying that he was grateful for the compliment but hardly expected it to be necessary for Benelli to honor such a commitment.

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When used in conjunction with this telephoto converter, the SP 70–210 mm Zoom develops new characteristics, not the least of which is the fact that its close-up capability is doubled while maintaining the original long working distance.

SPECIFICATIONS

Focal Length	: 70–210 mm
Aperture Range	: f/3.5–4 ~ 32, AE
Angle of View	: 34° ~ 11°
Construction	: 16 elements in 15 groups
Lens Accessory Size	: 58 mm
Minimum Focus from Film Plane	: 0.75 metres (30 inches)
Macro Magnification	: 1:2 ~ 1:10 (1:1 ~ 1:5 w/2X teleconverter)
Focusing Ring Rotation	: 162°21' (40° from infinity to 2 m.)
Coating	: BBAR and Green multiple layer coating
Length (at infinity)	: 165 mm (6.5 inches)
Diameter	: 64.5 mm (2.5 inches)
Weight	: 750 grams (26.5 ounces)
Lens Hood	: Built-in, retractable
Optical Accessories	: Flat-field 2X Tele-Converter Tripod mount ring

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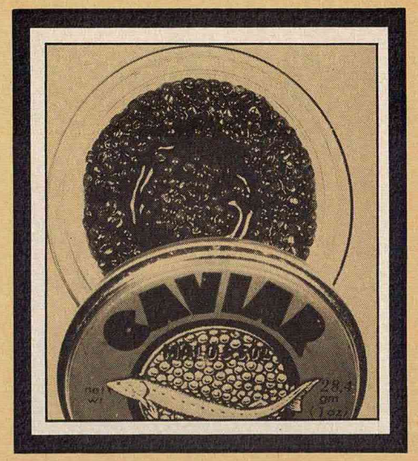
THE VIRGIN STURGEON SURE NEEDS URGIN'



BLACK gold from the oil wells of Iran had already stopped pumping in January when the Peacock lost his feathers and flew the Persian throne. But oil was only one of the rare gems to stop flowing from Iran. In the Caspian Sea, the black pearl seeds of the virgin sturgeon were neither netted nor processed for export during the political turmoil.

Iran holds a monopoly in the world's caviar market, a luxury as necessary to the palates of rich Epicureans as petrol is to cars. Russia is fast fishing out the caviar from its end of the Caspian Sea. To supplement the catch, the Russian government is buying 20 percent of Iran's caviar, most of it for export to Europe.

THE SHAH IS ALLERGIC

America buys a further 60 percent, for home consumption and export to Europe. The rest is fed to local oil sheiks and their international trade guests. The rare golden caviar of Iran – supply is down to 40 kilos a year – was reserved for the exclusive use of guests at the Peacock Throne. The Shah, incidentally, didn't touch it. He is allergic to caviar.

The world shortage of caviar has doubled its price in the past two years and it will double again this year when the pre-Ayatollah supplies from Iran are exhausted. In Australia, the tiny grey-black eggs of Sevruga caviar cost $30 for 112g. Beluga, about the same price, is the next best grade, then Ossierto.

Caviar arrives in Australia pasteurised and in jars because the demand, mostly from Europeans living here, is not regular enough to warrant the import and sale of fresh caviar. To taste salty, fresh stuff will cost you a flight to New York, London or Paris, where top restaurants serve eggs straight from the Caspian.

FISH EGGS BY CAESARIAN

Not only is the Caspian sturgeon dying out; so is the waterway. Since 1950, the sea has slowly shrunk as new dams built on the Volga and Ural rivers have reduced their flow into it. Industrial waste from factories, particularly in Russia, has added to the problem.

Now Soviet scientists are seeking an intriguing solution. Traditionally, the sturgeon is caught at breeding time as she lies on the gravelly bottom near the river entrances, waiting for the scent of her roe to attract the male. The trick is to catch her before she lays the eggs – no easy job when she measures up to four metres long and weighs up to 40 kilos. The fish is gutted, the eggs removed, and each time the reproduction cycle is interrupted. The solution, say the scientists, is to give the fish a caesarian, remove the eggs and sew her up to produce again.

For millions of Russians who can't afford caviar there is now a substitute made from a protein product found in curdled milk. It is mixed with gelatin, dyed with tannin from tea leaves and is given a salt bath. The Russians love it at $12 a kilo.

Americans, never known to let a good deal pass, have discovered their own. Although they call it caviar, it's not. But it has a fine flavor, deserving of its own reputation. American "caviar" is the eggs of the salmon that swim in the cool waters around Washington. The salmon roe are pink-orange, the size of half a green pea and are available fresh from gourmet bars in David Jones and Myer stores and leading delicatessens.

In the Sacramento River, California, sturgeon are being bred under conditions which could easily be matched in the rivers of southern NSW. At the University of California, vast ponds are studied under the supervision of a Russian defector, Serge Doroshov.

NOT ENOUGH TO GO AROUND

Supplies of the real McCoy are dwindling. In 1936, the Caspian provided 21,500 tonnes of caviar for the world market. By 1956, the catch had fallen to only 15,000 tonnes. Now, in spite of intense controls, the supply remains at an average 20,000 tonnes a year.

The purists claim caviar can come only from the Caspian but, if there is to be enough to go around, we may have to accept the eggs of the virgin sturgeon that swim in other waters. There's reason to go to so much trouble. With apologies to Mungo MacCallum, David Solomon and John Clark, we turn to the Sydney University Songbook, year of '63:

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
A virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She was a virgin tried and true.
I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She does what I want her to do.

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age was eighty-three.
I gave caviar to my grandpa,
He chased grandma up a tree.

– CAROLYN NOAD

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They're surprisingly inexpensive. And they reproduce music with a clarity and transparency equal to the most advanced professional components available at any price.

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3060	60	<0.03%	20Hz-20kHz	>90dB	$449.00
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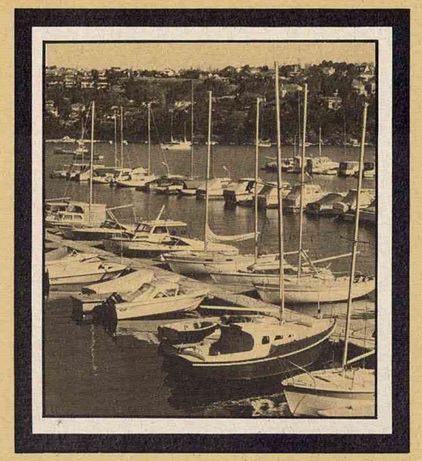


TAKE A PUNT ON A FLOATING INVESTMENT

SOME of man's most passionate and intense love affairs date back not to the influence of Eve, but to Noah's Ark. Men have been known to leave wives and mistresses for the seductive lines of various craft. Today, they continue to go down to the sea – in ships, sailing boats, yachts, cruisers and powerboats.

The affair is rekindled each year as new designs bring sleeker, more shapely hulls and cosmetic facelifts to woo seasoned salts and novices alike.

A lot of men run away with boats every year. A respectable way to drop out is to pack essential items of clothing, the dog, wife (and/or girlfriend) and sail off to the Bahamas or Tahiti.

YACHTS HAVE STATUS VALUE

Not only are boats challenging cars as the number one male toy, but they have become a good investment – if you know what type of boat to buy.

Yachts are one of the most popular forms of boat investment. There's an immediate status value when you buy a yacht. Mentioning, with feigned nonchalance, to a friend that she might "come out on the yacht one weekend" makes a greater impression than if you owned a bridgedeck cruiser worth twice as much.

But there are catches to buying a yacht. The choice of designs and types is extensive. Yacht building in Australia is mostly done by husband and wife teams or enthusiasts who handcraft a dozen or so creations of love each year.

Buying a yacht from one of the small, one-man operations is no problem. In fact, small manufacturers produce some of the best yachts in Australia. There is one key factor in choosing a design. Unless you are a racing man, keep away from trendy racing hulls. These may be enormously fashionable for a couple of years, but soon become superseded and as valuable as a wardrobe full of mini-skirts.

YOU'LL PAY AT LEAST $10,000

For investment and for comfortable weekend or holiday sailing, a cruising yacht based on a racing hull – incorporating the best of both worlds – is a considerably better proposition.

Yachties also have the choice of trailer yachts or keel vessels left at anchorage on a mooring. If you have room to park a fairly large rig, a trailer yacht is a very attractive package. There is less worry about damage during storms, less chance of theft or vandalism if it is stored in a garage, and cleaning down the hull and deck is a quick, garden hose job rather than a barnacle-scraping day in dry dock. Buyers can expect to fork out at least $10,000 for a yacht in the six-metre category and up to $30,000 for a well-set-up nine metre. A sail wardrobe will cost around $1500, while fitting even a small motor will add another $500 to $1000, depending on how far you want to go.

Small powerboats offer lower-cost boating. Starting at under four metres, runabouts, speedboats and half-cabins with suitably matched outboards are available from about $4000.

Powerboats with four metres of hull have room for four people. With 35-75 hp of outboard in runabout or speedboat style, they are suitable for protected waters only. Cost: $4000-$5500.

Five metres of hull will carry six, handle up to 115-140 hp of outboard and can be bought in runabout or half-cabin styles. Boats of this size have limited off-shore capability. Cost: $5500-$7500.

The major cost factor in powerboats is the engine – inboard or outboard. A 65-75 hp outboard, for instance, will set you back around $2500, while beefier units in the 115-140 hp range cost $3000 and more.

Fuel becomes a major consideration for powerboat owners with large outboards. Small to mid-range outboards use nine to 18 litres an hour, while the big engines guzzle 22 to 31 litres an hour. Other costs are insurance – about $150 for $5000 cover; trailer registration – $10-$30; and boat registration – less than $10 in most States.

HAGGLE WITH THE DEALER

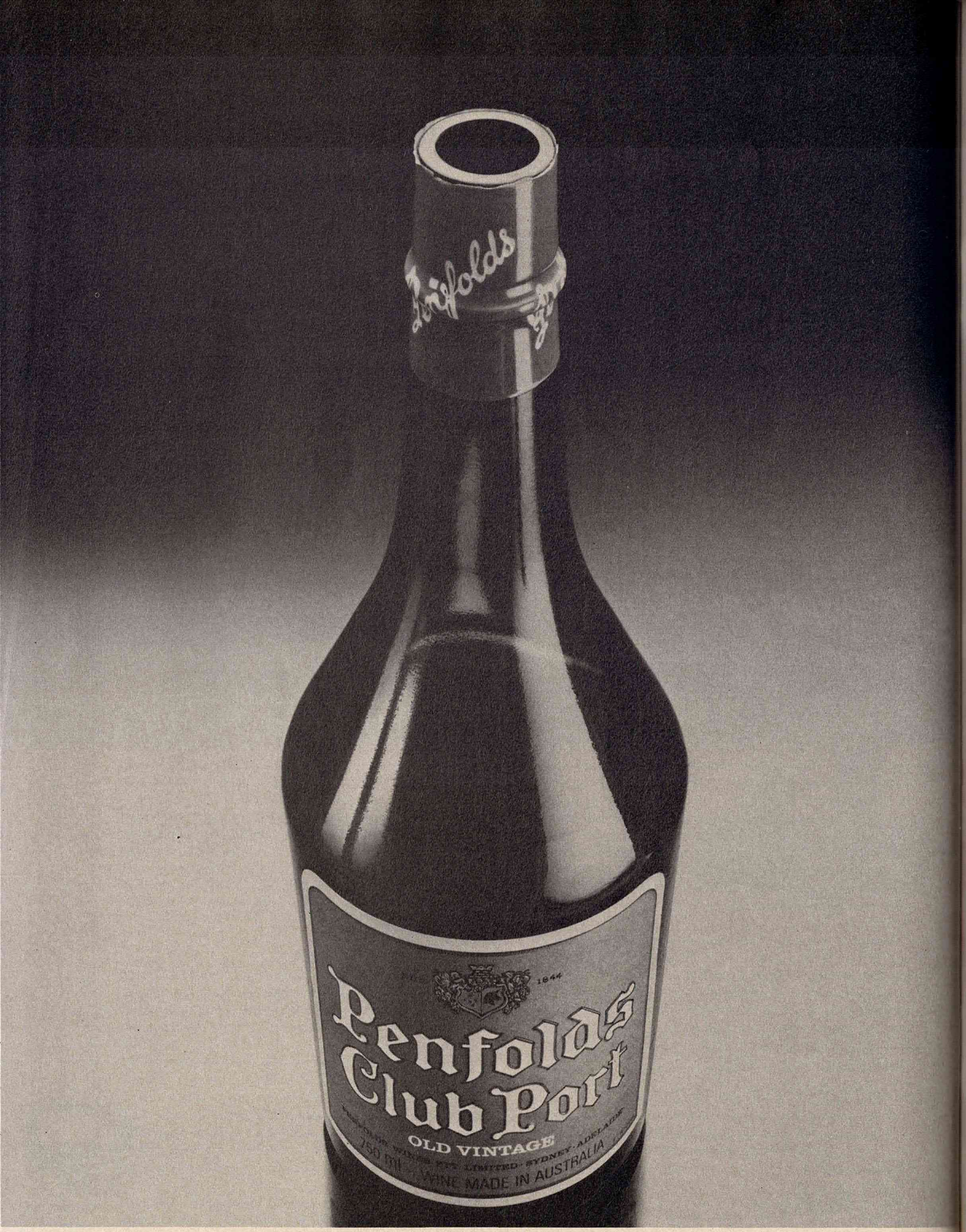
Powerboats are generally more expensive to run and own than sailboats, and consequently a less attractive investment. If sails and fittings are kept in good condition, yachts offer lower running costs and superior investment potential.

Almost any type of boat can be a good investment if a little know-how is applied. Purchase price is a critical point. It will take years to break even if you start off by paying a mark-up of a couple of thousand dollars.

Because there is not a high sales volume in boats, deals are personalised and wide differences in prices exist even between dealers offering the same make of boat. In a word, haggle.

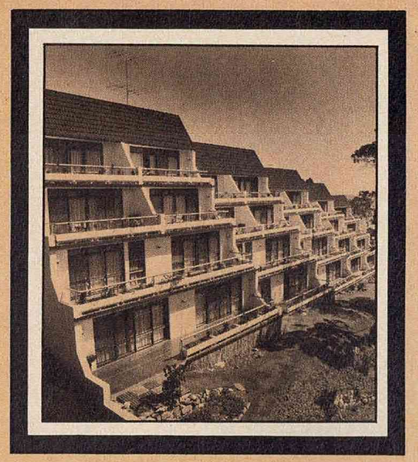
Boat shows are held in capital cities each year and are excellent venues for checking out new products, not to mention indulging in a little fantasy. A buyer's market exists during the shows. On a $5000 powerboat, for instance, a boat-show buyer has been conned if he can't get $1000 off.

–JIM MACNAMARA



Open for lunch and dinner.

SSB.PF/150



SHARING THE GOOD LIFE ON THE CHEAP

MAGNIFICENT apartment featuring three double bedrooms with en suite facilities, wall-to-wall carpets, original paintings by Australian artists, a wall oven, dishwasher, waste disposal unit, fully furnished, with a commanding view of a lush Queensland rainforest – all for only $2000 . . .

Ridiculous, a fantasy, the ravings of a deranged mind? It would certainly seem so. But it's not. It is alive and well, and living at the premier resort of Noosa Heads. The project is called Palm Court, and the units are now being offered on a system called time sharing. The Noosa Heads complex is the first strata title project specifically planned and built in Australia for the time sharing market.

REPLACING THE WEEKENDER

Time sharing started in Europe some 10 years ago and is firmly established in all the great holiday resorts of Europe, the US, Mexico and the Caribbean. Its promoters throughout the world claim that time sharing is a modern, practical and economic solution to the exorbitant cost of holiday home ownership or holiday rentals.

The once popular weekender or holiday home is now almost prohibitively expensive to maintain and rental income when the home or unit is not being used (which is most of the time) often barely defrays expenses. Time sharing, its backers claim, overcomes these problems. And judging from the initial public response to the Palm Court project, they're right. Here's how the time sharing plan works.

The year is divided into three main holiday periods – school, winter and tourist. This provides the basis for the cost of each time period. In the Palm Court complex, for instance, there are two types of units – upper and lower, the upper ones being a little cheaper than the lower ones.

Prices are based on an estimate of one week's rental at Noosa at current prices. This is then extended over 10 years, so if the rent is now $300, the purchase price is $3000. It's as simple as that.

MANAGER IS PROVIDED

The purchaser nominates a specific week, or weeks, and a specific unit, and that becomes his unit and his week(s) for life. He can then sell it, rent it, lend it, live in it during his share time, leave it to his children, do with it exactly as he likes.

He also owns a share of all the furniture, fittings and fixtures, and these, and his unit, are managed by a real estate agent. The management agreement guarantees the maintenance of the unit for the owner, the payment of all outgoings, and representation on the body corporate. In return, the owner is charged his share of outgoings plus a management fee.

WHAT YOU'LL PAY

The prices fluctuate according to the time of year. The upper units at Noosa cost most between December 15 and January 20, which is when you'll have the kids home from school. During this period, it costs you – at current prices – $4000 for one week of bliss a year for the rest of your natural.

From January 27 the price for each week drops dramatically – down to $2000 – and stays there until April 14. For the two weeks beginning April 21, it rises to $3000, and for the four weeks of the May holidays it goes up to $4000, as it does for the holiday period from August 4 to September 8.

In between these holiday periods, during June and July, and from mid-September to the end of October, the cost is $3000 a unit. From November 3 to December 14, a week will cost you $2000 a unit.

If this sounds like a good deal for the holiday-minded, remember it also will be great for the company selling the units, Sixth Avenue Resort Sales, if all the units and all their occupancy time are sold.

EASY ACCESS BY AIR

The developing company, Noosa Park Estate Pty Ltd, spent more than $1.25 million building, outfitting and furnishing the units, but it is up for more than this initial cost: all solicitors' fees, stamp duty, registration fees, etc are borne by the company. When you consider that hypothetically this cost might occur 50 times for every unit, the company is faced with a considerable payout on top of the expenditure it has already faced on bricks and mortar.

If they are all sold at an average of $3500 for a period of 50 weeks a year (two weeks are left clear for repainting and repairs), the total return will be about $2.45 million.

Noosa is only 30 minutes away from Brisbane by air, and there's a sealed strip at the resort. Connections are available with direct flights to and from Sydney and Melbourne daily.

With time sharing, you can have all this. There's only one catch to the whole thing. After living in those surroundings for a week or two, who in his right mind would want to go home? – DERRIL FARRAR

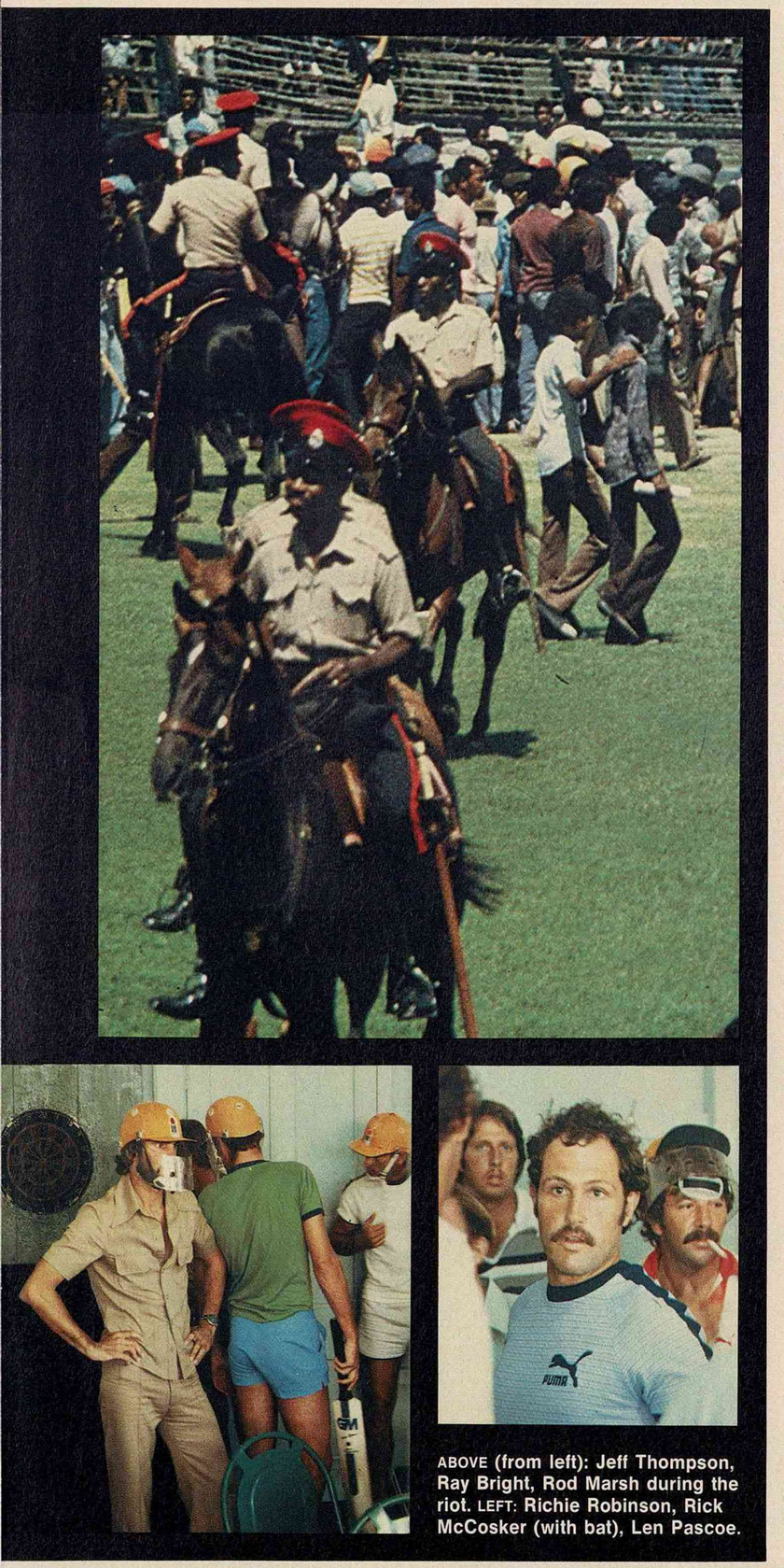
Calypso Cricket is a Rum Affair

if you're terrorised by wild fans, don't take it personally

sport **By Tony Cozier**

Photography by Max Walker

AS A West Indian, I think I should emphasise first that we hold no animosity towards Australians – cricketers or otherwise. This may not have been immediately evident to Bobby Simpson and Ian Chappell as they had important victories denied their respective teams by enraged bottle throwers at Kingston's Sabrina Park and



ABOVE (from left): Jeff Thompson, Ray Bright, Rod Marsh during the riot. LEFT: Richie Robinson, Rick McCosker (with bat), Len Pascoe.

Bridgetown's Kensington Oval last season and this. Nor to Trevor Chappell and Lennie Pascoe as they bobbed and weaved out of the way of flying objects on the boundary fence at Port-of-Spain's Queen's Park Oval. Nor to the entire World Series Cricket Australian squad as they huddled petrified in a corner of their dressing room with a rampant mob of thousands engaged in a major riot at Georgetown's Bourda ground.

No. The crowd's anger on each occasion was not directed at the Australians, of either official board or WSC variety. It evinced no "Go Home, Aussie" feeling.

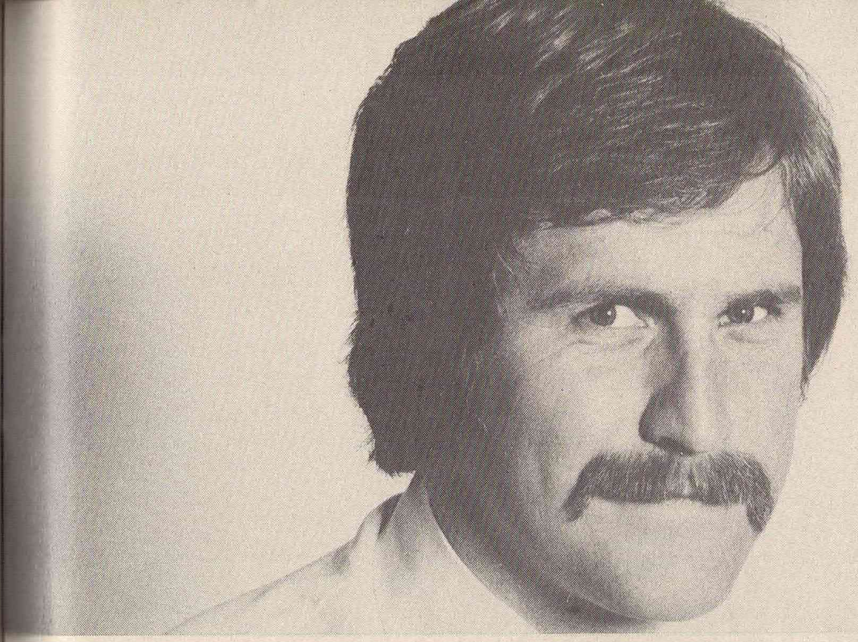
Cricketers are just about the only Australians West Indians ever come into contact with, either in person or through the airwaves on those static-filled broadcasts from Australia in the middle of the night. The Bradmans, the Harveys, the Millers, the Lindwalls, the Chappells, the Lillees, the Thomsons. These, to our people, represent Australia – for better or for worse. Not Malcolm Fraser or Gough Whitlam or Bob Hawke or even the outrageous Barry Humphries.

Over the years, they have earned a pretty healthy respect for themselves and for their country, undoubtedly because Australia has so consistently licked the pants off our Test team.

If you ever happen to be in the area, for whatever reason, just mention to immigration and customs officials, taxi drivers and anyone else you may feel can assist you that you are Australian and you will see what I mean. On second thoughts, amend that. Keep the fact that you're from Oz strictly to yourself when in female company. Somehow, the Australian reputation among that particular group in the community does not appear to have been especially enhanced by relations, of whatever nature, with cricketers.

If the foregoing explanation appears somewhat apologetic, I suppose it is meant to be because no West Indian would want it assumed abroad that the recent frequency of crowd riots at cricket matches has been catalysed by anti-Australian – or, for that matter, anti-white – sentiments. Unfortunately, our cricket history is replete with similar instances and those involving the Australians have only been the latest in a long line. Spectators, upset for one reason or another, vented their feelings in violent reaction during Tests involving England, New Zealand and Pakistan long before they ever got around to interrupting matches against Australia.

In 1954, at Georgetown, the West Indies were tottering at 139 for seven in reply to an England first innings total of 435 when John Holt and a local boy



WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOUR SECRETARY MADE A PASS AT YOU?

If it was last year it may already be too late.

If it was last week there's still time.

We know you play a little tennis or squash to keep your body in shape. That's good.

But what about the thing people first notice about you. What about your skin?

If your shaving mirror says your skin is blemished or makes you look older than you really are, chances are people are saying the same things about you. Or, at least, thinking it.

Unhealthy skin isn't good looking.

Acne or blemished skin has nothing to do with rugged, good looks. But it does have a lot to do with neglect.

Neglect is healthy skin's major enemy.

Fight it by ringing Madame Korner. Our skin grooming will help. In fact, it'll help a lot.

In private rooms, separate from the women's section, we'll cleanse, tone, massage and moisturise your skin back to good health.

If you so wish we can remove any unwanted hair. Madame Korner can even treat broken veins on your nose or cheeks.

Call Madame Korner for your free skin analysis.

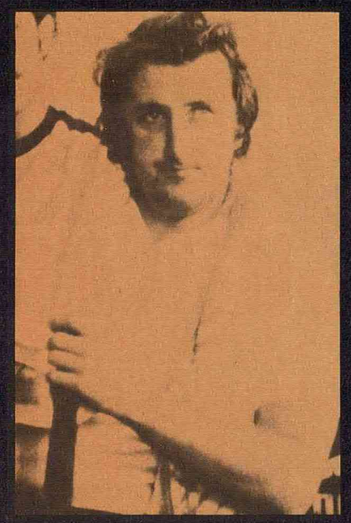
We'll look at your skin, tell you what's possible and how much it will cost.

Think about it. But not for too long.

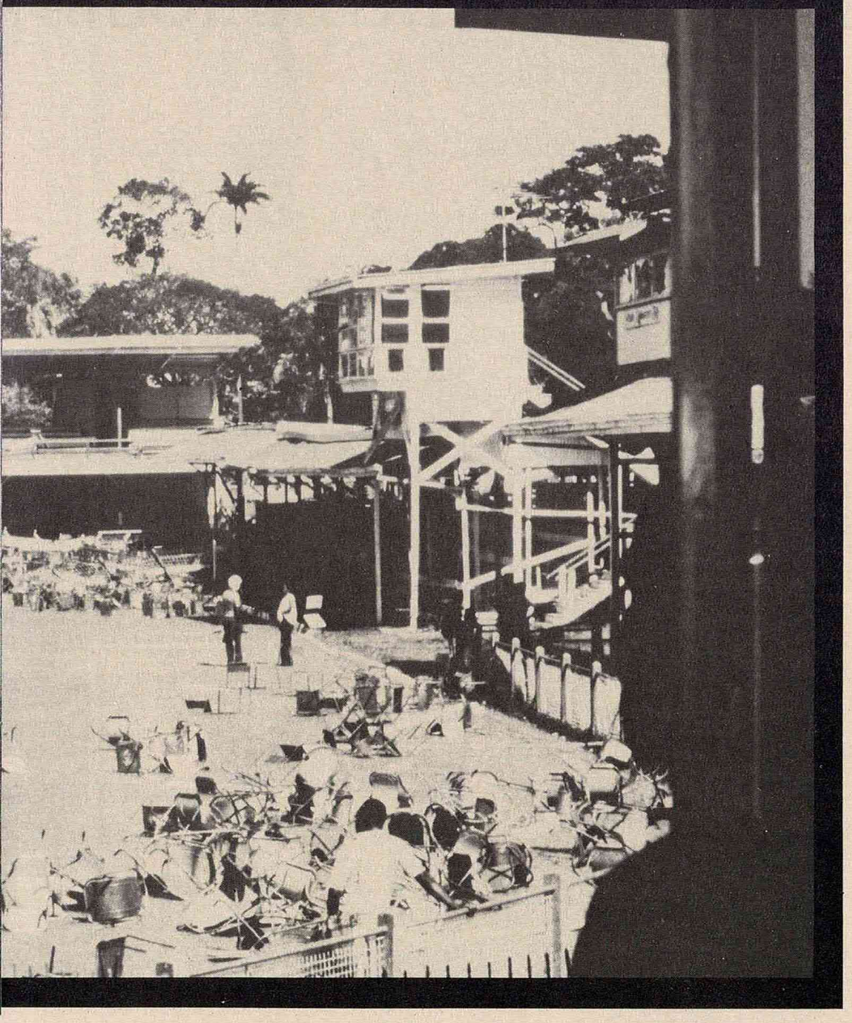
Time *isn't* on your side.

MADAME KORNER SKIN GROOMING.

Sydney Hilton, Royal Arcade 261241. **Wynyard,** 283 George St., 7th floor 296616.
Chevron Hotel, Potts Point 3580433. **Parramatta,** 316 Church St. 6353773. **Auckland,** Epsom 543700.



Showing signs of strain as the drama reaches a climax are Rick McCosker (left) and Gary Gilmour. BELOW: Aftermath of the wild riot.



by the name of Cliff McWatt brought hope back to the despondent crowd with a partnership of 99.

Betting, almost as endemic in the West Indies as it is in Australia, was rife around the ground and a lot of people stood to collect a lot of money on the century stand when their luck and that of McCatt, so nicknamed because of his habit of having nine lives at the crease, ran out. Attempting to steal the 100th run of the stand, McCatt was well short of his ground when the stumps were broken. As money changed hands, the disgruntled ones hurled bottles, crates and other debris on to the ground in the first such protest in West Indian cricket history. It was just the start.

There was more to that little episode than the disappointment of a feverish few who had suddenly found themselves somewhat poorer. It had been a disagreeable tour from the beginning with the English captain, the Yorkshireman Len Hutton, instructing his team not to fraternise with the opposition or the locals and constantly quarrelling about the umpiring.

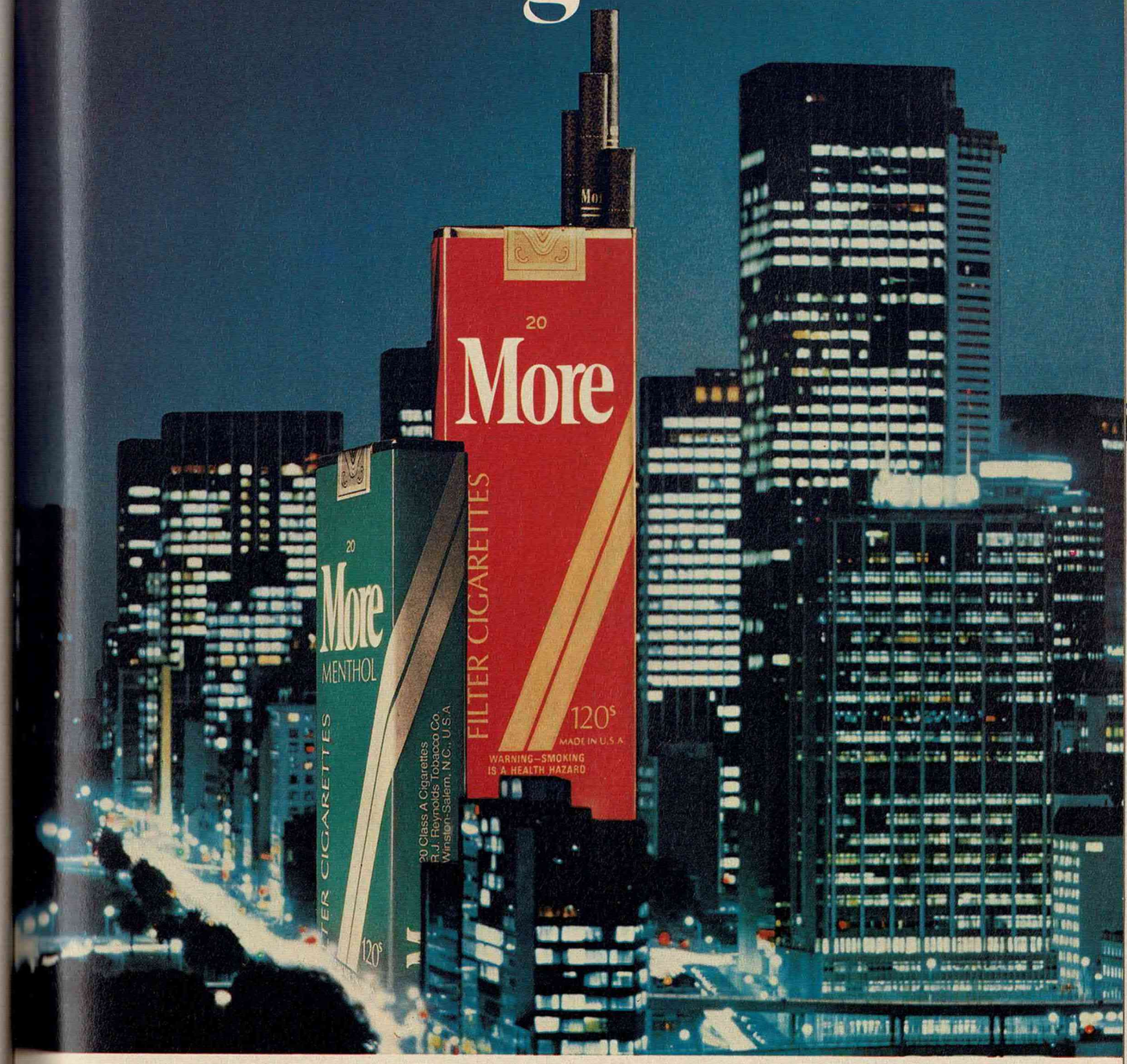
When he objected to the officials named for the Georgetown Test, the West Indies Board responded by giving the job to the local groundsman, a chap called Badge Menzies. After preparing the pitch, he donned the white coat and officiated in the only first-class match of his career. Pertinently, it was he who sent McWatt back to the pavilion.

There was more trouble when the Englishmen returned for their next two tours in 1959-60 and 1967-68. In the first case, a depressing West Indian situation on the field and a run out decision against a hometown boy in his first Test sparked the outburst at the Queen's Park Oval.

Nearly 30,000 had packed tightly into the ground to watch their team reply to England's 382. They were prepared for a run feast from Conrad Hunte, Rohan Kanhai, Gary Sobers and all the others and indulged themselves merrily in the best Trinidadian rum long before a ball was bowled. Instead, Hunte made eight, Kanhai five and Sobers a duck and when the unfortunate rookie, Charran Singh, was ruled out by a good few yards, the total was 98 for eight and the bubble of sheer disappointment burst. A full-scale riot ensued, the police special squad and the fire brigade were summoned and play was abandoned for the day with almost two hours remaining.

It is said that Learie Constantine, the greatest of all West Indian fielders and the most famous pre-war West Indian cricketer, saved the life of the governor that day. Constantine was then a government minister and

More
A little larger than life



More has more of everything you could ask for in a cigarette.

It's larger. A little larger than life. It's elegant.

More has a long lean burnished brown look.

Choose from Filter or Menthol. What more could you ask for?

accompanied Sir Edward Beetham on to the field to survey the damage. Suddenly, a bottle appeared in the corner of Constantine's eye travelling like a shot from Bradman's bat directly at His Excellency's ear-lobe. The left-handed catch was taken only centimetres from its mark with the aplomb with which Constantine had snared 28 catches in his 33 Tests for the West Indies team.

Seven years later it was the turn of the Jamaicans to register their agonised frustration at a losing West Indian state, following the examples set earlier by Guyanese and Trinidadians and stopping play. This time, the West Indies – caught on a pitch from which the ball sometimes skidded through to shatter the toenail and sometimes leapt viciously at the Adam's apple – were following on and certainly going to lose.

Douglas Sang Hue (yes, the same inscrutable Chinese gentleman who now continually scratches the palm of his hand while making his decisions on Channel Nine) ruled Basil Butcher caught down the legside by wicket-keeper Jim Parks. It was fairly taken, no doubt, under the rules of the first-class game for, while Parks' glove touched the ground, the ball did not. In road and park cricket in Jamaica, however, such a catch, with hand on the ground, would not have been allowed and the crowd felt it should not have been allowed in Test cricket, either – particularly as the West Indies were in such dire straits.

So bottles rained on to the field, play was halted, the riot squad called and tear gas used. An hour and a quarter of the day remained for play and the Englishmen, sighting victory, demanded that the time be made up.

It was a request which backfired. On resumption, Sobers produced an innings of 113 not out which only a genius, blessed by the gods, could have played and England found themselves 68 for eight when the time, duly added on at their insistence, ran out.

You will note that, thus far, all the incidents involved English teams and occurred with the West Indies struggling for survival. There is some significance in that for, in the 1950s and 1960s, as the British Empire began to disintegrate and her former colonies proceeded to political independence, there was little love lost for the Limies (Poms to Australians) in the Caribbean. There was nothing more satisfying than beating them silly at cricket (as was the case, for the very first time, in 1950) and nothing more depressing than losing to them.

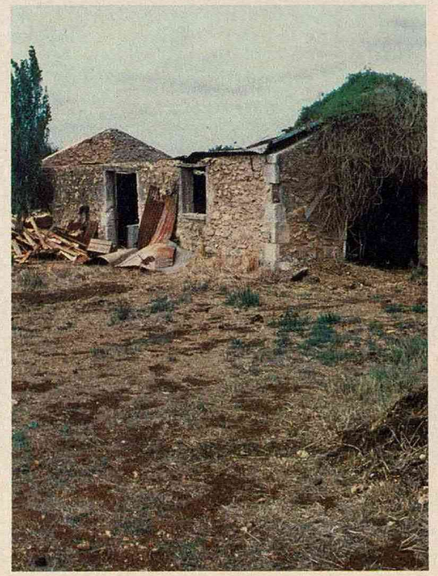
Thereafter, West Indian fans became more catholic in their tastes as to which Tests should be disrupted and for what reasons.

The New Zealanders paid their first and, to date, only visit in 1972 and did far better than their limited expectations had led them to expect. They drew all five Tests which, to them, was apparently as good as winning and everyone was prepared to applaud them for the achievement.

Their experiences of the volatile nature of West Indians had absolutely nothing to do with the standard of their cricket, their behavior, the umpiring, the state of the game or the quantity of alcohol consumed at the time. In the simple act of attempting a single in the Georgetown Test, Clive Lloyd, a native of that quaint South American city, happened to be run out, a not unusual occurrence for the individual concerned at the time. It was, in the view of his adoring followers, not his fault at all but that of his luckless partner, the Trinidadian, Charlie Davis. More bottle throwing ensued, the match was delayed some 20 minutes while Lloyd personally went on radio to appeal for calm and Davis had to stay in his hotel that night with police protection.

The disturbance which briefly held up the Pakistani Test in Port-of-Spain in 1977 had its origins in the ethnic divisions of that island. There, as in

Coonawarra's end was nigh. One vineyard held out against all odds.



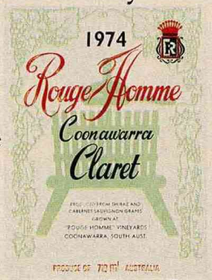
Thirty years or so ago the locals would have sworn the end of Coonawarra's winemaking days had come.

After forty years of one thing going wrong after another, they vowed they would put up with it no more. But, even as its neighbours were throwing in the towel, Rouge Homme was developing wines that were to become classics, the wines for which Coonawarra is now famous.

These wines were, and are, regarded so highly, winemakers from all around Australia in the early fifties headed for Coonawarra to join Rouge Homme on the unusual, rich Terra Rossa soil.

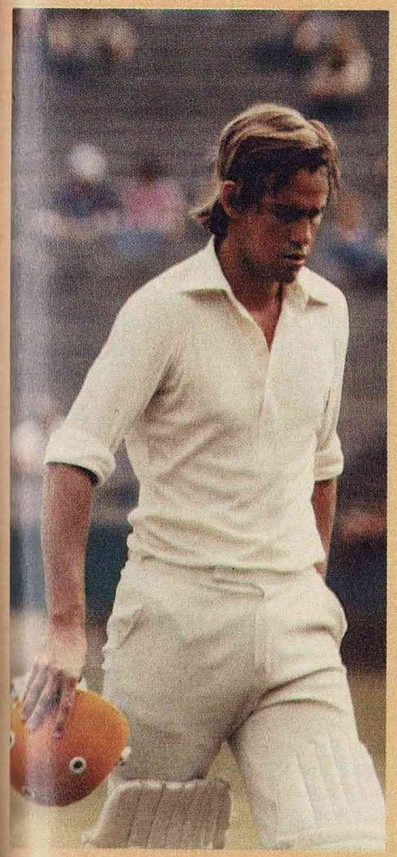
This soil, an underlay of deep, soft limestone and the unique climate of the district continue to produce full flavoured Rouge Homme wines that are light and delicate.

Ones that retain that subtle mintiness that sets the great Coonawarra apart from the rest.



Rouge Homme:
From the vineyards that put Coonawarra on the map.

GREY 798



'I THOUGHT WE WERE GONE'

with bats and helmets, the wsc stars faced up to the guyana siege

COZIER SPOKE to WSC Australian batting star David Hookes and got this chilling first-person reaction to the riot in Guyana:

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the riot in Georgetown. You were in the dressing room with the team. How did you feel?

HOOKES: Let me start by saying the whole damn thing – including the assault charge against Ian (Chappell) – could have been avoided if the right story had been given. The crowd turned up at the ground early because they'd been told the day's play would start on time. But everybody knew that was bloody impossible – the place had been flooded – and it was a bloody irresponsible thing to say.

PLAYBOY: What was it like once the riot got rolling?

HOOKES: Well, I don't think anybody was particularly perturbed at first. Then the fence started going and the bottles started coming and the looks on the boys' faces reflected the way I was starting to feel ... shit scared. The dressing room suddenly seemed very small. After a while we backed right away from the windows because there were objects flying past.

Then it got more serious. There were thousands of people outside going right off, screaming and yelling and ripping the place apart. Then the bottle barrage began – three of the West Indies boys got hurt – and windows started breaking. So we all huddled behind the table-tennis table. We had chairs up, too. All bunched up in a corner. Unfortunately the police sergeant with us shut the windows and made it even worse. If you're going to throw something, let it in. We'd spent the past five months ducking bouncers, so flying bottles weren't going to be too much of a problem. But smashed glass was something else and I was really frightened. I think we all were. Not so much for our lives but more of losing an eye or cutting an arm.

If you get killed, that's fine; I mean, you don't know any different. But losing the sight of an eye through flying glass – your career, everything wrecked – that's the part I was frightened of. That's when we grabbed our crash helmets. We were all looking for protection. The blokes had helmets on and grabbed bats as well. It took us all so much by surprise. It suddenly dawned on us they were headed our way, towards the pavilion. When we heard them, we stacked the cricket bags and anything else we could find up against the door. Then they started pushing against the door.

PLAYBOY: Were they saying anything?

HOOKES: No, they were just pushing at the door. And throwing things down from the roof. It was really hairy. I thought they were coming in ... but we weren't prepared to go down without a fight. At this point we were all armed with bats. I thought we were gone. And I was disgusted because up to that point of the tour I hadn't made enough runs. I was really pissed off. Fortunately at that stage the riot squad came to the rescue.

Another 10 minutes and I don't know what would have happened. I feel they wouldn't have wanted to do us any harm. But that was mass hysteria and in that situation you don't know what's going to happen. I mean, if they'd charged in, I was going to be one of the blokes with a bat. One bloke got in through the window. He was very frightened; he was only 14 or 15. He jumped in through the window. Looking back on it, I suppose they could have got in if they'd wanted to. But he just jumped in and stayed with us. Maybe they were brave from 30 metres away throwing bottles but if a couple had got in and we all had started swinging cricket bats ... I don't know what would have happened.

PLAYBOY: You had made up your minds you were going to fight?

HOOKES: We had to. We thought it could have been for our lives. I think it lasted for an hour or so. It seemed like two months. By the end of the tour we'd built up so much emotion we were all frightened.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone mention there was a possibility of the stand being set on fire?

HOOKES: Yeah, that was mentioned and it was more frightening than if they had really come in to beat us to death. With fire you can't get out. You can't do anything.

PLAYBOY: When did you feel that it was all over?

HOOKES: We probably sat for an hour and a half before we could get out. Then we stood outside and people on the steps started talking to us. By that stage we felt all right and we started walking across the oval. It was then I remembered Max Walker and his bloody camera. There we were, you know how they say it, doing quick reviews of our lives because we thought there was a chance we were gone ... and Max is clickety-clicking with his bloody camera. We felt so vulnerable. But I guess it was OK really.

PLAYBOY: What about another visit to the West Indies?

HOOKES: Although riots, disturbances and various other things put heaps of pressure on us for long periods, I would certainly like to go back again. The problem basically was that most of us went to the West Indies with a false impression of what we would find.

We didn't realise the islands are run by separate governments. Separate governments that fight and disagree. We thought of sun, sand and glistening waters and the only place we found that was at St Lucia. For the rest of the time it was hot, humid and it rained a lot. We didn't understand how antiquated their telecommunication system was – it took Greg Chappell a week to put a telephone call through to Los Angeles from Barbados. Next time we will better appreciate the problems.

Guyana, roughly half the population descend from people brought from the Indian sub-continent at the turn of the century to work in the sugar cane fields as indentured labor. The Africans, similarly uprooted from their homeland and enslaved, had been freed and someone had to take their place.

The Indians have maintained their religions, customs and much of their culture. They still identify strongly with their motherland and turn out to Tests to cheer for India and Pakistan, not for the West Indies. It is not an entirely universal attitude but it is strong enough to rankle with those of other races in this cosmopolitan part of the world.

When, therefore, a lone spectator of obvious Indian descent scaled the wire fence to run on to the field and lift the little Pakistani medium-pacer Saleem Altaf shoulder-height in tribute for knocking back the prized off-stump of Vivian Richards, his path back to his seat was blocked by a volley of bottles.

In the following Test in Georgetown, the trouble was something far more basic. Players on both sides left no doubt as to their lack of confidence in the umpiring throughout the play and Alvin Kallicharran, 72 and batting beautifully, hammered his bat so hard against the boundary board in disgust after being ruled lbw that the whole ground heard it, taking it as a cue to express their feelings as well. It was half-an-hour before the debris could be cleared and play resumed.

That brings us to the Australian experiences which have been late in coming but which have been fast and furious these past two seasons. Five times in 12 months Australian cricketers have observed with varying emotions as West Indian crowds have lost their senses.

The issues surrounding the most recent demonstrations have been somewhat more complex than those of earlier days. I will come to them anon. However, there has always been one common denominator — the cramped conditions and almost complete lack of amenities at the grounds.

Australians, accustomed to the luxury and wide open spaces of the MCG or VFL Park in Melbourne or even the much-maligned SCG, would find it difficult to comprehend the Lilliputian arenas into which the cricket fanatics of the Caribbean must cram to watch the game they treat with religious fervor. Kensington Oval, Sabina Park and Bourda are wooden, cramped meeting halls compared to the cathedral-like splendour of the MCG or VFL Park.

Sabina is now being rebuilt and will hold 25,000. Sabina, Kensington and Bourda are presently capable of taking no more than 10,000 to 12,000 in relative safety. Yet, when several thousand more turn up, officials, anxious not to lose out on much-needed revenue, jam them in tighter than the Sydney Hill has ever known.

Even the beautiful Queen's Park Oval, with its spacious 25,000 capacity, bursts at its seams on the Saturday of a big match with 30,000 squeezed in. And, like the others, its toilet amenities and dining facilities are either non-existent or are squalid health hazards.

So you are off to the cricket in the West Indies. For a seat in a reasonable stand during the WSC tour you have paid $10 local currency (A$4), a lot of money in this impoverished part of the world. You push, shove, cajole and, if you are lucky, you are pressed in the queue against some cushiony female form. Finally, you enter the stand to look for your seat which, in the crush, you have to share with at least one other oversized backside.

The rum and the beer and the cricket banter help ease the discomfort but, in the end, they create a serious dilemma. The bladder inevitably swells but to relieve it means leaving your seat with no guarantee that it will be there when you return. As the sun gets hotter and the alcohol takes its effect, tempers inevitably become frayed. It is a veritable tinder box and, with bottles close at hand (none of the breweries or other drink manufacturers uses cans), it is a wonder there has not been more trouble over the years.

Now to those other reasons for the recent explosive behavior. These are very difficult times for international cricket. The advent of World Series Cricket has thrown the game into turmoil and the West Indies has not escaped the general trauma. There was widespread controversy mid-way through the visit of Simpson's Packerless Australians when Clive Lloyd, a Packer man, resigned as captain on "a matter of principle" and his WSC colleagues joined him. The West Indies reconstituted their team, the board was vilified and the final two Tests boycotted by disgruntled fans.

When the Australians objected to umpire Sang Hue after he had no-balled Bruce Yardley for throwing and the West Indies Board replaced him for the final Test, Jamaicans were incensed. They felt he was paying the price for his WSC connections.

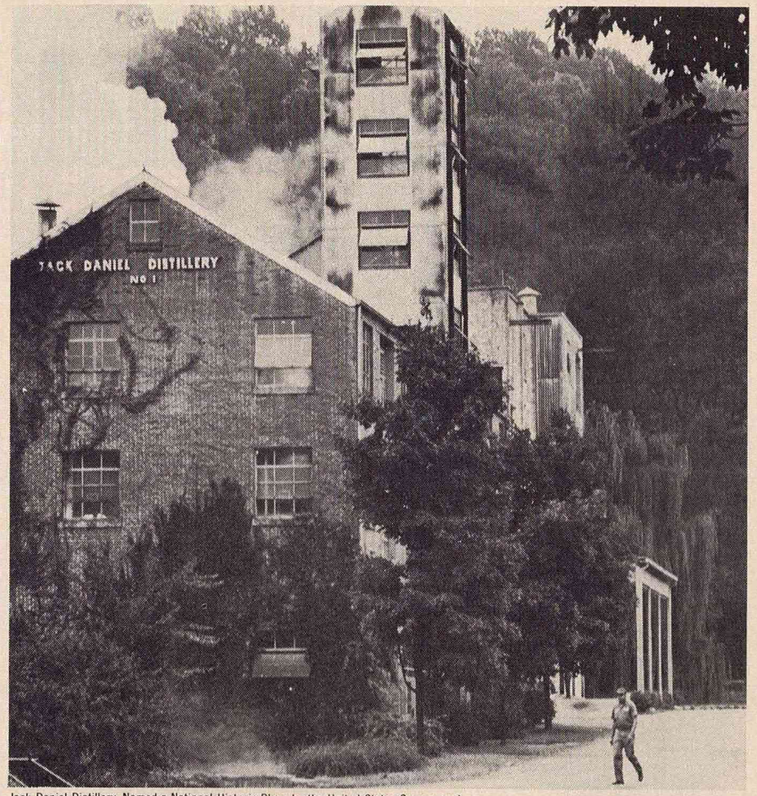
It was a decision by Sang Hue's replacement, Wesley Malcolm, which touched off the commotion that halted the match — although, in fairness, it must also be mentioned that the West Indies were one wicket away from certain defeat and the batsman concerned, Vanburn Holder, didn't exactly greet the verdict with a wide smile.

This season, WSC brought its Superstars to town with all the attendant fanfare. Interest was intense. The West Indian heroes, outcast by officialdom, were back. At last, it was a chance to avenge, on West Indian soil, the 5-1 shellacking handed out to Lloyd's men by Chappell's then-official side in Australia in the 1975-76 season.

Prices for admission were pushed up 50 percent over what they had been for the traditional Tests, but the public was prepared to cough up.

Yet, somewhere along the line, things began to go wrong. In Barbados, over-cautious umpires, perhaps mindful of the attitudes of injury-conscious professionals, kept spectators waiting an inordinate period for play to restart after an interruption for rain. The ground appeared dry, the covers were off the pitch and, to underscore the point, players were actually practising in front of the pavilion. There was no communication from the public address system and the public, even at inflated prices, was made to feel it did not matter. To show that it did, they threw bottles.

The same type of misjudgment led to the far more serious Georgetown furore. There, fans were even more keyed up by the arrival of the WSC entourage, for, coincidentally, it had



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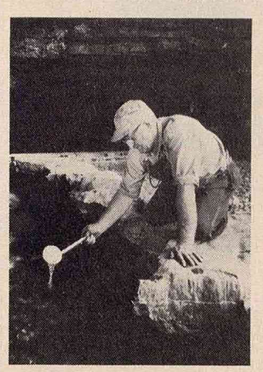
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*the male model photographed above has signed an affidavit that he wore a hairpiece for this advertisment.

WIZ2M

been in Georgetown that Lloyd and his colleagues called it quits the previous season. In other words, they had not been seen there since the 1977 Test against Pakistan.

Rain delayed their enjoyment for two days, but when the weather broke and the sun shone, it was confidently predicted, in the only morning paper, that play would start promptly on the Sunday. It was patently obvious to those who knew the ground that this could never have been. However, the public had been led to believe one thing. When they found something completely different, after waiting in the boiling sun and for seven hours and more, they announced violently that they could take no more.

The two instances were the first time that West Indian crowds had erupted because there was no cricket. They were not prepared to sit twiddling their thumbs, and drinking their El Dorado and Mount Gay rum, having paid heavily to watch the Superstars in action.

Twice, in the second Supertest in Bridgetown and the third in Port-of-Spain, spectators intervened, as they had done so frequently in the past, when the West Indies were in trouble. The former disturbance caused the match to be abandoned. Luckily, play was restarted in the latter for, had it not been, the Australians would certainly have opted out of the tour altogether – as they would have had every right to do.

There are those who suggest, not without foundation, that there remains suspicion of the WSC concept, even in the West Indies, where Kerry Packer has been viewed as something of a crusader. Certainly there was a feeling that the matches, particularly the one-dayers, were being fixed, particularly after the first five were decided on an every-other basis and after the West Indies faltered, having galloped home by a huge 369 runs in the first Supertest.

It was put to me, as I left the ground after the ill-fated second Supertest, that the umpires were in the scheme of things to ensure that interest in the series be kept alive and the West Indies not romp to an unassailable lead. It was so ridiculous that I could only shrug my shoulders and offer no argument. But it became comprehensible why bottles were thrown.

Please do not condemn West Indians for their lack of sportsmanship or attach any other evil motives for the troubles which have so inconvenienced Australian cricket teams here recently. Try to understand that there is much more to it than that.

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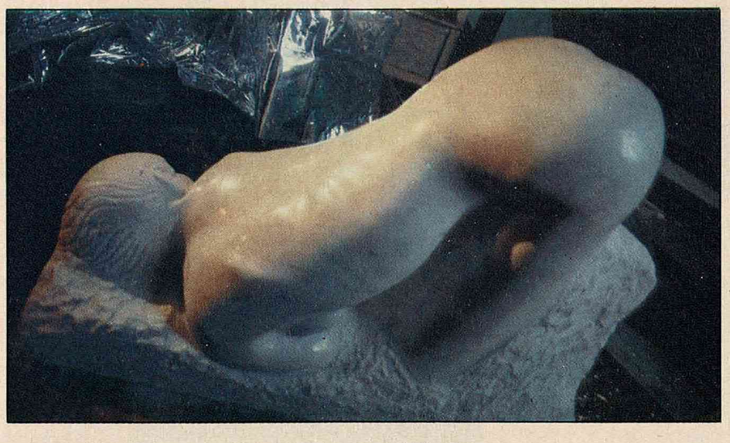


AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR GARDEN?

Some of us might have fairies, or even little gnomes, at the bottom of our gardens, or a Manet or Warhol inside our castles. Such treasures can easily be knocked off. Well, what about a piece of sculpture that weighs 350kg? Nicholas Georgouras, a sculptor who works in Italian marble, has just the thing. *The Nymph* or *My Favorite Position* took him six months and a lot of back-breaking work. He'll part with it for $12,000, and you're likely to find them both at the Cutty Sark Salon, 83 Queen street, Woollahra, NSW 2025.

A MIND OF YOUR OWN

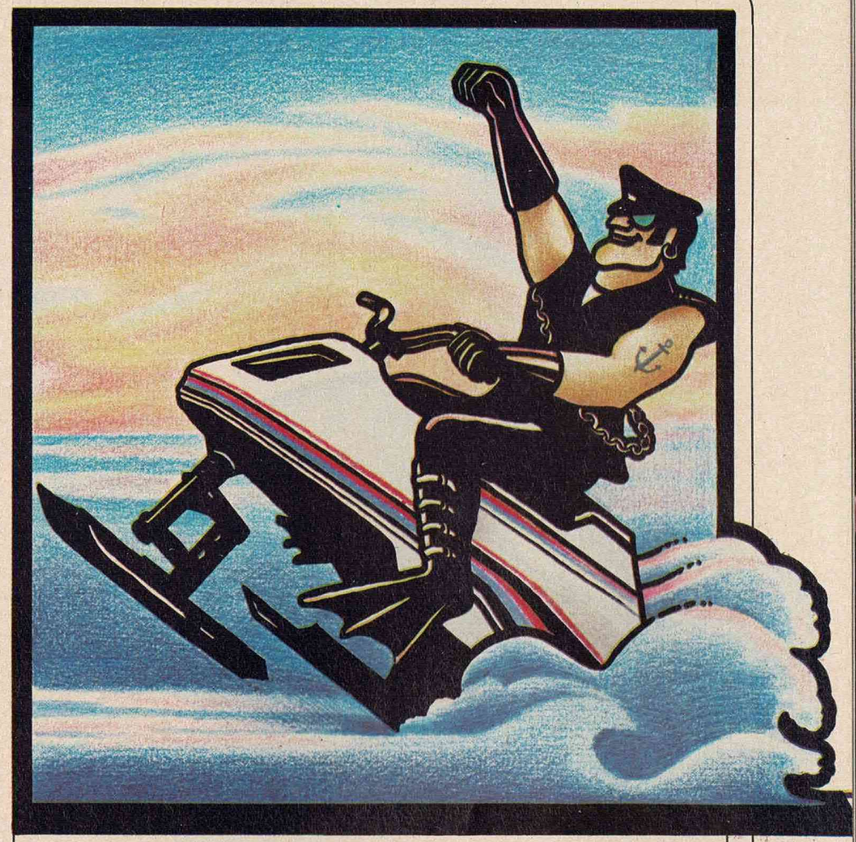
As the world becomes smaller, so do business aids. Sharp has released the EL 8152 calculator, only 1.6mm thick, 96mm deep and 34mm wide. It plays all the tricks as well as storing most-used phone numbers. Yours for $40 at leading shops.

KEEP A STEP AHEAD

You run around the block or along the beach, but how do you measure your fitness? Some work it out by pitting themselves against their lady or dog. The serious jogger might invest $60 in a Sanyo calculator with a built-in pedometer that measures distance, steps and stride. From electrical retailers.

WEAVER OF SPELLS

Lillian Weinberg is a lady who pulls it all together on the fabric art scene. Her works include wallhangings and tapestries and she has regular exhibitions in Sydney and Melbourne. To grab the jeans put $700 in the pockets of Holdsworth Galleries, Woollahra, NSW 2025.



GET INTO HOT WATER

How about a thrill on something white and wet? The Wetbike, distributed by Suzuki Cornell, gives the sensation of dirt bike riding without the bumps. It has a 50 hp engine powering a water jet drive, can carry two riders or pull a single skier through a slalom course. The racy privilege of feeling the 70 km/h whoosh will cost you $3970 at a Suzuki dealer.

JUST ROLLIN' ALONG

Roller skating, which has been around for more than 100 years, has suddenly become a trend, in two forms – disco skating and roller-jogging. This time round the skates are available with wide wheels to make it easier, and the shoes are attached. The Roll Rider shoe is made of suede leather and nylon. The base is aluminium, with a chunky toe stop to be used as a pivot when it becomes necessary to bail out. A pair will cost you about $50 at sports and toy shops.

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MAGNESIUM FLAIR

Atlas, the god who held up the sky, had a big thing going in the strength and performance department. So, in these racier days, do mag wheels. From top: ROH Valkyrie for small, imported cars, $48; Comodora for European cars, $120; Aunger Classic for bigger models, $50; Aunger Hotwire (left), $55; and Aunger Turbo for larger cars, $55.

Photography by Tandy Rowley

PUTTING THE BOOT ON

even if you ride into town by bus, boots will set you apart from the herd

Laredo fleecy lined pull-on boot with leather upper and a vibram sole, $100.

Frye scallop-top boot, leather lined with stylish almond-shaped toe, $110.

Disco Rider by Thomas Cook Footwear, elastic sided, pointed toe, $65.

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Laredo pull-on cowboy boot with medium-point toe, fancy shaft, $120.

Photography by Jan Kuczerawy

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it's a cut-throat war as disposables take over the razor gang

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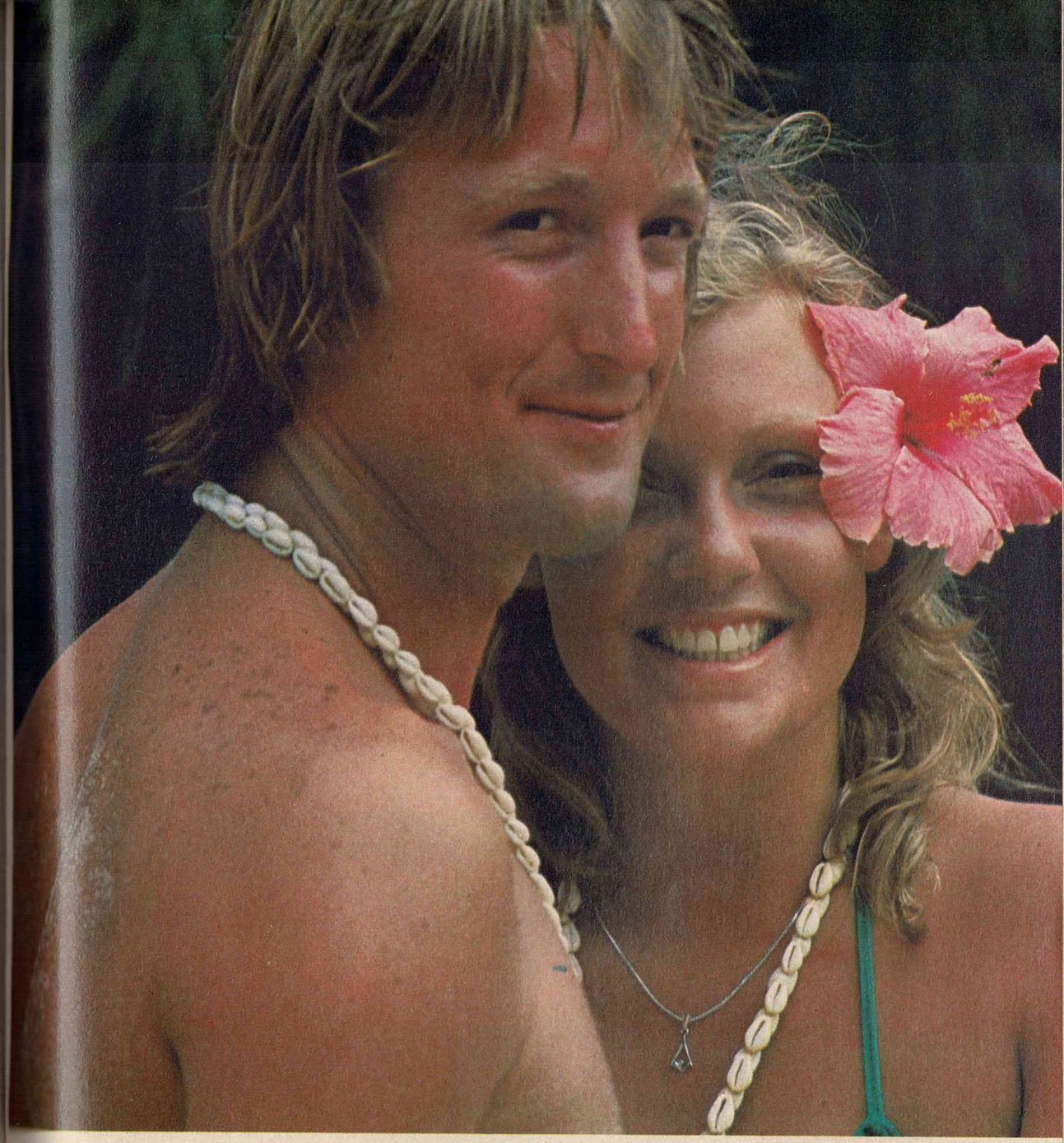
Photography by Tandy Rowley



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MUSIC

a special spark of talent is yours if you can keep up with the jones

TOO rarely, the musical greyness of this decade emits a spark, and such a spark is Rickie Lee Jones. Her debut album, *Rickie Lee Jones* (Warner Bros), is as refreshing and as impressive as *Eli And The Thirteenth Confession* was in 1968.

This singer/songwriter, who plays guitars, keyboards, percussion and arranged the horns, is, if one must make comparisons, a superb amalgam of the voice of Valerie Carter and the melodic structure and subtle time changes of Laura Nyro.

It's almost impossible to single out one song over the others. All are magic – from wailing saxophone-barroom rock to smoky street blues and lonely truck stops. Jones peppers many of her songs with Runyonesque characters – Weasel and the White Boys Cool, Kid Sinister with the Bus Stop Blues, Saint Cadillac, Bragger and Junior Lee. Helping Jones on this album are the usual drummers and bass players plus Dr John, Tom Scott, Randy Newman (synthesiser) and Michael McDonald (Doobie Brothers). Two tracks, After Hours and On Saturday Afternoons in 1963, were recorded live, and all were produced by Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman.

Perhaps Jones sums it all up in a few lines in Saturday Afternoons: "The most as you'll ever go/Is back where you used to know/If grown-ups could laugh this slow."

•

Lowell George can probably get by without a lot of things, but he can't really get by without Little Feat. Two and a half years in the making, *Thanks I'll Eat It Here* (Warner Bros) never quite gets off. The ballsy voice is still there, but the treatment is extremely low-key, with sugary background vocals and dated, Delaney-style brass lines and arrangements.

There isn't enough of the George guitar or the excitement and exhaustion of *Waiting For Columbus*. Even a cast of thousands doesn't help much.

George tries for a Mexican feel on Cheek To Cheek – which doesn't come off and should have been left for Ry Cooder. But he finally lets go with a typical George solo on Can't Stand The Rain. The popular Two Trains is included, but with new verses. What saves the album is the last three songs – 20 Million Things, Find A River and Jimmy Webb's Himmler's Ring.

•

It's good to run into an old friend whom you haven't seen for a number of years. That's the feel on *Enlightened Rogues* (Capricorn), the first Allman Brothers Band album since *Win, Lose Or Draw* in 1975.

The band split up in 1976 after working under a black cloud since Duane Allman's death in 1971. But in July last year Gregg Allman, Butch Trucks and "Jaimoe" Johanny Johanson walked on to the stage at a Dickey Betts concert – and the ABB played together for the first time in more than two years. Some months later, "Dangerous" Dan Toler and David "Rook" Goldflies were recruited and the ABB was back in business. With *Enlightened Rogues,* the band is sticking with Duane's maxim: "Just rock on, and have you a good time." Dickey Betts is still playing harmonic tandem lead lines and slide and Gregg is still belting out bluesy, southern rock vocals in the style the band does best.

Bryan Ferry: return from warbling to almost a triumph with Roxy Music. Ricky Lee Jones: her smoky street blues are refreshingly impressive.

Stand out tracks include Can't Take It With You and Need Your Love So Bad, an old Willie John tune reminiscent of It's Not My Cross To Bear, and featuring Jim Essery on harmonica. Crazy Love, a Dickey Betts song, gets help from Bonnie Bramlett on background vocals. At the helm of this reunion is Tom Dowd, who produced the ABB from 1970 to 1972. – CAROL ASHDOWN

•

Roxy Music's reunion album could have been the first great rock anti-climax of 1979, what with Bryan Ferry's recent solo efforts stretching credibility, no Eno and no soaring fiddle from Eddie Jobson. It isn't. In fact *Manifesto* (Polydor) could almost be called a triumph.

Only almost, because some tracks are real dogs, like the long-winded title cut, but the high points here are very high. On Trash, Dance Away and Cry, Cry, Cry, Roxy gets back to the art rock roots which made the band such a hit with Europe's café intellectuals in the early '70s. Ferry, lost to self-indulgent warbling on last year's The Bride Stripped Bare, is tight, almost disciplined in his approach, but thankfully not restrained on vocals.

Andy Mackay's horns once again provide the backbone of the band's distinctive sound, and guitarist Phil Manzanera and drummer Paul Thompson slide back into place as if there'd never been a break. The music – all tracks penned by a combination of Ferry, Manzanera and Mackay – is possibly less adventurous than Roxy of five years ago, but then, in the three-year break since they last recorded as a band, each of the core members has had the chance to get his creative rocks off in solo projects.

Here the emphasis is on re-establishing Roxy's firm hold on musical decadence in the post-punk world. True, on *Manifesto* Ferry does go on about the working class and revolutions of one sort or another, but for the most part this is all about mandied eyes meeting seductively across crowded rooms.

•

There is not much to say about *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* (Wizard) other than that anyone who buys it

can hardly claim to have been misled by the packaging. Perhaps mindful of the recent history of the Sex Pistols, the Australian distributors have released this soundtrack double album in a hideous, offensive sleeve which managed to fall apart before it even reached our office.

Unfortunately neither of the discs fell out and smashed, thereby sparing this reviewer his most excruciating afternoon since Lou Reed scraped a rusty nail across a tin roof and called it Metal Machine Music. These four sides of puke-inducing punk apparently are the forerunners of a movie of the same name, produced by Britain's king of swindle, Malcolm McLaren.

Aiding and abetting him are such luminaries as former heroin addict and sadist, the late Sid Vicious, bed-wetting vocalist Johnny Rotten and former train robber Ronnie Biggs. Together these fun-loving boys explore such themes as gang rape, genocide, deer slaughter and heroin addiction. All done with the Sex Pistols' usual impeccable taste, of course.

Oh, to be fair, there are a couple of tracks through which your last meal will remain relatively unmoved. Sid Vicious's rendition of My Way, for example, which in the light of his recent demise takes on new meaning. But My Way is available as a single, and if you must preserve something from these troubled times, take the cheap alternative.

The Sex Pistols always did.

•

As they showed on their Australian tour this year, Graham Parker and The Rumour play tight-fisted rock and roll when they put their minds to it. But until *Squeezing Out Sparks* (Vertigo), Parker on record had tended to be upstaged by the horns-and-organ flash of his band. This time out Parker is firmly at the helm, and the result is two sides of driving, basic rock.

Gone are the extended solos and the inability to finish a song. The 10 songs here are tight and to the point — understated in the tradition of the best British rockers. Former pub rocker Brinsley Schwarz on guitar is the perfect foil for Parker's searing vocals, and the two always stop short of hogging the spotlight.

Local Girls and Saturday Nite Is Dead are perhaps the best songs, the latter of interest to Australian fans. It concerns Sydney's Luna Park, which is featured in all its night-time glory on the sleeve. — PHIL JARRATT

•

Cornet player Wild Bill Davison is unique. Put him in any setting and he fires. His playing is full of capitals, dashes, exclamation points and even question marks. I wonder if he writes the way he plays?

Black Lion Records have reissued a notable session he made in London in 1965, with a line-up of top men under the leadership of trumpeter Freddy Randall, called *Wild Bill Davison with Freddy Randall and His Band.*

Bruce Turner (out here last year with Humphrey Lyttelton) is on alto and clarinet. He must be the best ever produced by the Brits. Even his shy, personal mannerisms reminded me so often of the one and only Pee Wee. And George Chisholm's trombone has long been recognised as one of the world's best. The strong rhythm section of Lennie Felix, piano, Dave Markee, bass, and Tony Allen, drums, boot things along in fine style.

But Wild Bill is the star, and deservedly so. Even at 73 he has the ability to inspire any band to peak performance so that he rarely turns out anything less than stirring.

Bill plays as he lives — plenty soul and plenty guts.

•

Since Chisholm's near-fatal heart attack last year and virtual retirement from the jazz scene, his mantle has been assumed by the sensational "bone" player Roy Williams (also here

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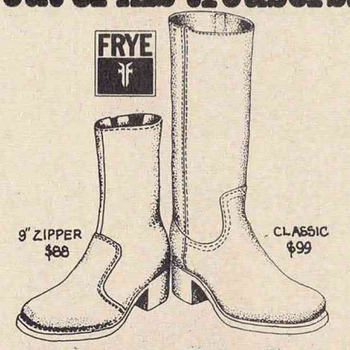

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Music Poll

Make sure you get August PLAYBOY, on sale July 13, for the results of our first Australian music poll.

with Humph). Williams is perhaps the most consistent soloist on another Black Lion two-record release, titled *Alex Welsh In Concert,* recorded in Dresden in 1971.

Welsh is a fine trumpeter, as he revealed in Australia last year, and his band drew eulogistic praise from Wild Bill some years back.

The seven musicians involved romp through such evergreens as Chinatown, Dippermouth, Maple Leaf Rag, as well as Louis' theme, Sleepy Time Down South, with Alex contributing the vocals, and a heartfelt version of Handy's St Louis Blues. Good, solid British fare in the mainstream manner. My favorite is the racy Oh Baby, with some thrilling slide trombone from Roy Williams that compares favorably with anything that ever came out of the "land of jazz".

•

As usual, I have kept the best for last. The latest – and final – opus from bass player extraordinaire, composer and arranger non pareil and catalyst without peer, Charles Mingus, who died early this year.

On *Me, Myself An Eye* (Atlantic) Mingus introduces two new and major compositions in Three Worlds of Drums, lasting 30 minutes and 20 seconds and occupying all of side one and, on side two, Carolyn Keki Mingus.

By January, 1978, Charlie was confined to a wheelchair, no longer able to play but audibly calling the shots from front and centre. It is significant that in his "absence" two bass players were necessary to fill his place – and two giants at that in Eddie Gomez and George Mraz.

No less than 26 musicians made up the recording groups. They contained some great names – Lee Konitz (superb on Keki), Mike and Randy Brecker, Pepper Adams, George Coleman, Ronnie Cuber, Ricky Ford, Jack Walrath, Jimmy Knepper, Larry Coryell, Slide Hampton, Steve Gadd and drummer, Dannie Richmond.

An American critic recently likened Mingus to an "African general crossing the mountains of Western tradition, blazing his own history to the beat embodied in human expression through sound". A fitting description.

Standout solos are too numerous to mention – Gomez' bass dances through a new version of Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting and listen to guitarist Coryell on Keki. But the whole record is wonderful, marvellous, thrilling, inspired – and inspiring. Yet another tribute to one of jazz' finest sons whose passing has left an irreplaceable void. – KYM BONYTHON

•

There is only a handful of groups in the world which record medieval music, so it is heartening to see a superbly-produced double album from Sydney's Renaissance Players, *The Captive Unicorn* (Cherry Pie). Full credit goes to Winsome Evans, who founded the group in 1966 and has singlehandedly arranged every piece in an immense repertoire.

Most of the surviving manuscripts of the secular music of the medieval period consist only of a text and accompanying pitches: there is rarely an indication of rhythm, and none of instrumentation. Even after extensive study a lot is left to guesswork and imagination in recreating an authentic sound. It is known, for example, that there was a distinct Moorish influence, and it is clear from this recording that Evans has taken much from current Arabian musical practice for her reconstructions.

Despite the necessary scholarly approach there is no hint of staleness. This is a music of great gusto and beauty, and these qualities are amplified by the liveliness and sensitivity which Evans, as producer, coaxes from her players. Apart from Evans' multi-instrumental displays, the outstanding performers are Graham Pushee (male alto), whose effortless vocal arabesques identify him as a world-class singer, and Michael Atherton (fretted instruments), who brings a wide range of improvisational elements to the music.

Although Evans undoubtedly feels the music should speak for itself, it is a shame that detailed information about the arrangement of each track has not been included. This would surely have served the needs of generations of medieval music performers and increased the appreciation of many listeners. – MICHAEL HANNAN

•

SHORT CUTS

The Roches (Warner Bros): The Roche sisters introduce themselves and their harmonies in a song called We, and take us on a happy romp through a collection of self-penned adolescent rock.

Dragon, Greatest Hits Vol 1 (CBS): A well-packaged collection of their best work from three albums and, after the departure of vocalist Marc Hunter, a timely souvenir of Dragon's only too brief time at the top of the Australian rock pile.

Frankie Miller, Falling In Love (Festival): At last a truly commercial offering from one of Britain's most underrated rockers. Darlin' is already climbing the charts and the slightly-country Every Time a Teardrop Falls should follow, allowing Mr Miller to pay his bills and continue making the music his devotees have been digging for seven years.

Martini on the rocks. Very dry, very Gilbeys.

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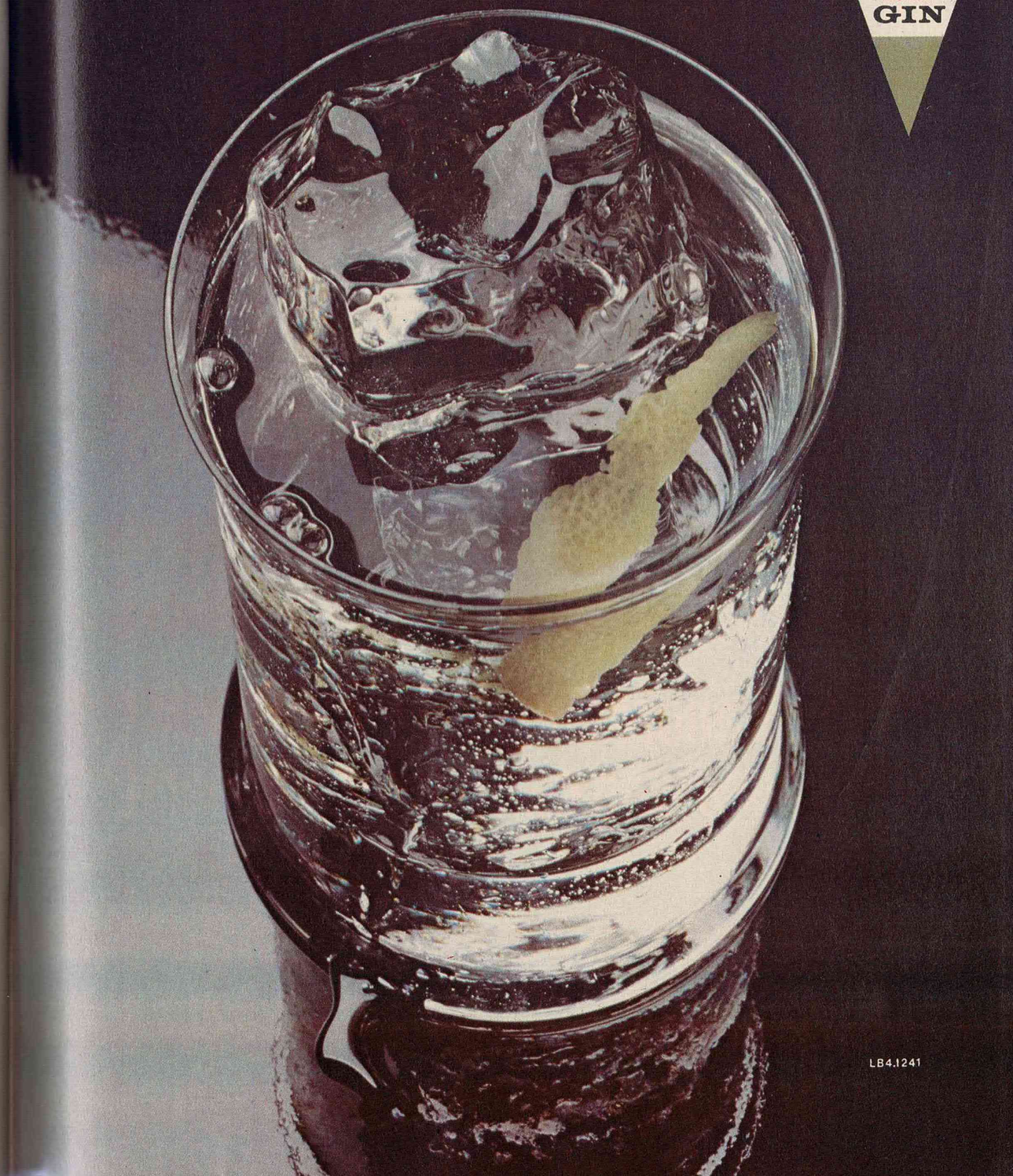

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BOOKS

the first blood-stained steps on australia's path to national identity

ROGER McDonald's *1915* (University of Queensland Press) is the luminous (and exasperating) story of two NSW country boys who grow up as Australia wins its gory manhood on Gallipoli. Their search for love and glory parallels the nation's journey towards maturity – the exultant escape from pastoral peace to the horror and stench of Anzac.

It is the work of a poet (McDonald's latest book of verse is *Airship).* Its "heroes" – harnessed in an uneasy, resentful friendship on neighboring farms – are Walter Gilchrist, a wooden, awkward survivor, and Billy Mackenzie, a sly rapist and killer. They meet their girls, Frances and Diana, then sail off to meet their destinies, the scene shifting from Australia (where the horrors are sealed in sunshine, silence and piety) to the trenches above Anzac Cove (where they are not). Both Walter and Billy, however, are pretty unlovable, and so some readers won't care passionately what happens to either of them.

This is a pity, for McDonald is a fine writer. The book also seems curiously incomplete (the first of a trilogy, perhaps? The stuff for some future ABC TV series?). Questions hang, unresolved, in the air; it's beautifully done, like the movie of *Picnic at Hanging Rock,* but a little too enigmatic for the reader who prefers crude brush-strokes to a mirror finish. Its truths glint, half-glimpsed, like fish in a deep pool, so that one is not sure whether one sees them in the subtle interplay of sunlight and shadow. Even the thunder of the guns is muted to a clash of symbols; the horror of battle, though faithfully recorded, is sealed behind glass like a diorama in Canberra's war museum.

All this, perhaps, is what the novelist intends; it's just that some of us like to see the fish teased a little closer to the surface. And the book undeniably stirs the mind: its country scenes, its set-pieces by Sydney Harbor, linger in the memory while one is trying to decide whether the novel has come off. The suspicion remains that it hasn't *quite* – but there is always the possibility that the reviewer has too much clay in the brain to discern clearly the crystal light which suffuses it. The journey of Walter and Billy, says the publisher's blurb, is "haunted by menace and disillusionment", but beauty also haunts the periphery of their lives, and McDonald captures this admirably. He knows the subtlety

1915: **the thunder of guns muted to a clash of symbols, the horror of battle sealed behind glass screens.**

beneath the clipped facade of the Australian male; the currents which swirl unseen. Perhaps he stands too close with the magnifying glass, but then Patrick White isn't everybody's go, either.

This reviewer, then, is still a bit undecided (a slow learner, he is closer to the Gumby Brothers than the Brothers Karamazov). So don't take too much notice of him, Mr McDonald: at least you've managed to get him thinking. – C. JAMEISON

•

Charles Bukowski's umpteenth novel, *Women* (Wild and Woolley), reveals very little about the fairer sex but a whole lot about the staying power of the American underground's favorite dirty old man. Nearing 60, Bukowski is having problems keeping his first beer down and his vital part up, but he still manages to grind, hump, heave and slurp his way through nearly 300 entertaining pages. The women in his life come and go like hangovers, hurting a little and meaning about as much.

See, Bukowski doesn't really like people, let alone women. And yet they are drawn to him from all corners of the American continent. Hookers, literary groupies, mixed up pill poppers, teenage nymphs, even health food freaks. Bukowski claims this is a work of fiction but its hero, alcoholic writer Henry Chinaski, bears a striking resemblance to the author, and the amorous adventures he relates are not unlike episodes in his own life, detailed in recent interviews. Fact or fiction, it's a pretty sordid existence.

Chinaski/Bukowski gets up around noon, vomits, brushes his teeth and has a beer. Thereafter his time is divided equally between drinking and fornicating. Occasionally he writes. Henry Miller did it all a generation before, and with a little more class, but Bukowski, principally a poet, has a lyrical quality that makes him hard to put down. The booze-addled writer in the garret is a well-worn literary theme in the twentieth century – Joyce, Thomas, Behan, Kerouac, Donleavy and Ginsberg have all been down that self-destructive road – and Bukowski, like Miller before him, is saved from a fate worse than the ultimate cliché by his readiness to laugh at his own folly.

Bukowski comes over like the hopeless poor old bastard he probably is, but somewhere beneath that hideous, ravaged exterior you just know there beats a heart of gold. Sure, after you've read a few pages you know that in every chapter he's gonna get drunk, laid and sick, probably in that order, and still not find true happiness. But the secret of the dirty old man's appeal is that you keep on reading in the hope that you're wrong. – PHIL JARRATT

•

Like some macabre, latter-day story of Aladdin, *Side-effect* raises that most ghoulish of ancient spectres to terrify men in the dead of night – the body-snatcher, the grave-robber, the maker of the Undead. This time the pedlar's cry is "New organs for old! New organs for old!"

Within a modern scientific framework, all the Aladdin characters appear. The evil wizard is replaced by the amoral transplant surgeon, Aladdin by the bemused London science reporter. The riches in this case belong to the eminently desirable Miss Clair Tennant, whose heart belongs to the reporter, Michael Fitzpatrick. Unfortunately, the sinister Dr Walter Snaith would prefer that it belonged to him, since he has a very wealthy client willing to pay a very large sum of money for it.

Why this heart in particular? It seems the good doctor uses all the skills

of medical technology to match donor and recipient tissue to minimise the danger of rejection. He finds, through a computer medical testing service (I'd almost overlooked the raising of the "computer threat" spectre), that Miss Tennant has the goods.

So far it seems we have a range of fairly simple components for the story, components which, for all their modern authenticity, can be traced back to Mary Shelley. There are two things which turn *Side-effect* from a pedestrian thriller into a grabbing yarn: Raymond Hawkey's stunningly thorough research; and an ability, at least equal to that of a Dr Frankenstein, to cobble the whole together with a clever and fast-moving storyline.

Unfortunately for Fitzpatrick, the difference between *Side-effect* and Aladdin's lamp is that, in this tale, the good genie is replaced by Uncle Sam. After Miss Tennant is spirited away to Dr Snaith's Caribbean island, Fitzpatrick gets on the trail of his beloved and (by grotesque coincidence) the man who is to receive her heart. It comes to pass that Uncle Sam's airborne cavalry swoop and save the day – or so we are led to believe.

The final act of treachery at the highest level is, strangely, the least shocking event in the book. The age of American breast-beating for public crimes has made us rather blasé about such revelations.

On reflection, the whole thing could have been avoided if the doctor had completed his research into the use of clone parts for people. After all, what better tissue match could there be than a biologically-identical organism grown from the recipient? But public revulsion at his research forces him to substitute slaughter for a new type of growth industry.

Still, it raises an interesting vision: how far away are the days when we will go to the manager of a different bank and say with as much bravado as we can muster: "I would like to apply for a clone."?

– JOHN HAMPSHIRE

•

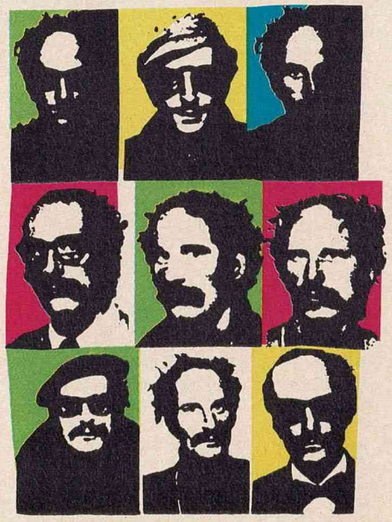
Until recently, censorship *causes célèbres* were usually sexual. Political censorship, with its overtones of Nazi book-burnings, was uncharacteristic of Western democracies. Until, that is, the actions of terrorists in Italy and West Germany provoked governments to conscious attempts at manipulating media treatment of political content and violence.

The West German situation is difficult. With many terrorists still at large, official reaction to the autobiography of "Bommi" (Michael) Baumann, founding member of the anarchist June 2nd Movement, associated with bombings, kidnapping and robberies, is understandable. The book fell foul of censorship laws, passed in 1976, forbidding publication of materials which glamorise or promote violence.

In spite of the racy, trendy style of *How It All Began* (Wild and Woolley), only someone who gave up half way could miss the writer's conclusion that terrorism is not a valid course of political action.

The reader would have to be impressed with Baumann's very personal account of his alienation from the West German "economic miracle", which was not understood by vast numbers enjoying its benefits.

The story, as an argument for the activities in which the writer participated, is weak. But, as a social



How It All Began: **loads of fun and commune companionship in planning death and destruction.**

document, it is particularly relevant. What gives the authorities dealing with terrorism a major headache is not so much the existence of this new criminal activity, but the support it must be receiving from some sort of "underground", presumably including West Germans of the generation benefitting from a high standard of living never experienced by their elders. Baumann is immensely concerned with his personal style; living on his wits, he sees himself as a political Mick Jagger. He refers to the "craftsmanship" of his commune's actions (at this stage anti-Vietnam), the companionship and the fun in planning actions, all factors clearly missing at home with the family or at work on the construction site.

The West German Government can hardly be expected to agree that his terrorist phase was a valid and useful learning experience, but the transparency of his confusions (admitting to selling drugs, concern for the problems of addicts, recalling the ease of constructing bombs, regretting murder) partly explain his behavior.

How It All Began points up the dubious distinction between censorship on political, as opposed to generally criminal, grounds. Why, for instance, should "normal" criminality – such as the virtual media beatification of Ronald Biggs – be exempt, when people driven by complex social motives are reviled? Perhaps we should strive to understand more clearly the forces that drive the terrorists to such brutality.

– SUSAN McGRATH

•

You can see them almost any day, striding down The Strand toward Australia House in London – plainly-dressed, broad-shouldered, with eyes half-shut against the sun's glare off unending, dusty plains. Although the broad-brimmed hat has fallen into disfavor, you know that here is a true son of the Outback.

Well, hardly. He's plainly-dressed because he is broke, and the eyes are half-shut because he's short-sighted from years spent studying computer print-outs in a city broker's office. The closest he has been to the Outback is 8km up on a flight to Perth.

Whatever we like to believe about ourselves – or to have others believe about us – most of us can't imagine life without a corner shop and a refrigerator. Curiously, some of us find this difficult to accept and head off into country still as rugged as the terrain which killed Burke and Wills with no more preparation than a quick check of oil, water and tyres.

Those aware that small problems can quickly become lethal in isolated areas will turn to books like *Outback Touring* (Horwitz), by Ross McLelland. On a less dramatic note, the book covers every type of knowledge you need to make sure your holiday is enjoyable and not a test of endurance. It is clearly and intelligently put together and is full of the intimate detail which only years of experience can provide. Do yourself a favor.

•

Journalist turned adman turned journalist, Melbourne *Age* advertising writer R. R. Walker, spills the beans on his old colleagues in *Soft Soap Hard Sell* (Hutchinson). Walker, after 26 years with Australia's largest agency, has come up with a fairly dry product which could dampen a lot of enthusiasm about the industry. But, for the insiders, a good guide on how to clamp on to some of the $1.5 billion spent each year on advertising.

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MOVIES

nosferatu — authentic genius in a sumptuous dracula remake

TOP: **Lucy falls prey to the terror of Dracula.** LEFT: **Jonathan is warned to take care.** ABOVE: **Dracula is caught by the light of a new day.**

IT'S hard to believe that only 10 years ago horror films were still banned in Australia. In pre-Chipp, pre-liberation days they had a special "H" classification, which meant (in effect) that no one could see them. New horror films were automatically refused registration by the censor.

The only ones you could see were scratchy prints of old '40s melodramas, whose assorted werewolves, vampires, Frankenstein monsters and other familiar ghoulies raised more laughs than gooseflesh. Nowadays you can catch some great old horror films, such as *The Cat People,* or Basil Dearden's British masterpiece *Dead of Night,* if you read the small print in the TV programs and happen to be an incurable insomniac.

One of the undisputed classics of the silent days was *Nosferatu,* a version of the Dracula legend made by the great German director, F. W. Murnau, in 1922. Nosferatu is a Rumanian word meaning "undead". It was one of the first horror films to put forward the idea that the monster might deserve a little pity, or even affection. Tod Browning did the same 10 years later when he assembled a cast of genuine circus monsters for a film called *Freaks,* a horrific tale of murder and revenge which contains some of the screen's abiding images of terror and revulsion. (*Freaks* was banned in Australia until 1973, and is shown now, incredibly, with an NRC certificate.)

In the original *Nosferatu,* Dracula was a ghostly apparition with bird-like snout and predatory talons, a creature at once hideously powerful yet strangely delicate, like some huge noxious insect. More perceptive critics than I saw in the film a warning of Fascism and the holocaust to come. For me it was simply one of the best horror films ever made.

The Germans have produced nothing quite like it since. The only German director of authentic genius to appear since the war is Werner Herzog, whose films are rarely seen in Australia. His remake of Dracula, *Nosferatu the Vampyre,* should establish his reputation. The film has been released by 20th Century Fox, the most adventurous of the big American studios, and it's a masterpiece — a work of icy terror and ravishing pictorial beauty.

It's rare to find a horror movie that is actually sumptuous to watch. (The same used to be true of porn films.) In *Nosferatu,* Herzog's artistic compositions and restrained use of color are so hypnotic that we tend to forget the story. At times it's just as well. The movie has its fair share of corn and cliché, and I couldn't blame the cynics at the press show for their occasional guffaws. "Something very strange has happened to Jonathan, I know it," says a distraught lady: even the most sophisticated horror films have a quota of such lines.

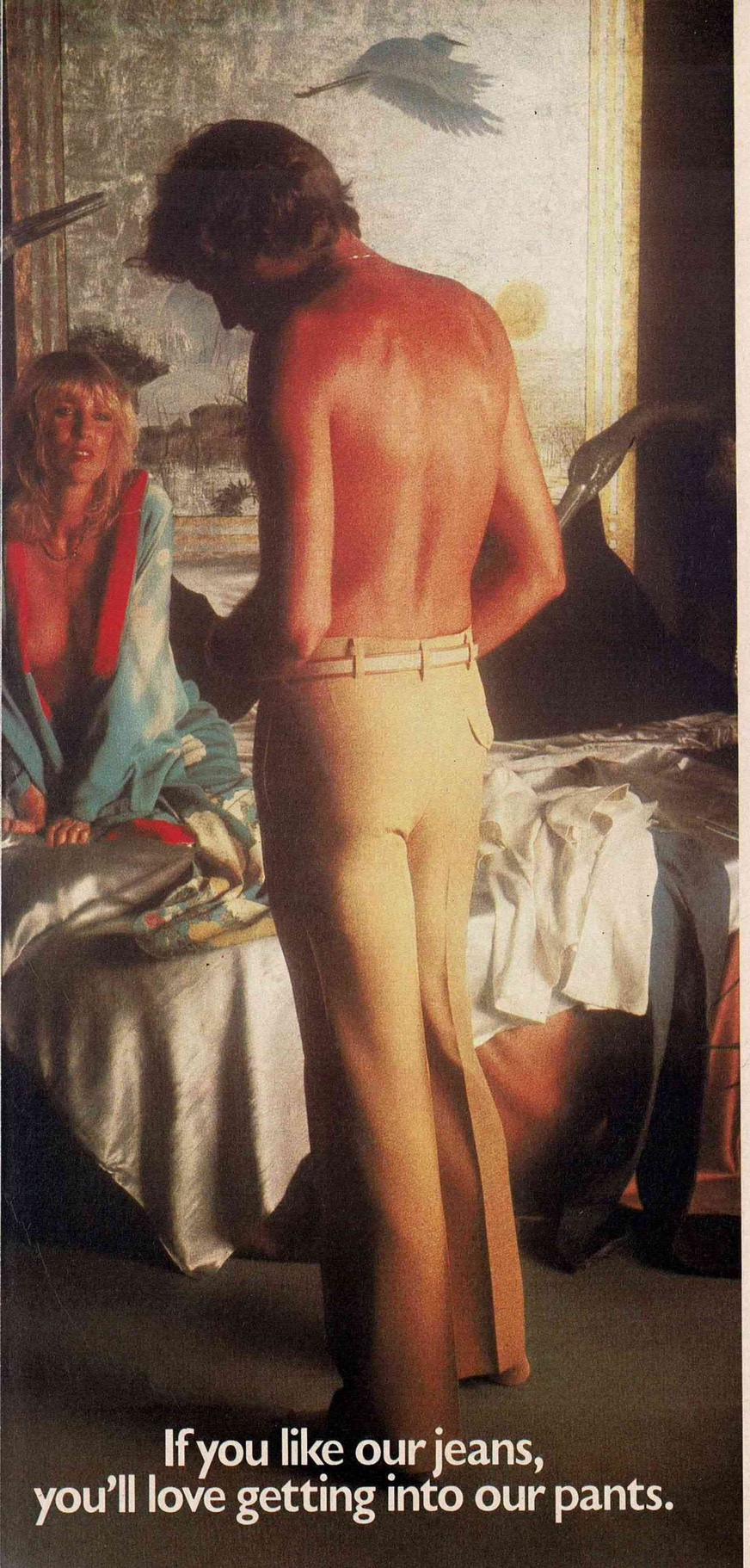
Herzog's version of Dracula is set in a serene north German city in 1850. (The actual setting was the medieval Dutch city of Delft.) Jonathan (Bruno Ganz) leaves his beautiful young wife Lucy (Isabelle Adjani) to journey to the remote Carpathian mountains, where he is to complete some vaguely-explained real estate deal with Dracula. Alone at home, Lucy suffers horrific nightmares.

Jonathan eventually arrives at Dracula's castle and, after spending a terrifying night, is imprisoned by the Count, who promptly sets off for Jonathan's home town. Dracula has murderous designs on Lucy (whose soft white throat he has glimpsed on a locket carried by her husband) and an even more diabolical plan to wreak destruction on the entire city by importing a boat-load of plague-infested rats and turning them loose.

Preposterous I know it sounds, but one never looks too scrupulously at the plots of horror films. The miracle is that Herzog's artistry has turned this penny-dreadful yarn into a work of wild and luminous beauty.

The exploration of the castle, the camera plunging forward through a candle-lit world of imprisoning gloom and lurking shadows, is a marvellous exercise in cinematic suspense. At a long, laden table we witness a weird parody of the Last Supper: top-hatted town burghers and their wives partake of a final meal, ankle-deep in a scurrying carpet of rats.

Visually it's a muted, low-key work (the photography is done by Jorg



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Schmidt-Reitwein). I had the impression that but for studio pressures, Herzog would have preferred to have shot black and white. At the end, when Dracula shrinks from the rays of the morning sun, the screen is suffused in golden light: it is the first bright color we have seen in the film, and the effect is incandescent, as if color were being invented before your eyes.

Yet for all its surface charm this mysterious and beautiful film has a serious purpose. It is a story of sacrificial love. Lucy knows that only by her death and by yielding to Dracula can she destroy him. Her final submission to the Count's obscene desires is a moment of appalling power. Dracula himself, played by the distinguished German actor Klaus Kinski, is a figure of the utmost pity and horror, with his parchment skull and haunted, sunken eyes. Kinski conveys to us an image of a soul in torment. And when he cries from out of his eternal despair, "The absence of love is the greatest pain," we are not far removed from the accepted Christian definition of hell.

•

In the old days of the star system (for which some people in Hollywood still feel a certain nostalgia), actors had to be versatile. It was normal to see Clark Gable or Humphrey Bogart or Alan Ladd playing a good guy one week and a villain the next. Nowadays, actors tend to be typecast. I have always felt sorry for Sean Connery, a good actor who can never shake off the Bond image. If you've watched Graham Kennedy making a fool of himself on TV panel games night after night, it is hard to accept him as a tough, world-weary soldier in a movie about the Vietnam war.

Similarly, if you've watched Peter Falk playing the shambling, lovable, down-at-heel, razor-witted detective in the TV series Columbo, it is hard to accept him as the shambling, lovable, down-at-heel, razor-witted criminal in a film called *The Brink's Job*. Well, perhaps it's not so hard. The main difference between the characters is that Falk wears a shabby fawn overcoat as Lieutenant Columbo and a shabby blue overcoat as Tony Pino. And in *The Brink's Job* we get a glimpse of his wife, played by Gena Rowlands. Otherwise it's much the same character.

As it happens, *The Brink's Job* turns out to be an exceptionally well-made and entertaining film about a robbery that took place in Boston in 1950. A gang broke into the offices of Brink's, an armed security and payroll delivery firm, and got away with more than $2 million in cash. It was hailed (or denounced) at the time as the "crime of the century". Most of the loot was hidden and has never been recovered. Convinced that the robbery was being used to fund communist subversion, the FBI spent an estimated $29 million tracking down the criminals. They finally succeeded in nabbing two members of the gang. One of them was beaten to death by police and prison guards; the other, Specky O'Keefe, with less than a week to go before the statute of limitations ran out on the Brink's robbery, turned informer and squealed to the police. He gave them enough evidence to convict the four others in the gang.

Dave (Eric Roberts) succumbs to the authority of the tribal leader and makes love to Persa (Annie Potts) in Pierson's *King of the Gypsies*.

William Friedkin's film, from a screenplay by Walon Green, concentrates on Tony Pino, the gang leader, and takes us from his early days as a small-time safe-cracker through the planning and execution of the Brink's job to the gang's final arrest. The movie starts with the old black-and-white Universal trade mark, which promises a great deal of loving attention to period detail. Some bungled robberies in the early stages of Tony's career (with safebreakers buried in heaps of bubblegum or tumbling into vats of offal) land him in jail for a six-year stretch. On his release he starts planning the big one. The robbery goes without a hitch, but it's the aftermath – the tracking down of the bandits, the antics of the FBI, the harassment of the suspects – that gives the film its interest and validity.

As usual with robbery flicks there's no doubt where the audience's sympathies are meant to lie – uncomfortably on the side of the criminal classes. I doubt if Friedkin is quite at home with this moral ambiguity: he underlines his "soft" portrayal of the crime by making Pino out to be a harmless and lovable family man and poking heaps of fun at the FBI.

•

Frank Pierson's *King of the Gypsies* has some affinities with *The Godfather:* it's about inherited power, tribal loyalties, revenge and violence within a tightly-knit community. In short, very much a man's movie. Dave (Eric Roberts) is an American gypsy family's son who tries to break from his ancestral background. The result is a deadly feud with his tyrannical and sadistic father, Groffo. The action (and there's plenty of it) spans three generations and is brooded over by the patriarchal "Don" figure, King Zharko Stepanovicz, exuberantly played by a heavily-whiskered Sterling Hayden.

This is an affectionate study of an American minority culture threatened by the pressures of urban industrial technocracy. Yet I found the film curiously unmoving. Towards the end, as Dave stalks his father with a shotgun and blasts him off the roof of a tenement, the director's itch for violence takes over. I gather that someone in the distributing company wanted to rename the Australian release "Blood Heritage", which says little for what is supposed to be a best-selling book by Peter Maas.

Somehow the confusion over titles reflects the film's uncertainty: What's it to be, fellas? Your serious, nostalgic, socially relevant look at gypsy life in America, or your good old blood-and-guts adventure?

•

There's a fascinating and strangely neglected Australian film going the rounds called *Long Weekend,* about a couple of spoiled, bored and unlikeable married people who set off for a camping holiday on some wild stretch of the Victorian coast. They treat their surroundings rather badly, generally littering and polluting the environment, whereupon Mother Nature takes some frightening and unpredictable counter-measures.

At first I thought it was a sort of conservationist morality tale, but it goes a lot deeper than that, and I won't give away the ending. For me it is every bit as frightening as *Patrick* and a good deal less pretentious than *The Last Wave.* Colin Eggleston directed; John Hargraves and Briony Behets are the put-upon couple. – EVAN WILLIAMS

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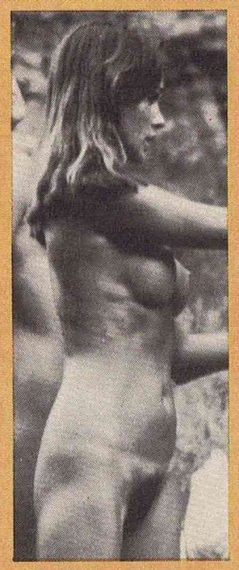
NEXT MONTH



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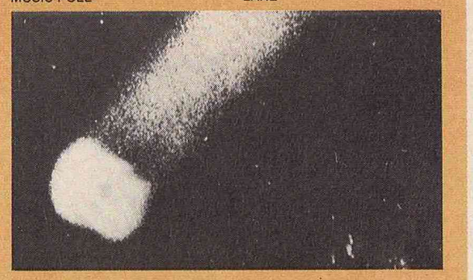

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